

The missing Bergman pictures!

modern screen

May 15c



A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL
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Amber

Yvonne De Carlo

in Marston Production's

"CASBAH"

A Universal-International Release



Hollywood's new Glamour Shade!



**Pan-Cake* Make-Up
and
Face Powder
color harmonized
to your
natural skin
color tones**

Amber!...wonderfully beautiful, wonderfully different...a flattering, glamorous new color tone created by the genius of Max Factor Hollywood in both Pan-Cake Make-Up and Face Powder. Whatever your natural skin tone there's an Amber shade for you...a dream color to give you new radiant beauty.

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Max Factor Hollywood Cake Make-Up

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Color Harmony Make-Up...PAN-CAKE BRAND MAKE-UP • POWDER • ROUGE • LIPSTICK

APR -6 1948

The way
he talked
to her
is the
mating
call
in any
language!
~



COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

GLENN
FORD · KEYES

The Mating of Millie

with **RON RANDELL · WILLARD PARKER**

Screenplay by Louella MacFarlane and St. Clair McKelway

Directed by HENRY LEVIN · A CASEY ROBINSON PRODUCTION



Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid is never gritty or grainy, will not crystallize or dry out in jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. It will not rot clothing. And it's safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

MAY, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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TOM CARLILE, western manager

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SHIRLEY FROHLICH, associate editor

ROMA BURTON, western editor

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JEAN KINKEAD, contributing editor

BEVERLY LINET, information desk

GLORIA LAMPERT, associate fan club director

CHARLES SAXON, cartoon editor

IRENE TURNER, research editor

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Judy and Gene are together...

IN M.G.M.'s **TECHNICOLOR**

TREASURE CHEST!

Singing...

Dancing...

Romancing...

Together!

Judy
GARLAND
Gene
KELLY
in THE
PIRATE

9 BIG NEW SONGS BY
COLE PORTER

One of the
Biggest
Spectacular
Technicolor
Musicals in
M-G-M history!

WALTER SLEZAK • GLADYS COOPER • REGINALD OWEN • Songs by COLE PORTER

Color by **TECHNICOLOR** • Screen Play by **ALBERT HACKETT and FRANCES GOODRICH** • Based on the Play by **S. N. BEHRMAN** • Dance Direction by **ROBERT ALTON and GENE KELLY**
Directed by **VINCENTE MINNELLI** • Produced by **ARTHUR FREED** • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

It's a Sad Tale, Curly!

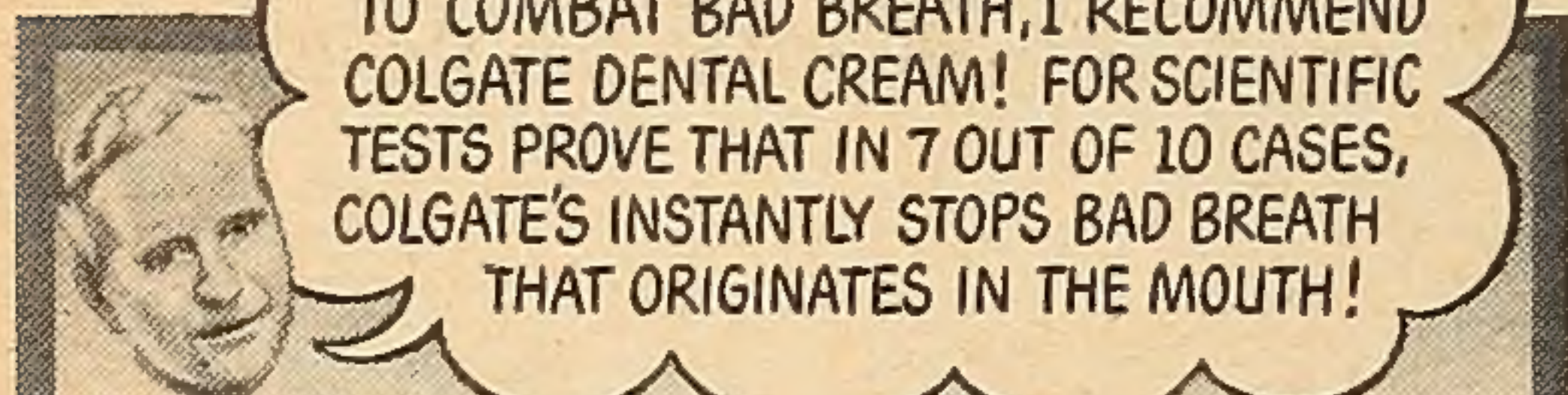


I GET A VACATION.
AND THEN WHAT HAPPENS?
MY GIRL RUINS IT BY
STAYING SNOOTY THE WHOLE
TWO WEEKS!



BECAUSE YOU'RE
TOO PIGHEADED TO SEE
YOUR DENTIST, PETE!
LOOK, HONEY! ASK HIM
ABOUT BAD BREATH,
WON'T YOU?

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC
TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES,
COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH
THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!



"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

MY GIRL FRIEND NOW IS FAR FROM SNOOTY
AND EVERYTHING IS ROOTY-TOOTY!



**COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM**
Cleans Your Breath
While It Cleans
Your Teeth!



Always use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat and before
every date



To our Readers

THE LAST TIME I bragged about an issue of MODERN SCREEN was way back in January, 1947. Since then, I've been almost too busy. Tracking down the lost Bergman, for instance. Probably you never even knew she was lost, but Henry and I—we got the lowdown. Ever since we ran Ingrid's life story in August, 1943, we've known there was a cache of Bergman art in Sweden. We talked about it. 1943, we talked. 1944, we talked. 1945, we were still talking. This year, I turned to Henry Malmgreen. "Look," I said, "you being an old Swede, why don't you fly to Stockholm and bribe the royal family?" So he went, he snooped, and he came back with a fistful of pictures and a story even I don't believe. All about how he outwitted policemen, tortured embassy guards till they talked, etc. Still, he's happy with his story, I'm happy with the pictures, and we hope you'll be the same.

I JUST LOOKED in my memo book. It says, "Delacorte, don't stop bragging after Bergman; go on." So I will. Take this "Who's Who in Hollywood" magazine, compiled by the editors of MODERN SCREEN. It has a thousand names, a thousand faces. If you're curious about Vladimir Sokoloff or Maria Ouspenskaya "Who's Who" is your dish. Besides, this is the first edition in eight years; it'll take eight more before we have the strength to do another.

AND I'M STILL not finished bragging. Because it isn't every day a big shot like Quentin Reynolds'll get excited enough to drop Alida Valli and pick up a typewriter for MS. You know Reynolds—war correspondent for Collier's, lecturer, big battler for ideals. Well, he wrote the script (with Ben Hecht) for *Miracle of the Bells*. That's where Valli comes in—and Frank Sinatra—and our story. Quentin fought to get Frankie the Father Paul role in *Miracle* and he tells you why on page 27. MS motto: Get it from the horse's mouth.

AND WHILE I'M on that tack, take a look at the gem of a piece we've got by Mrs. Catherine Crosby. She says it may be true what they say about Dixie, but they've got Dixie's old man all wrong. Bing's *not* lazy. Bing *did* have a singing teacher—and anything you read about him in the papers is more than likely untrue. Anything you read about him in MS, though—ah, that's a different story. . . .

Albert P. Delacorte

ALBERT P. DELACORTE

"I found the night . . . and it was dark as his eyes . . .

I felt the dawn . . . and it was tender as his arms . . .

In the hollow of my beloved's hand . . . I saw

the whole world . . . and my own destruction!"

*Vivien Leigh
in the most
magnificent love
story ever
written!*

Vivien Leigh
and RALPH RICHARDSON
in Alexander Korda's production
Anna Karenina
by LEO TOLSTOY

with KIERON MOORE • SALLY ANN HOWES (permission of the J. Arthur Rank Organization)

Directed by JULIEN DUVIVIER • A London Film Production • Released by 20th Century-Fox

LOVELLA PARSONS'

Good
news



Roy and Dale Rogers were happy newlyweds at Look Award Party. London's offered them \$15,000 per week for appearance at Palladium. Cheryl, 7, may act in Bob Hope movie.



Roz Russell (with hubby Fred Brisson) won Look's prize, as outstanding actress, for *Mourning Becomes Electra*, also holds the Motion Picture Society's non-divorce citation.

■ Mrs. Mark Stevens now says, "I realize that Hedy Lamarr did not break up our marriage when Mark and I separated the first time. No one ever breaks up a marriage when two people want to stay married."

These wise and sage words were told me by Annette after the Stevens reconciliation failed to take and they not only parted for the second time—she is going through with a divorce.

There is no longer a chance in the world that they will get back together.

But, if anything good ever comes of a divorce, I think it is that Mark's wife is no longer bitter about their parting. The first time, she was almost hysterical in her denunciation of Hollywood. She was convinced that if she and Mark had never come here,

they would have been happy forever. She is a Southern girl and a non-professional and in that first big heartache, she unfairly blamed everything and everyone she could for their parting.

But now she knows it isn't a town or a career that comes between people. "It's the people who fail," she says, a little sadly.

* * *

I'm not blaming Frank Sinatra for the antics of his fan club in San Francisco, but if it is humanly possible for him to do something he should take action with these misguided zealots.

All right, so they adooooore Frankie and think he is the One and Only. That is no excuse for their disgraceful conduct staging minor riots against every other popular singer

who tries to make a theater appearance there.

What happened to Kathryn Grayson and Johnnie Johnston was disgraceful. They were heckled in the lobby of their hotel by teenagers chanting "We want Frankie, we want Frankie."

It was even worse when they arrived at the Golden Gate Theatre. The Sinaites were getting so out of hand that the theater manager had to call the police and have them clear the entrance to the house. Luckily, few of them got inside to spoil Johnnie's and Kathryn's performance.

But the little Grayson girl had such a case of the jitters, she refused to leave her dressing room between shows.

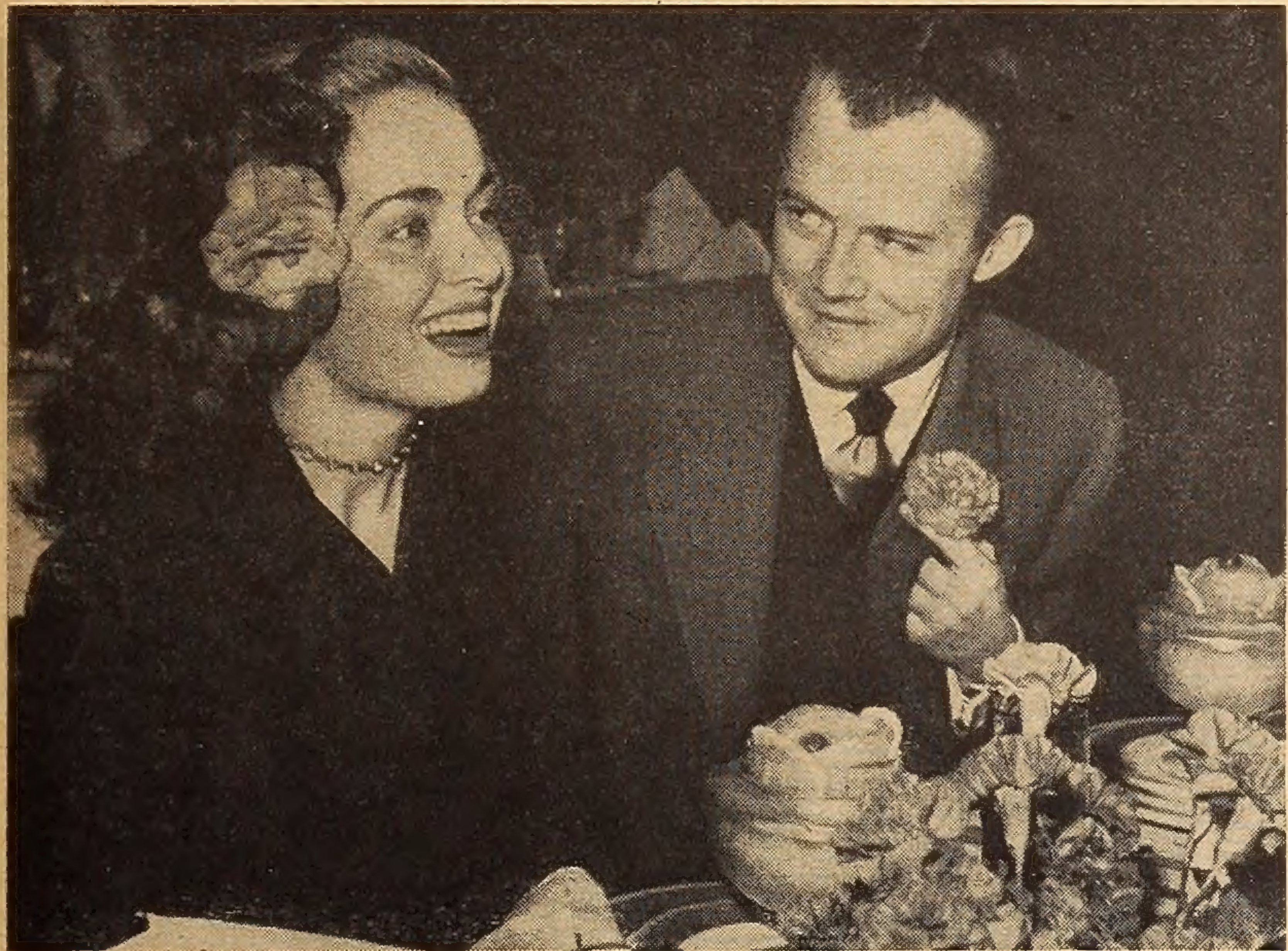
I know that Frankie doesn't want this kind



Bob Mitchum and Barbara Bel Geddes, who'll be co-starred in *Blood on the Moon*, were table-mates at the Look Party, held at Crystal Room of Beverly Hills Hotel. Bob denied he and wife Dot were separating.



Most romantic twosome at Crystal Room shindig were Howard Duff and Ava Gardner. Ava copped Look Award for being "rising young star of 1947," although columnist Lois Andrews called her "sloppy" off-screen.



When Lon McCallister turned up with Ann Blyth at the Crystal Room affair, he spiked rumors of his serious romance with Peggy Ann Garner. Ann's excited over a lead in Bill Powell's *Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid*.



Jane Powell and Elizabeth Taylor exchanged pleasantries with Gov. Earl Warren of Calif., at Look's banquet. Janie's going to announce her engagement to Tom Batten in 2 years—when she's 21. Liz was 16 in Feb.

of demonstration any more than the authorities and his real admirers but I am afraid he is going to have to do something definite to stop it.

* * *

Bets are there is no real romantic interest between Deanna Durbin and Vincent Price although they are seen together frequently. Her real new "heart" is said to be Charles David, a young man who looks amazingly like her first husband, Vaughn Paul. I understand the new beau is a writer.

Well, they say we gals fall for the same type over and over, and maybe it's true.

I am beginning to be convinced that I have the most devastating effect on Jane Wyman. When I arrived early at Joan Crawford's sensational party for Noel Coward, at Le

Papillon, Jane was standing in the entrance to the cocktail room. One look at me and she turned and dashed out—not to return for the entire evening—as though Beelzebub was after her.

On another occasion, at a party, she burst into tears when I came in!

Of course, it is all because she knows how I feel about her divorce from Ronald Reagan. If ever a lady was mixed-up, it is this one.

But, thank Heavens, my entrance didn't have such a frightening effect on the 299 other guests, who rallied around for what Joan called her "one party of the year" invited to meet her honored guest, her old friend, Noel Coward.

Even though Joan had taken over the swank new Beverly Hills night club for the occasion,

her personal touches in such good taste, were noted everywhere. I have never seen such flowers—white orchids and red camellias were the chief decor—and Joan must have corralled every bloom in town.

That girl is graciousness and charm itself as a hostess and she is very witty. Her famed guest of honor might well have written some of her best *bon mots* himself. She is also a lady who makes up her own rules, for only Joan would have had the daring to seat the man of her heart, Greg Bautzer, on her right—and Noel, on her left—and have invited two of her ex-husbands, Franchot Tone and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. to attend!

I'm sure you must have read a great deal about this party for it attracted great interest. Imagine George Burns, Jack Benny and Robert

A Gripping Tale



DeLong Bob Pins hold your hair as firmly as a thriller holds your attention...

The Stronger Grip DeLong boasts about is no mere slogan dreamed-up by ad-writers... It's a fact as cold and hard as the high-carbon steel that goes into these quality bob pins... Try them and see how much better DeLong Bob Pins stay in your hair, how much longer they keep their strength and springy action... You'll never go back to the wishy-washy kind of bob pin that's in your hair one minute and in your lap the next. Always remember—

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out



YOUR FAVORITE VARIETY STORES ARE FEATURING DE LONG BOB PINS DURING NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, APRIL 9-19.

Taylor as m.c.'s and such high-powered stars as Judy Garland, Dinah Shore and Celeste Holm obliging with song after song, with Noel Coward giving with a new number.

An interesting little sidelight of romantic goings-on was furnished by Diana Lynn, who came in with Bob Neal and sat right next to Fred Clark who is her escort whenever she and Bob get in those frequent tiffs of theirs. But what had everyone giggling is—the girl with Clark looked exactly like Diana!

It would take the rest of this column to list who was there but a few highlights were... Clifton Webb, the fashion plate, in a plum colored dinner jacket... June Allyson in an almost too-modest dinner gown, a blouse effect with long sleeves and a Peter Pan collar (Junie, are we going to have to go back to reminding you to dress up more?)... Barbara Stanwyck's beautiful un-ashamed gray hair in a new short cut... Mary Livingstone Benny's new diamond ring that

looks like diamond netting... the startling blue of Mrs. Ray Milland's gown, and John Hodiak, surprising a lot of people by making some of the wittiest remarks of the evening. I never knew he had such a terrific sense of humor.

* * *

The Hollywood invalids at Palm Springs were certainly on the glamorous side. One week-end, soaking up the sun around the pool at the Racquet Club were the Errol Flynns, Clark Gable, the Paul Lukases, Ava Gardner, June Haver and Jane Russell.

Errol Flynn who had been so sick his boss didn't know when he would be able to return to finish *Adventures of Don Juan* improved so rapidly in the desert that he tossed a party for his ailing co-workers before he left.

He and Nora had cocktails in their bungalow and thought up a hundred amusing gags. They borrowed an operating table from the local hospital and used it for a cocktail table.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We've got 500 free subscriptions to MODERN SCREEN sitting on a shelf in the mail room with no place to go. Want one? Want the June, July, and August issues for free? It's simple! Just answer the questionnaire below and mail it back to us. If you're among the first 500 to do this little thing—a subscription is yours! We want to know how you feel about the stars. You know how *we* feel about you!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our May issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

Now It Can Be Told (Frank Sinatra) by Quentin Reynolds... ☐
The Father's Doing Nicely, Thank You! by Dana Andrews... ☐
Crown Princess (Shirley Temple) by Hedda Hopper... ☐
Peter by Lady May Lawford... ☐
And The Livin' Is Easy (Bob Mitchum)... ☐
Story Of A Kiss (Burt Lancaster)... ☐
Johnny On The Spot (John Garfield)... ☐
Double Trouble (Susan Hayward)... ☐
Audrey Faces Life (Audrey Totter)... ☐

"Why We Left Each Other" (Cornel Wilde)... ☐
Come Into My Parlor by Gregory Peck... ☐
Accent On Oxfords (Dorothy McGuire)... ☐
The Missing Bergman Pictures!... ☐
Close-Up (Joan Crawford)... ☐
Paris Album by Jean Pierre Aumont... ☐
A Mother's Days (Bing Crosby) by Catherine Crosby... ☐
"I'm June's Guardian Angel" (June Allyson) by Maggie McCarthy... ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues: List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
 149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

**The
Strangest
And Most
Savage
Manhunt
in History!**

"Alive or dead...
I want that
man! He knows
too much!"



"If he lives... I
die... He must
be taken!"



"I'll get him...
before the cops do!"

"I know who he
is... and I'm
going to tell!"

"All I want is
his arms around me!"



"Only I know whether he's
guilty... or innocent!"



"Next to his wife...
I know him best"



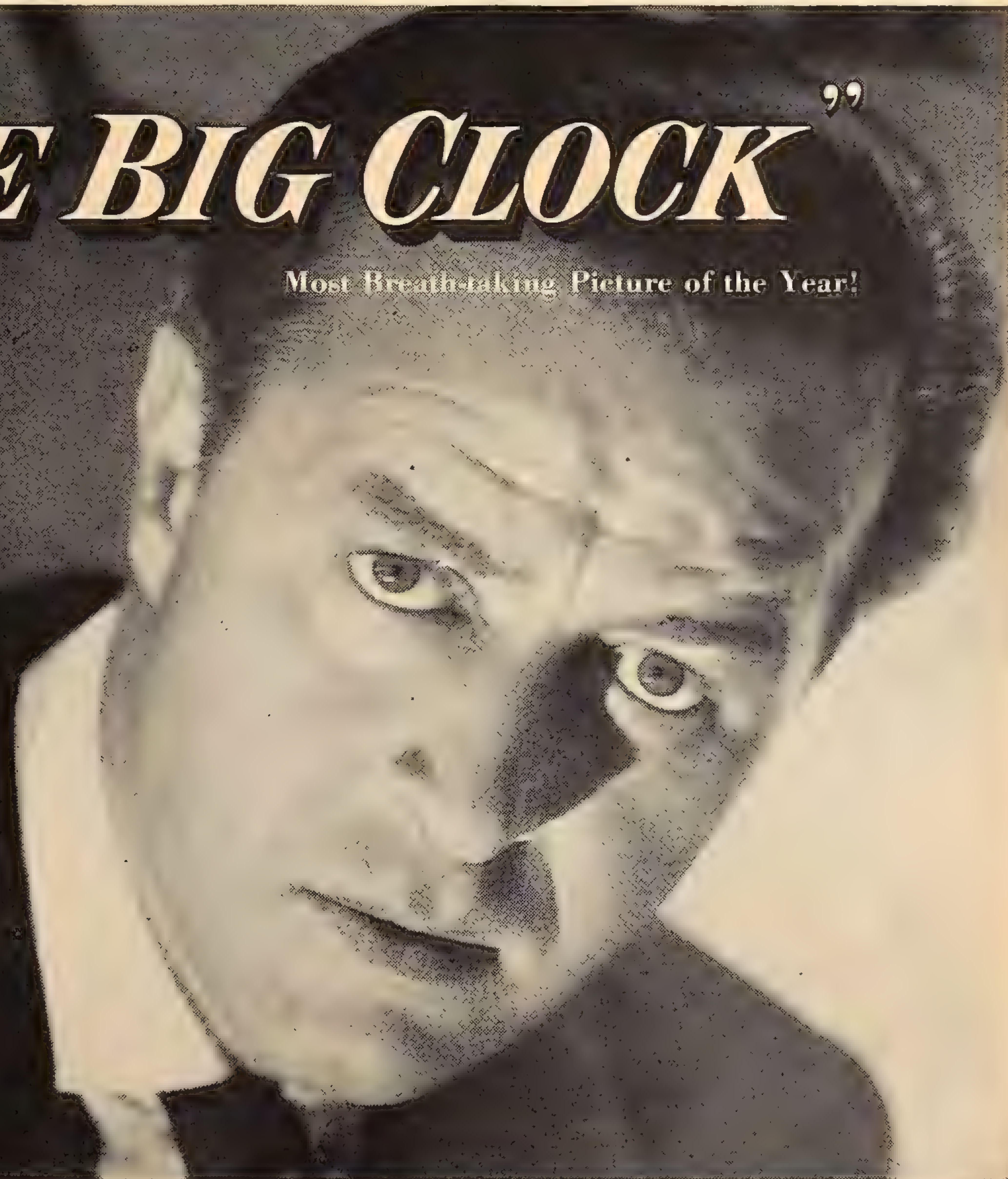
"Nothing on earth
can ever make me
tell them what I
know about
him!"



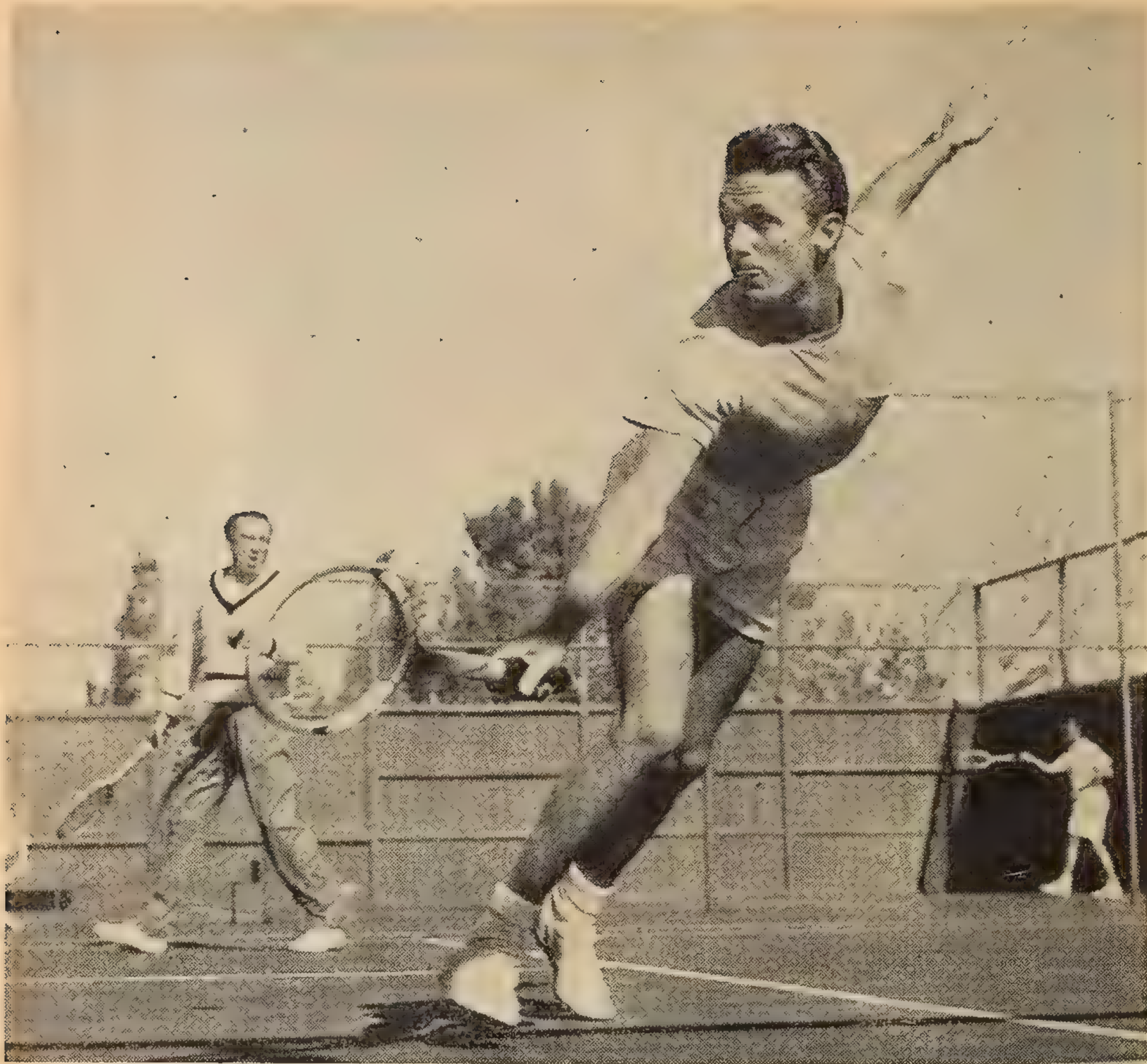
"THE BIG CLOCK"

Most Breath-taking Picture of the Year!

starring
**RAY
MILLAND
CHARLES
LAUGHTON**



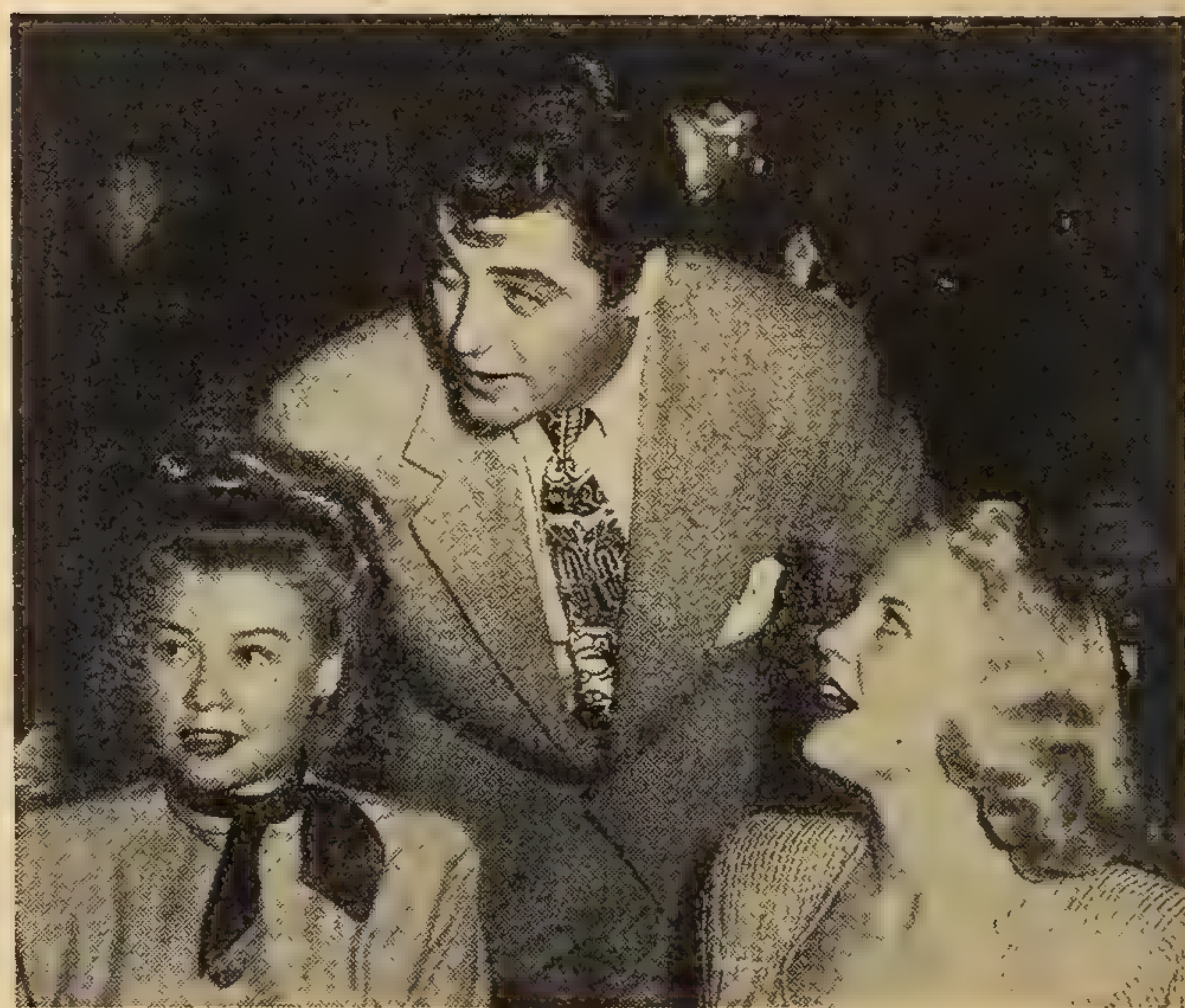
with **Maureen O'Sullivan • George Macready • Rita Johnson**
and **Elsa Lanchester • Harold Vermilyea** • Produced by **Richard Maibaum** • Directed by **JOHN FARROW**
Screen Play by **Jonathan Latimer** • Based on the Novel by **Kenneth Fearing** • A Paramount Picture



It's a love game when Bob Stack takes to the tennis courts at Charles Farrell's Racquet Club in Palm Springs. Bob also loves to water-skate—it's an invention of his own. Puts light cork soles on his feet, ties rope-line to motorboat and hangs on!



Down by the swimming pool at the Racquet Club the sun is hot and the decoration is former Powers model Candy Tontton with Tony Martin. Candy's signed an M-G-M contract.



Rory Calhoun and Vera-Ellen (left) took in tennis matches at Los Angeles Tennis Club, then went to Ciro's where they chatted with Peggy Lee who opened singing engagement.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

There were wheel chairs to hold all the guests and thermometers were all over the place serving as place cards.

Well, I'm glad Errol feels well enough to be kidding like that because, believe me, he was a very sick boy.

* * *

The funniest crack of the month was pulled by John Wayne. Someone asked him how he liked making *Tycoon* with Laraine Day right at the height of the Day-Durocher matrimonial tangle.

Leo was on the set constantly and always seemed to be on hand while the love scenes were being shot.

"It was tough," admitted John, "every time I kissed Laraine, Durocher looked like somebody had just stolen third base."

* * *

Close-Up of Rory Calhoun: He rests his chin against the hair of the girls he dances with . . . He doesn't like his dates too tall. Vera Ellen is the favorite of the moment. . . . He likes to buy clothes for the ladies he admires, an unusual trait in any gent. He just gave Vera a ballerina skirt made of suede with matching bag and gloves. He has also bought

her several charming hats. . . . He drives his friends mad eating lemons. And peels them just like they were oranges. . . . For some reason he is convinced that he needs more self-discipline and does a lot of things he doesn't like such as taking ice cold showers, eating "health" vegetables, taking walks, being polite to dreadful bores and reading books that do not interest him. A psychiatrist might find all this interesting. . . . He gets in an argument at the drop of a hint that Van Johnson is "through" as a big favorite. He considers Van a top actor who will go on to even finer acting heights now that the "hysteria" about him is over. . . . In the daytime he "slops" around in sweaters and old slacks, but is always perfectly groomed at night. He is the hostess' delight in being agreeable even about donning black-tie in the evening. . . . He has a charming, confidential speaking voice that makes everything he says sound intimate. One ex-flame of his said, "Rory can say 'it's a nice day' and it sounds like he had said, 'I love you'."

* * *

That gay, giddy girl June Havoc gave the fun party of the month—a sort of belated

wedding party, as it were. When she and Bill Spier were married, they had no time to invite their friends to a shindig but they certainly made up for it when they DID get around to having a celebration.

June and Bill borrowed Mitch Leisen's studio, hired a hot jazz band and summoned their playmates. What a party! Some of the most dignified people in our town were competing in the dance contests.

The old "Charleston" was brought back with a vengeance. Some of the younger fry didn't know how, but that didn't keep them from getting up and shaking a mean leg. I remembered the steps you bet—and did a little contesting myself.

Honesty compels me to report that two couples were better—Gene Tierney and Cesar Romero and Mrs. Van Heflin (who is cute enough to be on the screen herself) and Billy Daniels.

The "sweetheart waltz" was won by Anne Baxter (is that girl thin and glamorous these evenings?) and John Hodiak. Robert Montgomery who is always very dignified, sat on the sidelines and applauded loudly.

It was one of those parties that go on until

WARNER BROS.

BROS. POUR IT ON!!!!

12 ALL-TIME
SONG
SMASHES!
including

April
Showers

The World's
Most
Beautiful
Girl

Cuddle Up
a Little
Closer

Carolina
in the
Morning

Pretty
Baby

Moonlight
Bay

Strolling
Through
the Park

Are You
from
Dixie

APRIL SHOWERS

FLOODS OF FUN!! TORRENTS OF TUNES!!!

AND IT'S RAINING
GIRLS!
GIRLS!!!
GIRLS!!!

STARRING

JACK

CARSON

ANN

SOTHERN

ROBERT ALDA
S.Z. SAKALL

AND DOZENS AND
DOZENS OF OTHERS!



DIRECTED BY

JAMES V. KERN

SCREEN PLAY BY PETER MILNE • SUGGESTED BY A STORY BY JOE LAURIE, JR. • MUSIC ARRANGED AND ADAPTED BY RAY HEINDORF

PRODUCED BY

WILLIAM JACOBS

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



At premiere of *Cass Timberlane*, Spencer Tracy and son John got congrats. That night a John Tracy Clinic short subject dealing with deaf kids was run off, received good notices. Made with co-op of Disney Studios.



Latest about Bob Topping and Lana is they'll marry after his divorce from Arline Judge is final. They've been avoiding nightclubs lately, but Lana came out for *Cass Timberlane* with Bob and new diamonds.

the sun comes up. At midnight, Chinese food was served and it was delicious.

Gene Tierney came to the party with Charles Feldman, the producer-agent—and thereby hangs a story. She is dividing her dates now between Charlie and her ex-husband, Oleg Cassini, and it's hard to say which one will win out. Speaking of Oleg, I don't think he helped his chances any with that nightclub fist fight with Xavier Cugat.

It is amusing that Sam Wanamaker and Lilli Palmer, so romantic in *My Girl*, *Tisa* are not each other's favorite co-stars. The temperature on the set was definitely chilly. But it wasn't the great feud it was publicized.

Sam, himself, denied to me that he had said he wouldn't make another picture with Lilli. It isn't that bad. But I don't think either will break out in tears if they aren't teamed again.

The reason I mention this is because it is amusing that actors who don't seem to get along together on the set, frequently make wonderful screen lovers. I suppose it is because they have to try extra hard that the result is usually so good.

On the other hand, I've known of times when a couple of players had a private yen for each other and the scenes on the screen were only lukewarm. In their cases, it is because they have to "hold back."

Fashion Tips Hot From Hollywood: Rita Hayworth dresses up man-tailored blouses with cuff links and studs made of jeweled flowers. . . . Merle Oberon's pale blue and pink woolen dinner gowns are so attractive. Yes, the same weight wool your bathrobe is made of. . . . Lana Turner has earrings made up of her gold initials—L on one ear, T on the other. . . . Leather accessories, bracelets and earrings are popular with the younger set—very smart, too, and at one 'teenth of the cost of gold. . . . Diana Lynn pins gay little bunches of artificial Spring flowers on her handbags. More and more, among the younger girls, Diana is becoming a fashion leader. She originates, seldom copies fads.

* * *

Dana Andrews got you-know-what from his bosses for having that little run in with the police after he'd had an extra cocktail. But there is something so absolutely likeable about this guy, you just can't stay mad at him long, even when he's naughty.

Even the traffic cops had to laugh at his antics and the hardboiled desk sergeant had to wipe the smile off his face when Dana flatly refused to leave the jail "until my wife comes and gets me."

But, oh boy—does he suffer from remorse?

He is bending backward being good these days. * * *

And speaking of nice boys—they don't come any better than John Agar, that fine boy Shirley Temple is married to. And I think he has a brilliant future on the screen. He makes a surprisingly good debut in *Fort Apache* opposite Shirley.

But I liked him best of all when he came over to my house to be interviewed for a Sunday story. He is so frank and unassuming. He told me, not at all abashed, about the way they handle their finances. He pays all the grocery bills and keeps up the expense of running the home Shirley owned years before they were married.

"But I can't afford to buy her clothes yet," he grinned. "That's an item a little beyond my bank account."

* * *

Gloria De Haven and John Payne are so happy with their new baby boy, Tom. Oh rather, Thomas John. Even though the last name is spelled differently, they hope the baby will grow up to be as great as the famous "Age of Reason" Thomas Paine. John tells me that little Cathy is thrilled, and goes around chanting, "Kaki Payne's baby Tommy"

(Continued on page 92)

They're off on their maddest, merriest adventure !!

...with the bullets
and the laughs
coming thick and fast!



EAGLE LION FILMS PRESENTS

BUD ABBOTT ★ LOU COSTELLO

"The **Noose Hangs High***"*

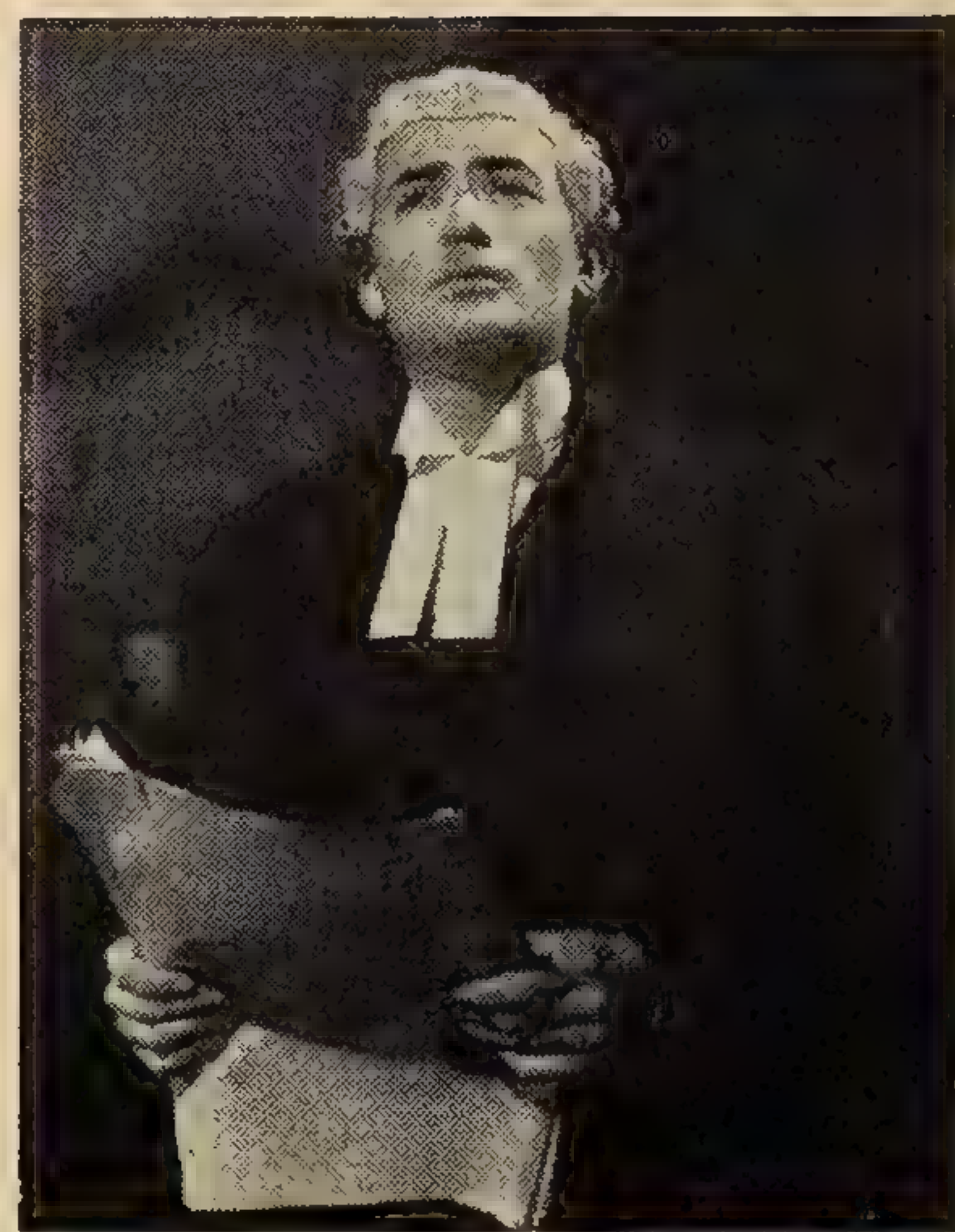
WITH
JOSEPH CALLEIA
LEON ERROL
CATHY DOWNS

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY
CHARLES BARTON

Screenplay by John Grant & Howard Harris



Ethel Barrymore plays hostess to Joan Tetzl, barrister Gregory Peck, Charles Coburn and Ann Todd. The mysterious Mrs. Paradine (Valli), Charles Laughton and Louis Jourdan complete cast.



Peck defends the accused Valli.

dorothy kilgallen

selects

"the paradine case"

■ Alfred Hitchcock, sorcerer of suspense, has added another link of celluloid witchcraft to his delightful chain of cinema magic in *The Paradine Case*—as valid, intelligent and exciting a film as you are likely to see in a year of movie-going.

Nothing in the way of top-flight thriller material has been left out—the hot clashes are there, the cold moments of fear, the mystery, the scenes of normal tenderness and humor, the crescendos of eerie tension. All are blended skillfully and carefully and with the matchless Hitchcock sense of tempo—his daring to be slow when drama calls for a legato passage, his reportorial economy of words and motion when the truth of a scene dictates tautness and brevity.

The Paradine Case is the story of a woman who did or did not (I won't spoil it for you) murder her blinded husband, and it takes her from the oddly tranquil, controlled moment of her arrest to the feverish hour of the jury's decision, up and down a dozen scenic railway

curves of bravery, deceit, despair and anger. It also is, even more vitally, the story of the lawyer who defended her, becoming fascinated by her beauty and strangeness, and of the lawyer's wife who finds herself in the resulting emotional dilemma.

And all the other major and minor characters in this human charade—which could have been extracted from any newspaper of our day—are drawn by Hitchcock (master of casting as well as of suspense) with an expertness that gives the picture an almost literary majesty beyond the fascination of dexterous cinema entertainment.

He has put Charles Laughton in the role of a powerful, wickedly humorous, mildly lecherous and infinitely sadistic judge, and Ethel Barrymore as his frightened wife. He has given Ann Todd magnificently directed scenes as the pained but understanding wife of the hero, and endowed Gregory Peck with new facets of strength and maturity as the attorney for the defense.

Valli, the newcomer? She is a good choice for the mysterious Mrs. Paradine, coming as she does a fresh personality to the American public. She is both beautiful and unusual-looking—in fact, she has half a dozen faces, depending upon the lighting of the scene and the arrangement of her hair. Sometimes she looks like Hedy Lamarr, sometimes she could be Dorothy Lamour's sister, often she bears a strong and haunting resemblance to Garbo. She is always photographically fascinating; whether she will hold as an actress may depend upon how often she is gifted with the equivalent of Mr. Hitchcock's overflowing bag of directorial tricks.

The other foreign surprise in the picture, Louis Jourdan, is a handsome and effective actor, a fine gift to the local public. He and Charles Coburn and Joan Tetzl and Leo G. Carroll are just a few of the valuable ingredients in a brilliant and satisfying composition.

Go to see it!

I've had no will
but yours... ever

...what I gave,
I gave with all my
heart... Yet you did
not even remember
my name!"



UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents
JOAN FONTAINE
Unforgettably Matched for Love with
LOUIS JOURDAN
Romantic New Star of 'The Paradine Case'

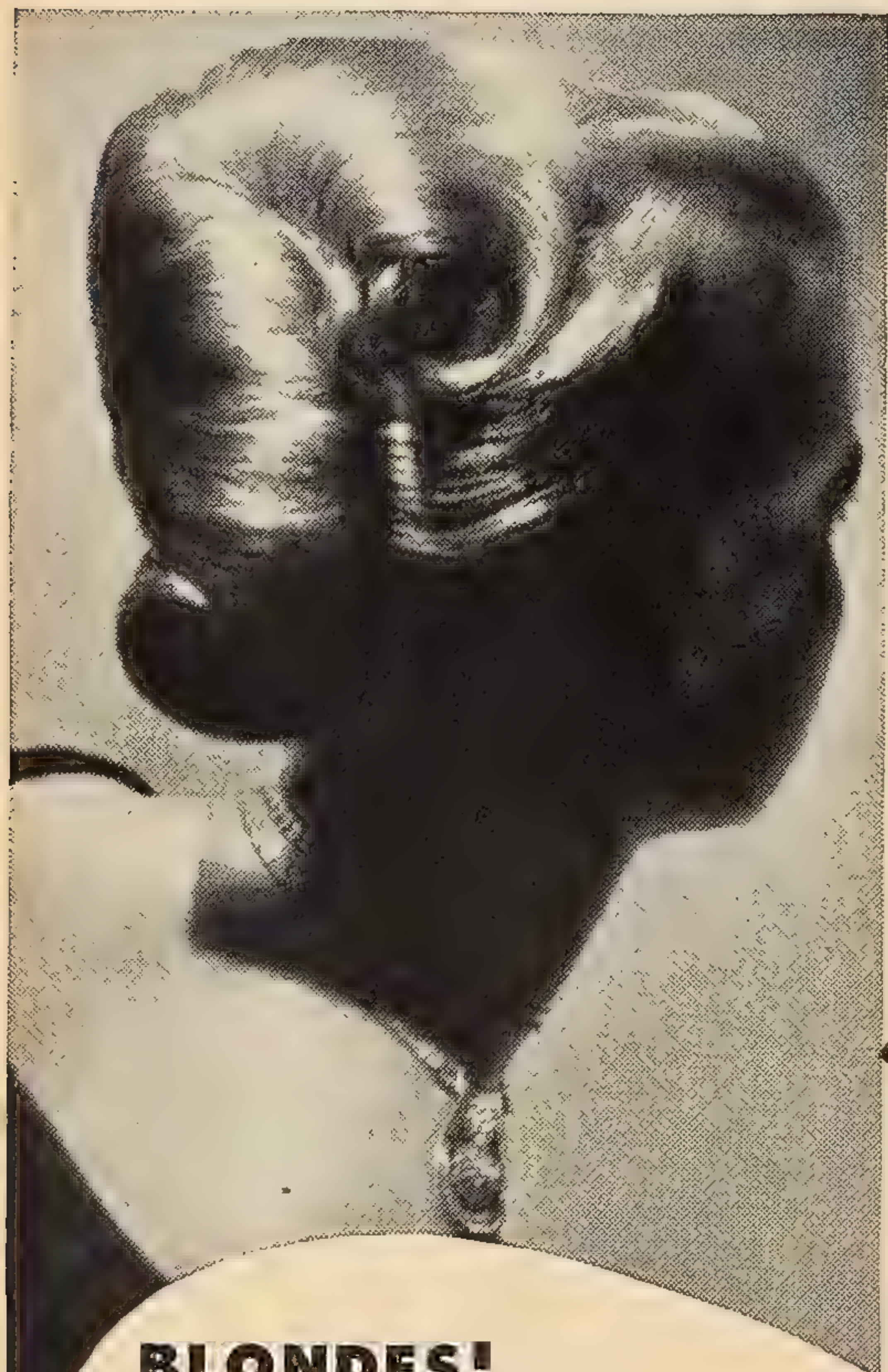
“Letter from an
Unknown Woman”



with
MADY CHRISTIANS • MARCEL JOURNET • ART SMITH • CAROL YORKE • Screenplay by Howard Koch
From the Story by Stefan Zweig • Produced by JOHN HOUSEMAN • Directed by MAX OPULS • A RAMPART PRODUCTION



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Four of Marchand's twelve "Make-Up" Hair Rinse shades are created just for you! Now you can get the very color effect you want... whether it is to highlight your natural hair shade... or add a coppery tone.

BRUNETTES, BROWNETTES, REDHEADS!

There are special Marchand Rinse shades for you, too. The color chart on the Marchand package shows you which shade to use for the particular effect you desire.

GLORIOUS HIGHLIGHTS! Every Marchand Rinse removes dulling soap film and leaves your hair softer and easier to manage. It does so much *more* than just lemon or vinegar... gives your hair sparkling highlights *plus* color!

SAFE, EASY TO USE! After each shampoo simply dissolve the rinse shade in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair! Not a bleach, not a permanent dye, Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse is made of government-approved colors that wash off readily.



MOVIE

BY VIRGINIA WILSON

REVIEWS

MIRACLE OF THE BELLS

Leave cynicism behind when you go to see *Miracle Of The Bells*. It's a story of sacrifice, love and prayer and it doesn't belong to the world of wisecracks and wise guys. Yet, curiously, its hero, Dunnigan (Fred MacMurray), comes from just that world. He's a Broadway press agent and he doesn't, in the beginning, believe in anything or anybody but ten percent.

That is before he meets Olga (Valli). Olga is just a kid from a little mining town, trying to get a job in a New York chorus. She can't dance, but there is a strange, luminous quality about her that makes Dunnigan notice her immediately. He has strolled in to see the director, and he says "Why don't you give that kid on the end a break?" So Olga gets a job.

It's a year before Dunnigan sees her again. This time it's Christmas Eve in a small mid-west city. Olga is playing stock and Dunnigan is doing an advance publicity job. Their meeting is accidental, as their meetings are always to be, but with the odd stirring of fate behind it.

It's accidental, too, that Dunnigan is eventually able to make Olga a Hollywood star. If a temperamental foreign star had not suddenly walked out on the part of Joan of Arc, producer Harris (Lee Cobb) would never have tested an unknown for Joan. Dunnigan sells him on Olga. She plays the role with that same predestined quality that Joan herself must have had—it shines from her eyes and it foretells not only fame, but death.

Olga dies the day the picture is finished. She has known she was dying and even at the end she doesn't seem to mind. But she has a last request. She wants to be buried in Coaltown, where she was born. She thinks it might somehow help the tired, worn people there to know that one of them went on to fame—and came back to them again.

But after Olga's death, Harris decides not to release the picture. So there will be after all, no fame for Olga or for Coaltown. Unless Dunnigan can find a way. Or unless there's a miracle. . . .

Frank Sinatra plays a Catholic priest with simple sincerity. Lee Cobb is excellent as the Hollywood producer.—RKO



Frank Sinatra plays Father Paul, a sincere young priest in Coaltown, USA. It is in his modest church that the miracle occurs.



Fred MacMurray, cynical press agent, ballyhooes the Polish beauty, Alida Valli, to stardom, but she dies before she can taste success.



At dinner after the Maryland Hunt—Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont

"Before I go out—always a 1-Minute Mask!"

"Such a wonderful, different facial mask!" says charming Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, of the famous Wilmington family. "No smothery 20-minute wait for results—the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream brightens up my complexion in *one minute!* Makes my skin look clearer and glowy right away! Smoother, too, with a soft, silky finish that takes make-up to perfection."

Always have a 1-Minute Mask when you want to look your best! Get a *big* jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream today. You'll use it constantly—for 1-Minute Masks . . . for light, non-greasy powder base . . . for wonderful smoothing hand cream. Send to Pond's, 9-E, Clinton, Connecticut, for free sample tube.



Incredibly Easy!

1-minute quick! Use that one minute pause to make magic on your *hands*, too! Stroke your still creamy fingertips over your hands and elbows. Pond's Vanishing Cream is satin-smoothing! Not greasy or sticky!

Secret for a Lovelier evening

1. Revive your late afternoon complexion to new beauty for the evening! Smooth a cool, white Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face—except eyes.

2. "Keratolytic" action of the Cream loosens stubborn dirt and dead skin flakes. *Dissolves* them off! After just one minute, tissue off *clean!*

3. Your face looks lighter, clearer, sparkling—and exquisitely smoothed for make-up. Always before you go out—"re-style" your complexion with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream!

Beauty's My Business -



SAYS
Jane Werner,
ENVIED
COVER GIRL

so I changed to the Gentle FLOATING LIFT of **SWEETHEART SOAP'S** Extra Lather!

• "And my delicate skin thrives on this SweetHeart Care," says Jane. "For it reveals the clear, sparkling look that photographs radiantly."

Your skin may have a cover girl look when you change to *Floating Lift Care*. For SweetHeart's pure, mild, exquisitely fragrant *extra lather* has a gentle *floating lift*. Countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings... *lift off*—float away—dirt and dry skin flakes.

Your skin looks smoother, fresher, lovelier—and the delicate, alluring SweetHeart fragrance completes your glamour. *Floating lift* that gives such wonderful beauty help has been *proved* by pictures taken through the microscope.

• Invite springtime romance! Begin SweetHeart's Floating Lift Care. Night and morning, massage your face one minute with SweetHeart's extra lather. Rinse with warm—then cold water. Skin is cleansed... stimulated... more radiant!

• A SweetHeart complexion is real date bait! So waste no time in envy. Adopt Jane's glorious beauty care



The Soap
that AGREES
with Your Skin



• For tub and shower, you can now also get the new, large bath size. SweetHeart's extra lather with its floating lift is marvelous.



Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!: Farm boy Lon McCallister drives stubborn mules for June Haver's father in breath-taking Technicolor.

SCUDDA HOO! SCUDDA HAY!

All of you who loved Lon McCallister and June Haver in *Home in Indiana* will be thrilled to find them reunited in *Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!*, a truly beautiful Technicolor film with a heart-warming story to tell. Lon McCallister, as Snug Dominy, lives on a farm with his dad, Milt Dominy (Henry Hull), his impossible stepmother, Judith Dominy (Anne Revere), and an obnoxious stepbrother, Stretch (Robert Karnes), who has nothing in common with Snug but a tremendous yen for Rad McGill (June Haver). When—following a particularly heated set-to with Judith, Milt Dominy leaves home to go back to the sea—Snug get a job as hired hand for Rad's father, owner of a brand new mule team. Seems that McGill can't do a thing with the mules, and he sells them to Snug, who, with a Scudda Hoo! and a Scudda Hay! (that's mule talk for giddy-yap and whoa) can practically get them to jump through hoops. With the help of a kindly neighbor, Tony Maule (Walter Brennan), Snug trains the mules well, eventually is able to earn fifteen dollars a day hauling logs with them.

Unfortunately he doesn't make as good time with Rad as he does with the mules, and there are moments when you'd like to give her a hot-foot or something to make her see the light. She sees it eventually, but we're not telling how.

For photography that honestly takes your breath away, for those priceless shots of June in a bathing suit, for that McCallister grin—you've got to see Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay! And don't say we didn't warn you—your small fry will come away wanting a mule team for pets!—20th-Fox.

THE BIG CLOCK

Ray Milland is cutting down on his drinking. He was a complete alcoholic in *Lost Weekend*. In *The Big Clock* he's just a guy who likes to spend an evening now and then drinking apple brandy sidecars. I expect him to have become a complete teetotaler by his next picture.



The Big Clock: Crime magazine editor Ray Mil-land wants to vacation with his wife Maureen O'Sullivan, but murder keeps him at home.

As George Stroud, he gets into plenty of trouble through those sidecars. Almost loses his wife and his job, not to mention his life. You see, George works for Earle Janoth (Charles Laughton), head of the vast chain of Janoth magazines. And when you work for Janoth, anything can happen.

George is editor of Crimeways magazine. He is also, as it happens, an expert on tracing missing people. Sort of a hobby of his, and one that Janoth has used to advantage frequently. But never the way he wants to use it now.

I guess I'd better start at the beginning. George is all set to go on a month's vacation with his wife, Georgette (Maureen O'Sullivan). As usual, at the last moment Janoth wants him to begin a new assignment. This time George rebels. He flies into an eighteen-carat rage and tells Janoth to go to the devil. Then he goes out and starts on the apple brandy sidecars. He has company both in his anger at Janoth and in his drinking. Janoth's girl friend, Pauline (Rita Johnson), has quarrelled with the great man, too.

It's too bad for George that he spends that evening with Pauline and the sidecars. Because next morning Pauline is dead, and Janoth asks George to use his talent for finding missing people to trace the man she was with the night before. There are various clues and witnesses. Witnesses who describe in some detail a man who looks exactly like George.

Among the clues are an oil painting of two hands, a sundial with a green ribbon tied around it, and a watch that stopped at the wrong time. Gradually the web tightens around George, who is trying desperately to find the real murderer. Highly uncomfortable for George but exciting for the audience.—*Par.*

THE SAINTED SISTERS

You'll love the sainted sisters, from your first glimpse of them riding along in a buggy, smoking small, lady-like cigars. The sisters, Letty (Veronica Lake) and Jane (Joan Caulfield) are wanted by the New York police and they are trying to get over the Canadian

Marjorie Groat's winning smile
turns an idea into a career—

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

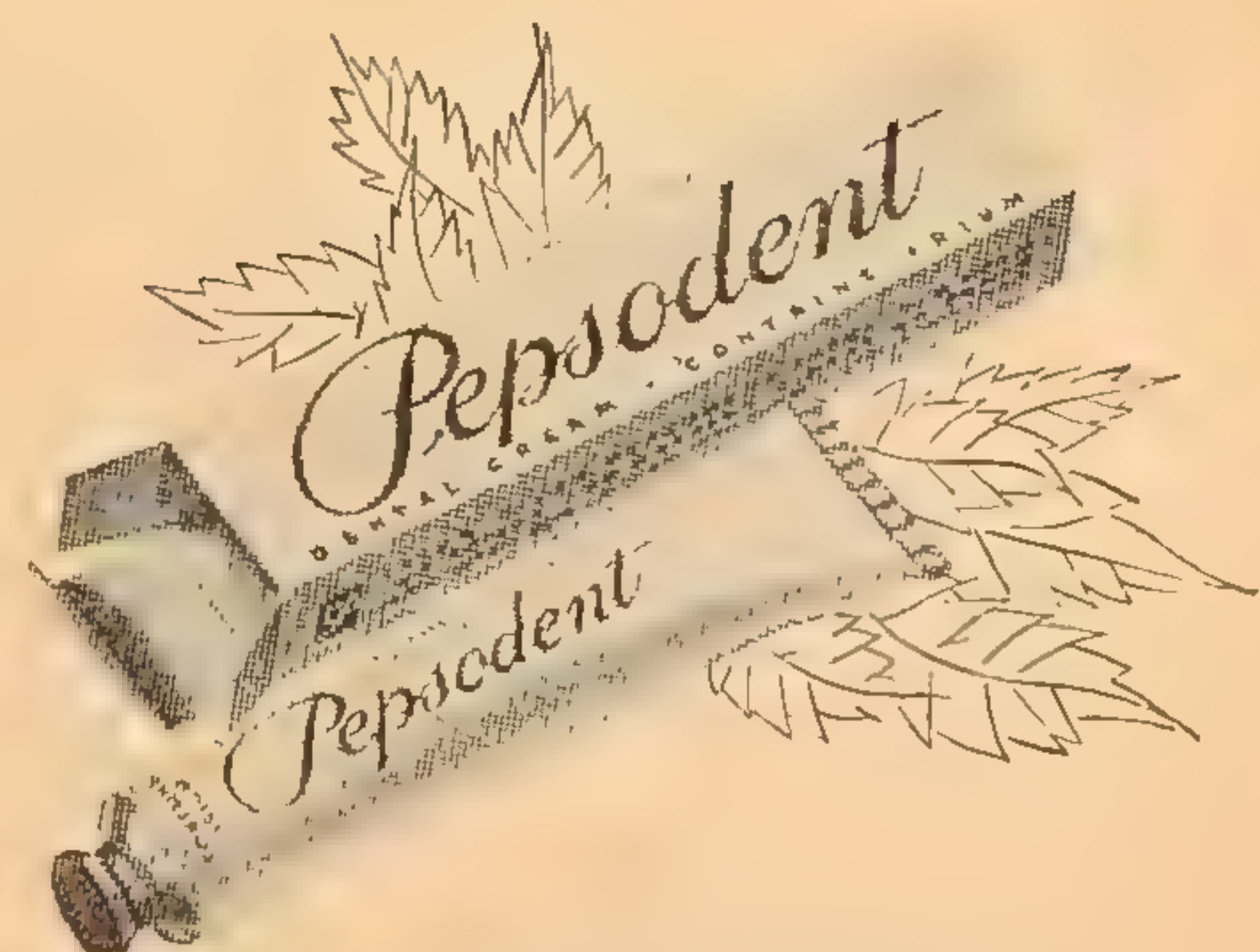


Marjorie Groat, Career-wife, is first to wear the latest fashions in Madison, Wisconsin—it's her job! Marjorie was a freshman at the University of Minnesota when she met Bill . . . and wedding bells ended her school days. When they settled in Madison, Marjorie decided that "Manchester's," one of the leading department stores, needed a fashion modeling staff. The store management agreed. Now Marjorie's winning smile is very much in evidence as she trains new models, plans and appears in fashion shows. It's a Pepsodent Smile! "I always use Pepsodent," Marjorie says. "It's the best tooth paste I've found for brightening teeth!"

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!

People all over America agree with Marjorie Groat. New Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles! Just recently, families from coast to coast compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried!

For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT
OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY



*This is the Fable of Mrs. Gray
and the WASHDAY REBELLION. . . .*

Mrs. Gray was a careful housekeeper—except on WASHDAY.
Any SOAP, real or imitation, that made SUDS suited her. . . .

When neighbors whispered, "TATTLE-TALE GRAY," she wasn't worried.
Even when best friends mentioned FELS-NAPTHA SOAP,
she ignored them. . . .

One day Mrs. Gray hung out her HALF-CLEAN WASH and went
inside to REST. Suddenly she looked out the window—
and was HORRIFIED! . . . she was being PICKETED! Her neglected
clothes demanded BETTER WASHING CONDITIONS!

Mrs. Gray hustled the INDIGNANT PICKETERS down to the LAUNDRY . . .
for some COLLECTIVE BARGAINING. Then she flew to the 'phone.
Ordered LOTS and LOTS of FELS-NAPTHA. In a RUSH. . . .

Next day Mrs. Gray's WASH swung gayly on the LINE—
CLEAN and WHITE—just like her neighbors'!

*Moral—Don't let your wash line become a picket line.
Change to golden Fels-Naptha—bar or chips, today.*



Golden bar or Golden chips—

FELS-NAPTHA banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



The Sainted Sisters: Blackmailers Veronica Lake and Joan Caulfield are discovered by Barry Fitzgerald in bright comedy of love and money.

border before they're caught. Such a fuss over their having collected twenty-five thousand dollars from an elderly, married wolf who had been making passes at Jane! Blackmail, the police called it, which was very narrow-minded of them.

In the middle of the night the sisters reach a little town called Grove Falls. And three things happen. Their buggy catches on fire, the horse runs away, and there's a thunderstorm. The girls think they're lucky when they find a deserted-looking house with an unlocked front door. They pick out a bedroom. Letty takes the twenty-five grand out of her bustle (this is back in 1895, I forgot to say) and they settle down for the night.

But the house isn't really deserted. Its owner, Robbie McCleary (Barry Fitzgerald), hears sounds and appears in a nightshirt, clutching a large revolver cautiously in his hand. He sees the girls, and the money. He has also seen the circulars put out by the police about two beautiful blonde sisters who are wanted for blackmail. Robbie decides to try a little blackmail himself.

He takes charge of the money. Then he announces that the sisters are to stay there and keep house for him. And furthermore he thinks that tomorrow morning he'll have his breakfast in bed!

Letty fumes, but she's going to stay and get that money back. Jane, as usual, does what Letty says. They both almost perish of frustrated rage when they learn that Robbie is giving chunks of their money away. Various deserving citizens are suddenly enabled to buy a cow, or pay their rent, or whatever their immediate problem is. And Robbie blandly tells them the sisters are responsible. No wonder the whole town starts regarding them as saints. All but handsome young Sam Stoaks (George Reeves) who regards them as two pretty girls and can't make up his mind which one he's in love with.

This is one of the brightest comedies to emerge from Hollywood in some time. And it's nice to see George Reeves back on the screen. William Demarest, Beulah Bondi and Chill Wills are also in the cast.—*Par.*

A MIRACLE CAN HAPPEN

Here is whimsy at its most whimsical. Toss logic and reason to the four winds when you buy your ticket to *A Miracle Can Happen*, because you won't be needing them for a



A Miracle Can Happen: Hank Fonda and Jimmy Stewart, two jive-happy boys, are being "sent" by the juke-box version of Harry's music.

couple of hours. When we tell you that this is the story of one day in the life of a roving newspaper reporter, the thing sounds quite sensible, but actually it isn't sensible at all.

To begin with, roving reporter Oliver Pease (Burgess Meredith) is obviously quite mad. He just has that look. His question for the day (suggested by wife Martha—Paulette Goddard) is "Has a child ever influenced your life?" And this might be harmless enough, were the people Oliver interviews not quite so odd. They are jive-happy Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda; confidence men Fred MacMurray and William Demarest; and Hollywood-ites Dorothy Lamour and Victor Moore.

Their three answers to Oliver's question are told in flashback style with amusing and sometimes hilarious results. The Stewart-Fonda sequence, written by John O'Hara, is by far the funniest, and these boys walk away with this star-studded job by the simple expedient of exquisite under-playing. Their voices are quiet. They throw away lines. And they absolutely *kill* the people. It is only unfortunate that their episode is the first of the series. If it were the last, you would leave your seat feeling that you'd been vastly entertained instead of feeling vaguely let down. Perhaps the truth of it is that this spotty script just isn't worthy of the stars involved. Nevertheless it is a lot of fun and full of surprises and Stewart and Fonda make it more than worth the toll.—U. A.

FORT APACHE

There's a very cute young couple in *Fort Apache*, played by a very cute young couple named Shirley Temple and John Agar. There are also John Wayne, Henry Fonda, Victor McLaglen and various other familiar faces.

Henry Fonda's face isn't as familiar as usual, since he is cast as a middle aged man with greying hair and a mustache. This character, Colonel Thursday, we took to be based on history's General Custer, but we could be wrong. Not, however, as wrong as Colonel Thursday, who is wrong about *everything* throughout the picture.

He doesn't belong in a place like Fort Apache, where the personnel is made up of hard-bitten Indian fighters. Thursday is furious at having been sent there from Washington and makes no effort to conceal it. Fortunately,

new Toni creme shampoo
gives you

SOFT-WATER SHAMPOOING

EVEN IN HARDEST WATER

RINSES AWAY DANDRUFF INSTANTLY

LEAVES HAIR SMOOTHER, SHINIER

MAKES HAIR EASIER TO MANAGE



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It's another hair beauty miracle by Toni! "Soft-water shampooing" with new Toni Creme Shampoo. An amazing new kind of shampooing that brings out all—yes, *all* the shimmering highlights, *all* the glorious natural sheen of your hair.

"Soft-water shampooing" gets your hair cleaner, shinier than any soap or soap shampoo you've ever used. And rinses away unsightly dandruff instantly. Your hair is easier to manage. Your permanent looks its loveliest. Today, enjoy "soft-water shampooing" with new Toni Creme Shampoo.

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Dear as your dreams for tomorrow . . . eternal as the promise you share . . . is love's most cherished symbol . . . a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring. Only one diamond in hundreds meets the exacting standards of excellence in color, cut and clarity which Keepsake has maintained through six decades. Identify Keepsake by the name in the ring, and the words, "guaranteed registered perfect gem" on the tag . . . as illustrated. Let comparison prove that a Keepsake gives you higher quality and greater value than an ordinary ring of the same price.

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| A. FAIRHAVEN Ring | 150.00 |
| Wedding Ring | 100.00 |
| B. HEATHER Ring | 350.00 |
| Also \$100 to 2475 and in platinum \$300 to 3450. | |
| Wedding Ring | 12.50 |
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| Also \$300 | |
| Wedding Ring | 125.00 |
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| Available at \$75 to 200 to match all engagement rings | |

All rings illustrated available in white as well as natural gold. Rings enlarged to show details. Prices include Federal tax. Look for the name "Keepsake" in the ring, and require the Keepsake Certificate of Guarantee and Registration.



Fort Apache: Shirley Temple, the Colonel's daughter, falls in love with Lieut. John Agar. Father disapproves, but Agar proves worthy.

his pretty daughter, Philadelphia (Shirley Temple), is more tactful, and she's soon very popular. Especially with young Lieutenant O'Rourke (John Agar). The Colonel disapproves, since O'Rourke is the son of an enlisted man.

Thursday is a stubborn and ambitious officer. He asks advice from Captain York (John Wayne), veteran Indian fighter but he doesn't take the advice when he gets it. Oh, no—he knows too much himself. He'll manage the post the West Point way, and the heck with everybody.

He does listen to York about the thing, however. The Indian chief, Cochise, has taken all his people over the Mexican border. The government wants them to come back, and if Thursday can achieve this, he thinks it will impress the boys back in Washington. So when York offers to go and see Cochise personally, and ask him to come back on peaceful terms, Thursday accepts the offer.

York succeeds in his mission, with the help of interpreter Beaufort (Pedro Armendariz). Cochise agrees to come back—on certain terms. But Colonel Thursday doesn't believe in making terms with Indians, and this time he's wrong once too often.—RKO

LETTERS FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN

Louis Jourdan, the sensational French actor of *The Paradine Case* plays opposite Joan Fontaine in this new picture. It's a tragic story of a woman's love for a man who never knows she loves him. It begins when Lisa Berndle (Joan Fontaine) is only fifteen, in Vienna, in 1890.

Lisa may be only fifteen but she can fall in love—and does, with a handsome young man of 24, Stefan Brand (Louis Jourdan). Stefan is a well-known pianist, also a well-known connoisseur of women. He pays no attention whatever to the somewhat awkward young girl who eyes him longingly.

Lisa is very sad when her mother (Mady Christians) says they are going to move to Linz. But there's nothing she can do about it until she is eighteen. Then she moves back to Vienna and gets a job as a model. She spends her time off standing in front of Stefan's apartment house.

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Please send the useful 20-page book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding" . . . a complete guide to social correctness in planning the betrothal and wedding events . . . with illustrations and prices of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

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Letters From An Unknown Woman: Sensational French actor Louis Jourdan stars opposite Joan Fontaine in a tragic story of unrequited love.

Lisa has now turned into a real beauty and it doesn't take long for Stefan to notice her. It would, however, probably have been better for her if he hadn't. Because the affair that ensues convinces Lisa that he is the man she will ever love, while Stefan hurries off to Milan and forgets all about her.

Lisa eventually has a child and names him Stefan, but never lets his father know that he exists. After all, she has her pride. The next eight years are hard for her but at last she marries a quiet, kindly man much older than she. Then she runs into Stefan at the Opera and while he is obviously interested in her as a beautiful woman, finds that he doesn't even remember her.

This recurrent pattern runs through the rest of Lisa's life until at last Stefan receives a "letter from an unknown woman."—*Univ.-Int.*

RUTHLESS

Perhaps you have to be ruthless to amass a really enormous personal fortune. Perhaps you have to use people and then kick them out of your way. Perhaps you have—in the end—to be alone with your money and to wonder why it ever seemed so important.

At least you do if you are Horace Verdig (Zachary Scott). When Horace was a boy his father was a drunkard and his mother was a bitter, poverty-stricken woman with no feeling left even for her son. From that background, Horace pulls himself up to become one of the richest and most influential men in the country.

It starts when he rescues Martha Wilding (Diana Lynn) from drowning. Horace's one friend, Vic (Louis Hayward), tells Martha's family all about it. And then Horace himself quietly maneuvers them into semi-adopting him.

Horace has no particular interest in Martha until he realizes that Vic is in love with her. Then he takes her away from Vic just to prove that he can. Later, he discards both Martha and her family because they can no longer be of help. He has gone on to greener fields and if Martha is silly enough to let her heart be broken, that's hardly a concern of his.

(Continued on page 89)

See lustrous, natural "LOVELIGHTS" in your hair

TONIGHT!



Richard Hudnut
enriched creme
SHAMPOO

The Egg makes it Extra Gentle!

not a soap—a smooth
LIQUID CREME

IN bygone days, lovely women used egg with shampoo. Now, again, the lowly egg—just the right amount, in powdered form—helps make Richard Hudnut Shampoo soothing, caressing, kind to your hair! But the egg is in a luxurious liquid creme... that helps reveal extra glory, extra "love-lights." Try this *new kind* of shampoo... created for patrons of Hudnut's Fifth Avenue Salon... and for you!

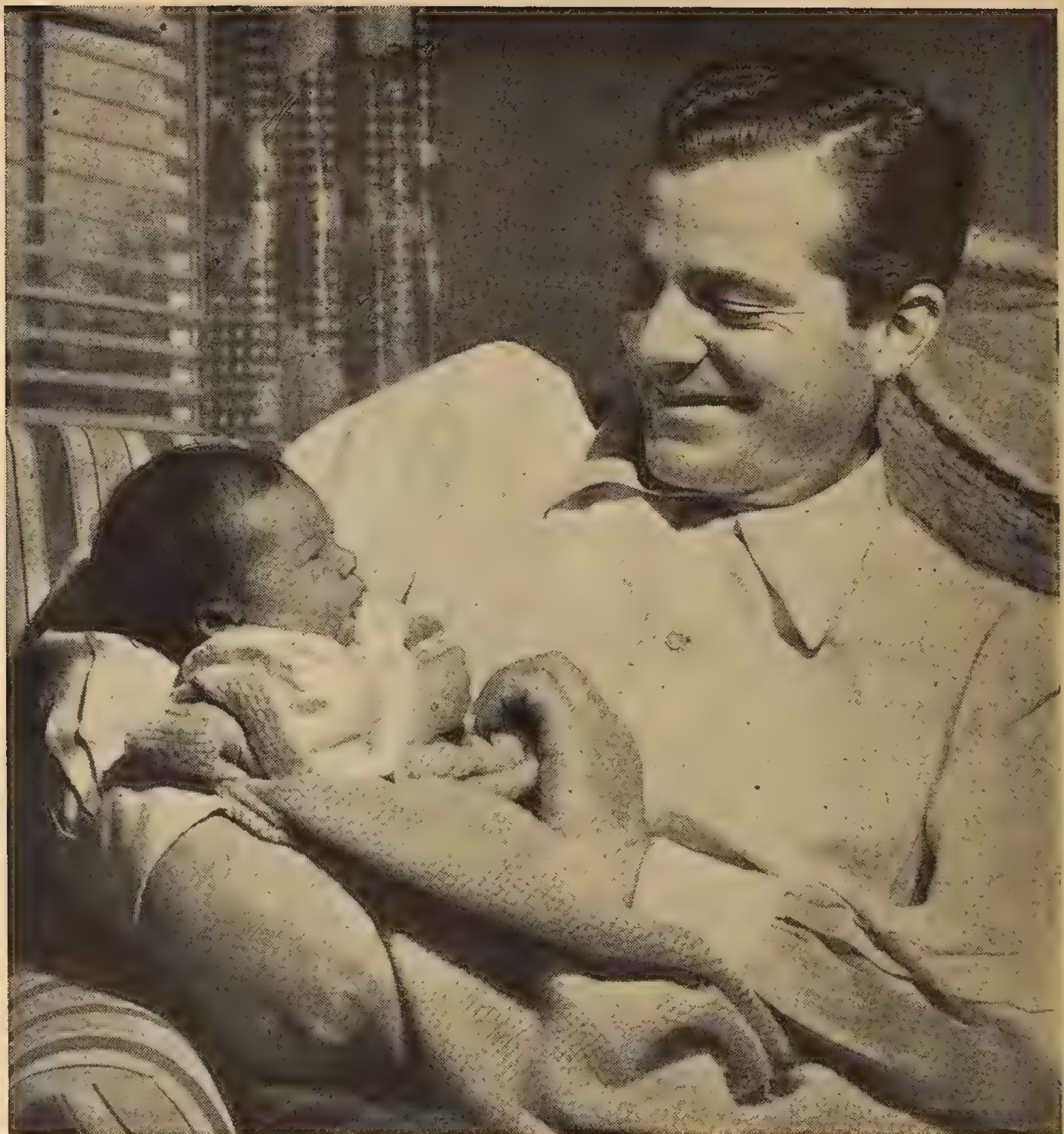
*A New Kind of Hair Beauty from
a World-Famous Cosmetic House*

Not a dulling, drying soap. Contains no wax or paste. Richard Hudnut Shampoo is a sm-o-o-o-th liquid creme. Beauty-bathes hair to "love-lighted" perfection. Rinses out quickly, leaving hair easy to manage, free of loose dandruff. At drug and department stores.



by
dana
andrews

Dana's had
four kids of his own
so he should
know. You've got
to keep calm;
you have to rest, and
when the crisis
comes you need a
wife like Mary
to pull you through!



Before Acapulco trip, Dana (of *Deep Water*) talks to two-week-old daughter Sue.

the father's doing nicely, thank you!

■ Nothing unusual took place the day my daughter Susan was born. Everything was normal. Mary got to the hospital at four o'clock in the afternoon, and two hours later, there was Susan—eight pounds and ten ounces of her. (But as prompt as she was, she was a slow poke compared to Stephen, our two-year-old who got himself born ten minutes after we arrived at the hospital).

As I say, nothing unusual happened with Susan's birth. It could have, but she didn't take advantage of a certain situation. Originally, I'd thought Mary would go to

the same hospital in Santa Monica where she'd gone to have Stephen. But instead, she decided on St. Joseph's this time.

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she replied, sort of dreamily. "For one thing, it's just across the street from Walt Disney's studio and all."

I gave this considerable thought, but it still didn't make sense to me. Why St. Joseph's, even if it was across from Disney's? No, it didn't make sense unless—(and I realized that women often got warm, fanciful little notions at times like

this)—unless she was thinking that the baby might get bored during her first few hours, and by just yelling out the window would be able to bring both Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse chasing right over.

This wasn't Mary's reason, but it goes to show you *my* mental condition at the time. And, anyway, as I say, Susan ignored this opportunity as she ignored everything else for the first few days—including her father.

I guess all parents know that if there is a youngster already in the family when the new baby is (Continued on page 84)

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

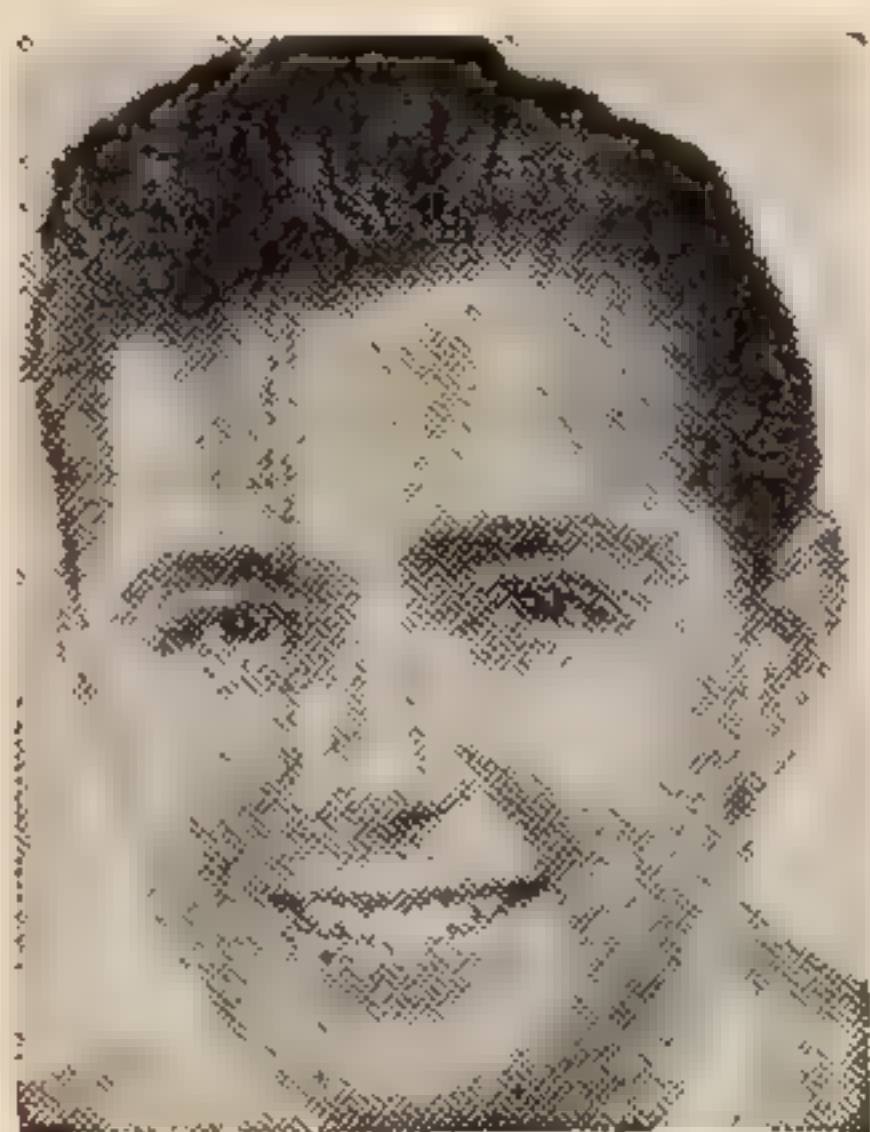


SAM WANA-MAKER, who debuts in *My Girl Tisa*, was born in Chicago, on June 14, 1919. He is 5' 10½" tall, weighs 160 lbs., has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. He's married to Charlotte Holland, and

they have one child. Write to him at Warners, Burbank, California.



TIM HOLT was born in Beverly Hills, California, on Feb. 5, 1918. He is 5' 11" tall, weighs 165 lbs., and has brown eyes and hair. You can write to him at RKO Pictures, Hollywood, California.



BILL CALLAHAN, Zanuck's newest discovery (and dancing star of the Broadway hit *Call Me Mister*) was born in Bronx, N. Y., on Aug. 23, 1926. He is 5' 11½" tall, weighs 160 lbs., and has blue eyes

and light brown hair. He's quite single. Deluge him with mail at 20th Century-Fox, Box 900, Beverly Hills, for a photo and personal answer. This column predicts he'll be the No. 1 Star of Tomorrow. Irma Schonhorn, 646 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., has his fan club.

Roberta Broth, B'klyn: Don Castle was born in Beaumont, Texas, Sept. 29. He's 6' tall, weighs 162, and has brown eyes and hair. Write him at Monogram Pictures, Hollywood. Buddy Pepper has given up pix for a while. He wrote the successful *Don't Tell Me*, and his newest songs are *Now You've Gone* and *Hurt My Southern Pride*, *Nobody But You*, and *That's The Way He Does It*. Yes, you and all their many other fans can still keep writing to Warners to cast the now grown up **BILLY AND BOBBY MAUCH** in bigger and better parts.

Keep on sending those questions, with a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. I have the answers waitin' for you.

SPECIAL OFFER

HERE IT IS AT LAST! (And well worth the waiting for!) The brand new 1948-49 Super Star Information Chart, completely revised, containing info on 500 of your all-time favorites, PLUS 100 NEW STARS never before charted, including Howard Duff, Ricardo Montalban, Valli. Over 10,000 facts in all; a must for every moviegoer. Send 10c and a business size self-addressed, stamped envelope to THE SERVICE DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y., 16, for your copy.

HEAVENLY CLOSE-UP

...for "Lustre-Creme"

Dream Girls Only



YES, HEAVENLY, to move as one person . . . to the strains of enchanting music. That Wonderful Man holding you close . . . his cheek against your hair.

HOW REASSURING to know your hair weaves a lasting enchantment not to be broken when you leave his arms. Those moments his face touched your soft, fragrant, gleaming tresses . . . how thrilling he found them . . . how sweetly haunting still! And you—how happy and thankful you are, for Lustre-Creme Shampoo and the new, three-way loveliness it gives your hair! Your heart stands still when he says: "Dream Girl, that gorgeous hair rates a bridal veil."

MANY A BRIDE with soft, glamorous, Dream Girl hair is singing the praises of Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme is a dainty new, lavishly lathering cream shampoo. Created by famed cosmetic specialist, Kay Daumit, to give hair new three-way loveliness:

- (1) Makes it fragrantly clean, free of dust, loose dandruff;
- (2) highlights every strand with a lovely glistening sheen;
- (3) leaves your hair soft, easy to manage.

Lustre-Creme's instant, billowy lather is a rare blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the natural oils in a healthy scalp. Use Lustre-Creme Shampoo to bring out the full natural beauty of the hair . . . to safeguard your "close-up" glamour. Be a Dream Girl . . . a lovely Lustre-Creme Girl!



For Soft, Glamorous "Dream-Girl" Hair

Now in Tubes as well as Jars . . . Lustre-Creme gives you your choice . . . for home or travel use . . . and for the convenience of the entire family. Four-oz. jar \$1.00, or in smaller sizes, jars or tubes, 49¢ and 25¢. Rekindle your hair's highlights . . . bring out its true beauty . . . with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In tubes or jars at all cosmetic counters.

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor) 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

**You can say “yes”
to Romance**

Because
**Veto says “no”
to Offending!**



Veto
COLGATE'S
NEW DEODORANT



Veto says “no”

—to perspiration worry and odor!

SOFT AS A CARESS...EXCITING...NEW—Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day!

Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath!

With Veto, you feel confident . . . sure of your own exquisite daintiness.

Veto says “no”—to harming skin and clothes!

SO EFFECTIVE...YET SO GENTLE—Colgate's lovely cosmetic deodorant, Veto, is harmless to normal skin.

Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, most fragile fabrics.

For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make

Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!

So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!

Trust always to Veto

if you value

your charm!

■ Your editors tell me they are calling this one: "Now It Can Be Told." I don't agree!

I don't think it should be told at all. I'm sure I'm going to regret every word of it. But just try and keep me from telling!

What I have to say concerns Frank Sinatra and a columnist whose attack on Frank has gone unchallenged until this moment—not because there were no answers—but because sometimes the best answer to nonsense is silence.

In general, this columnist announced that Frank after having practically been a member of Lucky Luciano's mob—and after having incited bobby-soxers to the spiciest forms of juvenile delinquency—needed "delousing." That's the word he used. Delousing.

To delouse him deluxe, his mobster friends (including me) conspired to ease him into the Father Paul role in *Miracle of the Bells*.

That's what the man said.

Of course there were a couple of things this columnist neglected to mention. For one, nobody could have forced the producer of *Miracle of the Bells* to have hired Frank. For another, Frank wouldn't let himself even think about the part until his church had given its okay. After you read the facts, decide for yourself if it isn't time somebody told the truth.

It all started at a party Mark Hellinger was giving for restaurateur Toots Shor, who was visiting Hollywood. (Continued on page 96)



now it can be told

by quentin reynolds

A columnist sneered, "Sinatra? He needs to be 'deloused'," and no one said anything. But Quent Reynolds has a liking for the truth, and now he sticks out his neck to tell it.



Frank's first dramatic role—Father Paul in *Miracle of the Bells*.

peter

by lady may lawford

Balancing teacups in mid-afternoon—it's an old English custom that Peter follows with his guests, Pat Walker and Mr. and Mrs. Jackie Cooper.



Even in Hollywood where anything goes, this seems strange: Lady May Lawford, born of the aristocracy, rearing a son to the tune of English gardens and *The Good Book*—her boy, Peter, steeping himself in the Americana of jazz and bobby-sox . . . MODERN SCREEN brings you the story of a movie actor whom millions know. But not until you've read what follows will you really understand Peter Lawford.

■ When people ask me to speak of my son, Peter, I sometimes wonder where to begin.

It is as though, knowing him too well, I can not see him in broad defining terms. A purely objective reporter could probably sum Peter up in a few minutes. He walks thus, he talks thus, he has eyes this color.

But for me, Peter is the sum of a million little ways and habits and traits, and it is hard to know which ones to talk about.

Peter has a very fixed and determined character. Having once made up his mind to a thing, nothing can change him.

That comes from his early training.

I remember when he was a small boy, and he came to me one day. "I think I will go to the circus," he said. I told him he might.

A little later, he came to me again. "The nurse and the other boys are going to the swimming pool, and I think I will change my mind, and go with them."

"No, my dear," I said, "for in so doing, you will destroy something you can't see, which is your character. The circus it must be."

I suppose it was a difficult lesson for a child, but I think a good one.

Peter, who spoke only French until he was five years old, had a passion for guide-books. When we traveled to museums and cathedrals, he would always have a guide-book, and he would look up all the buildings.

I had been (*Continued on page 108*)



Pete, star of *On An Island With You*, would feel lost without his records. Here, Jackie looks over Stan Kenton album. Below, in Sir Sidney's formal garden, the boys get lowdown from Pete's dad on care of chrysanthemums.





crown princess

Over the radio came the flash:
"To Shirley Temple, a 7-lb. girl." But
Linda Susan's more than a
baby—she's heiress presumptive
to all the love a
country has given her mother.

by hedda hopper

■ It must have been around nine that morning when the wires started crackling. Into newsrooms up and down the country, and out again over the radio networks: "To Mr. and Mrs. John Agar (Shirley Temple), a daughter at 7:15 A.M. Weight, 7 lbs. 6 oz. Name, Linda Susan."

That was the formal announcement, but most of us weren't very formal about it. "Hey, have you heard?" we yelled. "Our Shirley's a mamma!"

Our Shirley. There you had the story in a nutshell. Not just Hollywood's Shirley, but America's.

Plain as though I could see it, I knew what was happening right this very minute. Switchboards cluttered with calls. Newshawks (me included) waiting to pounce on the smallest detail. Gifts and flowers and messages pouring in from friends who knew Shirley and friends who'd never seen her except on the screen. From coast to coast, a happy stir and commotion, all centered on a girl lying in a quiet hospital room.

Less than twenty years ago in the same hospital, this girl had been born to Gertrude and George Temple. They called her Shirley Jane, and no flashes went out that day. Except to a very small circle, Shirley Jane was just another vital statistic.

Some four years later she danced into our hearts to stay. Now the child we've loved like no other had a child of her own. I sat at my desk, remembering how she looked as Little Miss Marker. How she looked in her wedding gown, floating down the aisle toward her Jack. And something caught in my fool throat . . .

That was Friday, January 30th. On the following Wednesday, I took off for the Mardi Gras in New Orleans, and I got back home the morning of St. Valentine's Day. In the afternoon I drove up to see Shirley. Knew you couldn't wait.

Being of another generation, I expected to find her in bed. Or at least on a couch. Not at all. With a baby exactly fifteen days old, there she stood on the doorstep to greet me. In a black skirt and white silk blouse. A Kelly-green ribbon round her hair to match the one at her throat.

"Shirley," I said, "you look like a Valentine yourself."

"Kind of a chubby one," she laughed.

"Honey, two weeks won't take off what it took nine months to put on—"

Came the chuckle that's hardly changed in sixteen years. "Never thought of it that way."

This was my first visit to Shirley's house.

"What would you like to see first?" she asked.

"Are you kidding?" (Continued on page 62)





■ If you possess a radio, you have heard Audrey Totter at one time or another. She was the dialect queen of the soap-operas, the much publicized "Girl With 1000 Voices."

She does not use them any more. Her own husky, slightly insinuating, straightforward voice seems to match the neat, healthy body, the soft blonde hair, the unwavering blue eyes and the amused, knowledgeable quirk at the corners of her mouth. You feel that she has always been aware, and unafraid.

She was twelve, the day the circus came to Joliet. Her first circus, it was; she went to see it with a girl friend, not bothering

to mention the fact to her parents. And as the gaudy pageant unfolded beneath the great tent, she thought that here at last was all the glamor and color she had ever imagined.

Unconsciously she compared the life these performers must lead with her own existence. Mr. Totter had come to America from Austria to be a priest. A few months after his arrival, he met the beautiful Ida Woodman, fell desperately in love with her and got married. He took a job as a streetcar conductor because he thought he could learn English quicker that way. It paid him enough to keep his family in comparative security, and he did not get

another job even after he lost his accent.

But in the small, six-room frame house in Joliet, his two sons and his two daughters were raised with kind strictness, as befitted the family of a man who had almost joined the Church. Audrey, the oldest, had been taught all the virtues, and she had often heard her father's stated opinions of girls who went on the stage.

"Yes," he would say, at dinner, "being an actress is just as bad as being a—"

"John!" Mrs. Totter would interrupt, with a warning glance at the girls.

Now, watching the glittering circus acrobats on their high wires and swings, Audrey remembered that. But she saw that the

Totter's an ex-soap
opera queen with a husky
voice and a knowing
look that says: "I'm not afraid."

But every time she falls in
love, life can be devastating!

By ARTHUR L. CHARLES



Audrey, being groomed as another Turner, visits Bob Taylor's dressing-room. They're co-starring in *High Wall*. She'll do *Saxon Charm* next. Romance Dept.: Nick Raye has the edge.

audrey faces life

lovely girls hanging by their teeth high above the sawdust rings had long blonde curls that tossed back from their heads. She had long blonde curls, and a nearly complete set of strong, white teeth.

"Jane," she whispered to her little friend, "I'm going to join the circus!" Forthwith, when the show had ended, she sought out the manager of the outfit and offered her services. The manager telephoned her father. Her father came and took her home.

There was a scene, and, in the end, a compromise.

"If you will promise not to run away again," her father said, "until you have finished high (Continued on page 75)



■ Sometimes I look at Tim and Greg and the realization comes over me like a wave, "Me—with twins!" I can still hardly believe it.

Jess was the first not to believe it, though. I had gone to the doctor for an X-ray, and had left Jess sitting in the car. When I came out of the office, I walked slowly toward him. "Hello," I said, "you father of twins, you!"

He grinned. "Stop kidding me. I can't take it."

"I am not bandying words, nor speaking

in idle jest," I told him grandly. "That's what the doctor said. Move over."

Jess shot out of the car and bounded up the doctor's office steps. He came back a minute later, looked at me, and exhaled. "Gee," he said. Which I thought was putting it rather mildly.

Mother was surprised, too, but not entirely. Her own mother had, among sundry other offspring, a pair of twins.

"Oh, my poor baby!" she wailed when I had phoned the news. "You *would* be the one to get them!"

For my part, I considered my doctor off his trolley. After the whole thing was over and Jess tiptoed into my hospital room, I looked at him somewhat foggily and said, "Well?"

"You're the mother of two fine boys," he announced.

I giggled weakly. "Jess! Stop kidding me!"

"I'm not. They're wonderful."

"Well, get me!" I said. "Mother of twins!"

Of course it (Continued on page 65)

DOUBLE TROUBLE



To avoid a fraternal fracas, Tim and Greg have two of each toy. Right now their preference is for footballs. Susan rushes home from work on *Tap Roots* to coach—and her word is law!



Barker twins, at 3, are separate personalities. Greg is the actor; Tim has good singing voice. Jess and Susan are careful that boys never feel one is the favored child.

With twins, your problems come in pairs: you've got two hungry mouths to feed, two howling savages to tame. But you can wreak a small revenge—you've also got two piggy banks to rob!

BY SUSAN HAYWARD



Official holidays
grow blurred, except
for one or two . . .
the time the kids took "the
picture" . . . the
time Bing slept on the
fence . . . but
holidays didn't matter;
every day was Mother's Day
with her.



Catherine Crosby, mother of 7, including *Emperor Waltz* star Bing.

a mother's days

by
catherine crosby

■ Curiously enough, one of my warmest Mother's Day memories goes back to before the children were even born; back to the day when their father and I knew we had established a home for them; a place warm and livable, and I could close my eyes and imagine them there.

It was the same home, though we lived in several Washington towns in our earlier married life, and then settled in Spokane. There we lived in the north end of the city, close to St. Aloysius Church and Gonzaga University. All around us were young married couples, congenial and all of a sort in tastes, economic position and general outlook. Nobody was wealthy. Everybody was happy.

It was against this background that my youngsters grew up, and, while raising seven healthy children is by no means something that happens accidentally, I will always split credit with the community and the good people in it. It was a fine place with many activities that made for good living. Mother's Day? I don't know about the official holiday, but if you are speaking of plain everyday Mother's Days, I had thousands of happy ones there.

Like most families we can tell a good bit of our history by snapshots taken from time to time and there is one, a mite faded and peeling off at the edges now, that reminds me of a typical "Mother's Day," even if it wasn't that by the calendar. With the help of their dad, the children were going to surprise me with this photograph, a group picture of themselves. Everyone was to be up early, get dressed quickly, assemble in the yard—and Dad would (*Continued on page 105*)



Photos by Gus Gale



"Had to uproot some of the trees—interfered with our baseball games."

come into my parlor...

by gregory peck

■ What does a guy know about a house? That's my problem. Describe your house, Greg, you say to me, and I start, "Well, there's a lot of red and blue—" and my wife butts in, "Coral and turquoise—" It sounds better when she tells it.

Anyhow, we've got this long, rambling place—it's white, it's brick, it's beautiful—and I don't use Pond's. We've got a view of the coastline that Winslow Homer would have envied.

We bought our house last year, and it's only partly decorated. We were going to build originally, and then Greta came home this day, and she said, "What a place I saw. Plain, but wonderful."

I stared her down. I know my wife. "How much?"

She told me.

I stared her down some more. "Too much."

"But you have to see it," she said wistfully.

Naturally, I am now living in the house. So are my wife, our two children, Jonathon and Stephen, our Jesse, who's a combination cook and housekeeper, and a gardener named Joe.

Oh, yeah, we have a swimming pool. A movie star wouldn't be caught dead without one. Most movie stars wouldn't be (Continued on page 85)



"After *Gentleman's Agreement* and *Paradine Case*, I'm a family man again."



↑ "In the loggia, you can be indoors and outdoors, too—almost."

↓ "This is the room where we frolic. The bar's in the other corner."



Joan, always the actress . . .
 pressing camellias in a book . . .
 weeping over kidney beans . . .
 washing dogs with lilac-scented oil.
 These are the ways
 editor Lusk remembers his
 Crawford, last of the
 fiery Hollywood queens.

By NORBERT LUSK



close-up



*This was Joan when she
 first met Lusk, in '28.*

■ Once I was indifferent to Joan Crawford. When we met early in her career, she disappointed me. I was a magazine editor then and a little vain, and Joan Crawford had asked me to breakfast at a New York hotel in company with her press agent. But all she seemed to have to say was that she preferred to wash her own hair because she couldn't *bear* to have it touched. She *could* stand having it waved by other hands though, and did I know she had freckles?



There was also the matter of fruit juice. It seemed that the essence of grapefruit and lemon had to be mixed just so, she told the waiter. Why in heaven's name doesn't she carry a measuring cup with her and blend the juices drop by drop? I asked myself impatiently. True, her legs and ankles were delightful below the very short skirt of the period, and she had a propulsive personality on the screen. But as a conversationalist—and a hostess—she lacked what we shall politely call aware-

ness. The impression I got was not good.

Unfortunately, I couldn't get Joan Crawford out of my mind. Being in charge of a magazine, and film reviewer as well, I saw every picture she made, examined nearly every photograph she had taken and probably read every interview she gave. I was not kind in my criticisms, never understanding how an undecided young actress might be trying to make headway in the face of terrific competition. Nor could I guess how frantically she

was working to improve herself in one gulp, so to speak, that she might all of a sudden make up for a childhood as miserable as might be found in a novel by Dickens.

I saw Joan Crawford only as a publicity-mad minor actress winning cups at dance contests, collecting dolls, and crazy to be interviewed on any subject that would enable her to strike a dramatic attitude. She was a symbol of the dance-mad era of the *(Continued on page 109)*.

johnny on the spot



"Take down everything
he says," our editors ordered.
So here's Garfield—
how he talks, thinks, lives . . .
Garfield, the big guy
who worries about little guys—
because he was once one himself.

By VIRGINIA WILSON



He and Robbe have been married 16 years, have two kids: David, 4, and Julie, 2. Since *Body and Soul*, fixed fights are known in the trade as "John Garfields." John's next may be based on diary of Brooklyn cabbie.



For his appearance in the experimental play, *Skipper Next to God*, John received \$60 a week. He'll net half a million for *Gentleman's Agreement*, *Body and Soul*.

■ The man at the table had dark hair, and eyes that sized you up in a split-second. The eyes made me slightly nervous, until the man smiled. His smile said, "Relax, we're friends."

It's not easy to interview John Garfield. He'll talk about anything except himself, and this story was supposed to be about Garfield. I told him so.

"That puts me on the spot," he said, rubbing his forehead. "I never can think of things to say."

"Oh, that's all right," I said hopefully. "I'll just ask you a whole lot of questions and that will make you think of things."

It did, too. Only every question would make him think of something that happened to some-

body else. Not that John wasn't trying to cooperate. He just didn't seem to have any ego whatever. Ego or no ego, though, he has very deep and sincere convictions. These convictions are about a number of matters.

These convictions are the reason he has been appearing in *Skipper Next To God*—the Experimental Theater's production. John came to New York last fall wanting to do a Broadway play. But the script that interested him most wasn't going to be produced on Broadway at all. There would be no large salary; in fact, there would be practically no salary at all. But here was a play which John (Continued on page 103)

Here is the
Cornel Wildes' story told
frankly at last. It's about
two fine people battling Hollywood
—where the odds are the
most dangerous in the world!

BY IDA ZEITLIN

"why we left each other"

■ I sat in the café on the TC-Fox lot, waiting for Cornel Wilde, and wishing I was anywhere else.

I'm no greenhorn, I've been at this game for years. But today was different. I'd been sent to find out what lay at the roots of Cornel's recent troubles. There'd been plenty of stories—all based on hearsay and speculation, what this friend had heard and that associate believed. But I was supposed to get it straight.

Well, you can't say, "Hi, chum, why did you and your wife separate, and how are things now?" Not unless you're prepared to be told it's none of your business—a viewpoint your editor finds unwholesome. No, you've got to be subtle. Round and round went my head.

Then along came Cornel, with apologies for being late. For my part, I groaned to myself, you could have been later. As a matter of fact, you could have stood in bed.

I dragged out my notebook. "This is a tough assignment."

He grinned. "About Pat and me? I'll talk."

From then on, it wasn't Cornel sitting beside me, but an angel. Before he got through, I knew that the Wilde story had been told for the first time—frankly, intelligently, and with no holds (Continued on page 98)



Cornel completed three oils between scenes of *Walls of Jericho*, donated them to Movie Star Art Exhibit. He's happy wife Pat has come through "a very depressing period in her life."



PARIS ALBUM

by jean pierre aumont

■ I have a friend who takes pictures. Not for a living; nothing so useful as that. No, this is a friend who, if you are showing a guest your library, you will find this friend lying on top of your bookcase on his stomach, taking your picture. The most he ever hopes for is to snap your picture when your mouth is open, your eyes are shut, and your teeth are out. My teeth are attached, so there is not too much he can do to me, but he tries. He tried all over Paris, and when I returned to New York, my old friends Al and Henry said, "These are cute pictures—may we use some of them?"

And what could I say? That my friend is a pest, and you will encourage him? Of course I could not. So here you have the pictures.

After finishing *Atlantis*, I left for Europe last June 8th. Almost a year has passed since then—a few hundred days, a few hundred units of time, and where they have gone, I am afraid to think, because so much has happened, and it seemed to happen so fast.

It was a lovely spring day, that June eighth, and the Hudson was looking very green, and even though I knew the boat was headed for London, I was already (Continued on page 100)

"Me drumming up trade
for my play."



"An outdoor aperitif
at the Cafe de la Paix."


"I disembark near the
Paris Opera House."



"At Maxim's with friends
after L'Empereur opened."



"The Jacques Faths,
Cina Rachezski
and us at Maria's
farewell party."



accent on oxfords

■ "I'm sorry," said Hazel Flanagan, one of the studio's best hair-do people, "but about this one I'll bet you're wrong."

The young man with the red-blond hair shuddered imperceptibly, and waved his comb at Hazel. "You'll see. She'll look at us like we're monkeys in a zoo. All these theater people got ideas about Hollywood and there's nothing we can do to change them. She'll be telling us how to run our business. You'll wish you were dead."

Hazel stopped fussing with a bottle containing a greenish substance. "She's a nice girl," she insisted. "Probably scared to death."

A harried messenger from the publicity department burst into the room. "Make like you're excited," said the messenger. "She's on her way. And, Hazel, ask her who's been doing her hair. I got an enemy I'd like to send there."

"See what I mean?" the young man said, triumphant.

A moment later she stood before them. She wore flat shoes suitable for scaling the Matterhorn, a skirt and shirt covered by a suitably ancient camel's hair coat. She looked like a suburban young matron.

"This," said the messenger, "is Dorothy McGuire," and fled.

The young man whispered something about an appointment, and also fled.

"What do you want me to do?" Miss McGuire asked Hazel, with the voice of someone who has come prepared for outlandish rites.

(Continued on page 100)

She hacked her own hair with a razor, and scoffed at glamor. "McGuire won't go Hollywood," people said—but Hollywood went all out for Dot McGuire!

By DAVID CHANDLER



Between pictures Dorothy stays at home, in a barn along the Hudson; she and husband John Swope remodeled it. Following up *Gentleman's Agreement*, McGuire's doing *A Doll's House* for Selznick.





MODERN SCREEN flew to Sweden and brought back this rare collection of photos. Through them the exciting beginnings of an actress can be glimpsed. And the veil of mystery surrounding Ingrid's early life is finally parted . . .



CHILDHOOD OF A GODDESS: This photo certainly gives no hint of future glory. Although she acted before a mirror at home, Ingrid (rt.) was extremely shy, hated school recitations.

the missing bergman pictures!



DRAMATISK TEATERNS ELEVSKOLA: Ingrid (on couch arm) enraged dramatic school board when she left for movie career. Frank Sundstrom (seated rt.) is last year's import to Hollywood.

← **INGRID'S WEDDING DAY:** In a church in northern Sweden, 21-year-old Ingrid wed Aron Peter Lindstrom, then a dentist. This is first time the rare photo has been published.

■ Ever since *MODERN SCREEN* published the life story of Ingrid Bergman (way back in August, '43) we have been aware that there existed in her native Sweden a great treasure of early Bergman pictures which no American reader has ever seen. We wrote letter after letter, sent cable after cable, to film and publicity offices in Stockholm, but we got no results. We thought perhaps the Swedes felt a proprietary interest in the young Bergman, and were unwilling to part with the photographs for that reason, but this only piqued our curiosity further. For the strange story of how Editor Malmgreen flew to Stockholm on a quest that seemed quite as fantastic as the pursuit of Captain Kidd's treasure, turn to page 4 in this issue.

But the story that needs telling here—the story to which our pictures testify—is of a woman whose past has been singularly de-emphasized by the American press.

It is flattering to our American sense of superiority to imagine that Ingrid Bergman



MADONNA AND CHILD: An intimate photo of Ingrid and Pia, this is the first (and to-date the last) authorized for publication. When Selznick called Sweden to offer U. S. career, Ingrid pleaded busy. "Business" was having daughter. Pia, now 9, is in *Joan Of Arc*.



BERGMAN IN THE MAKING: Now grown up, Ingrid was incongruously typed as vamp. Seeing this it's hard to believe she became the divine Bergman you know.



A WOMAN'S FACE: In the film *A Woman's Face*, the Bergman you know today had finally emerged. Crawford did American version of the picture in 1941.

the missing bergman pictures!

came here a gauche, green country girl. Actually, she turned her back on a European film career of a brilliance perhaps matched only by Garbo's.

To see these pictures is to open the gate into an enchanted garden of the past, and to discover there a Bergman who ceased to exist when she first set foot on these shores. The mystery surrounding the lost Bergman is gone, but the loveliness of

Bergman—then and now—has only been enhanced, and re-established.

To round out our pictures, we asked Stig Almquist, a leading Stockholm journalist, to write an article about Ingrid as she was. Here, in his own words, is that article:

"We learn from Hollywood that Ingrid Bergman is defying certain established customs and rules of that movie-city by constantly refusing to discuss her private life



FIRST STEP TO GLORY: In 1934, Swedish critics panned 19-yr.-old Ingrid. Later, she got medal from King Gustav for great acting!



PASSPORT TO AMERICA: When D. Selznick saw the Swedish *Intermezzo*, he bought American rights. Ingrid feared 7-yr. contracts, but heard that Leslie Howard would co-star, and took role.

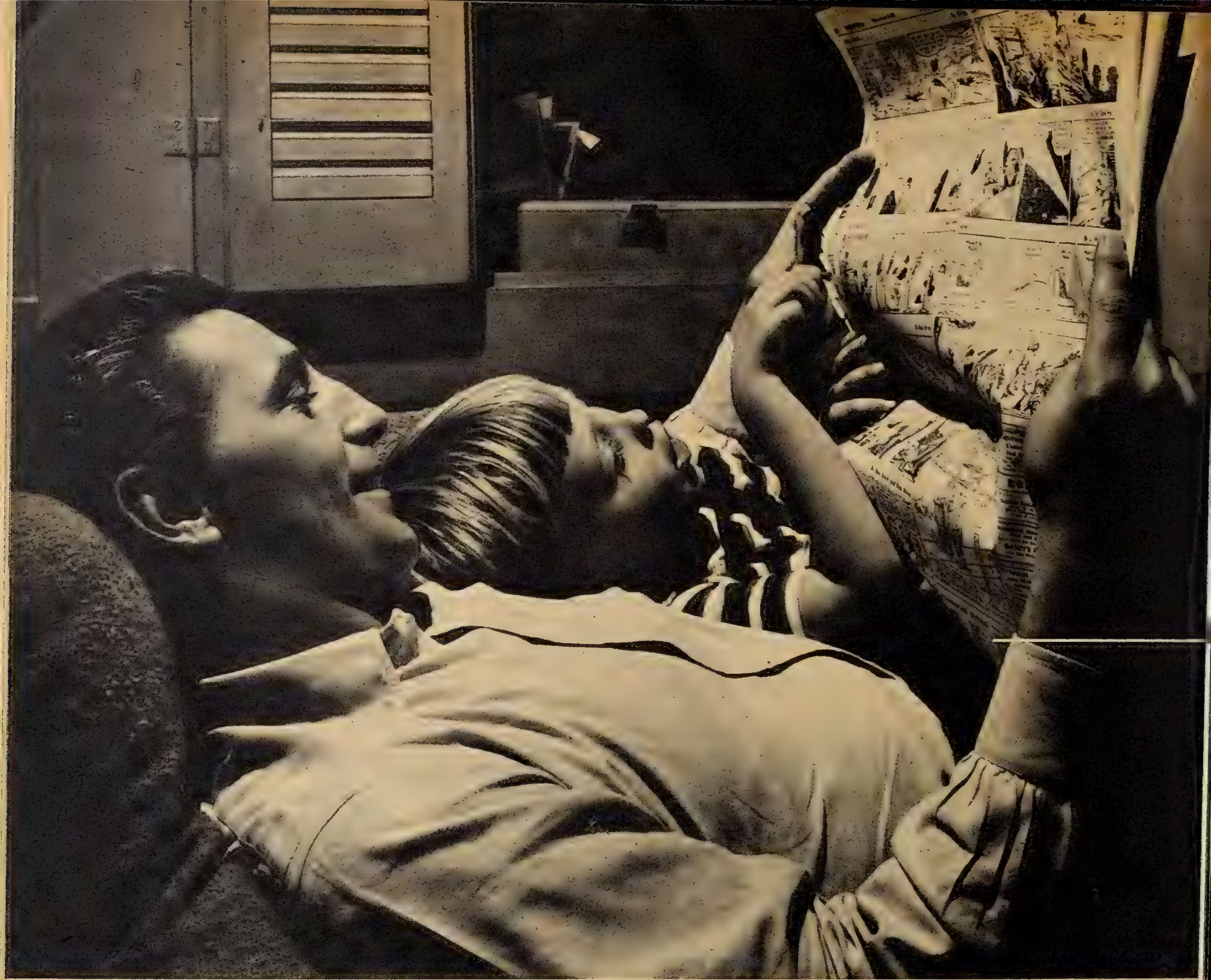


THE SECOND GARBO? 'For the Swedes there will never be another Garbo; wistful, searching, lonely, she is a symbol of their dreams. But Bergman means reason and action; she is their answer to today's need.'

with the press. Oh, we recognize that perfectly: Even before 1939, during her rising as a star in Swedish films nobody could accuse her of any over-eager co-operativeness, but if there were any hard feelings in the beginning, surely they disappeared very quickly. Whether it would have gone quite as smoothly, had the Swedish journalists been as diabolically inquisitive as their American

colleagues, I do not know. Neither is the Swedish public so prying about the private business of the stars as the Americans seem to be. It never happens in this country that an actor or actress publicly discusses her love affairs, romances, divorces etc., and when Ingrid Bergman restricted her talkativeness still some degrees—e.g. by refusing to answer all round inquiries about this

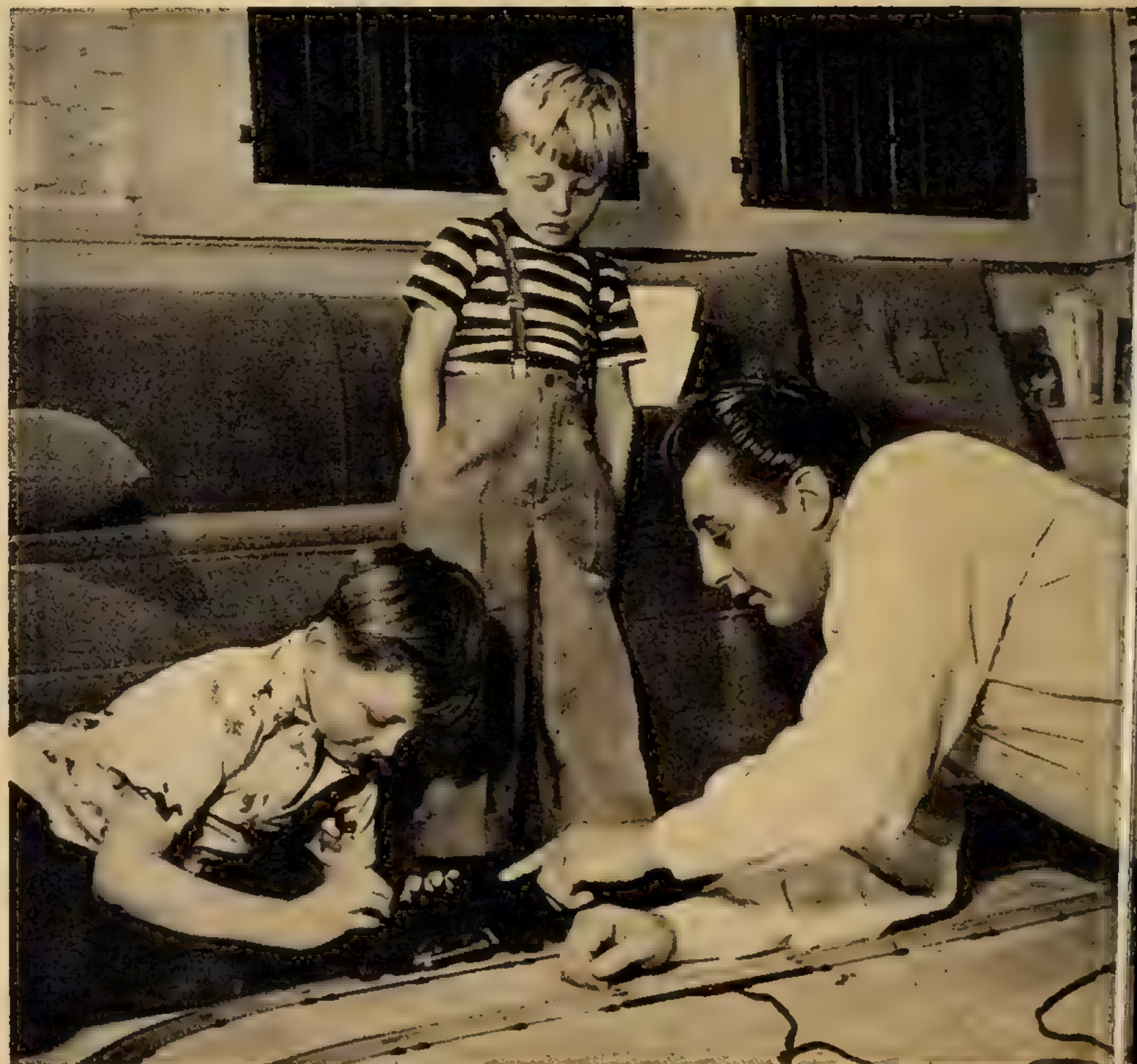
and that from ladies' weeklies—the interviewers very soon accepted her wish to be left in peace. The fighting got a bit harder when it came to photographing her home and little Pia. The Swedes simply love seeing popular personalities photographed in their private surroundings and with their little children. For a couple of years Ingrid's private life (Continued on page 82)



FOUR-YEAR-OLD CHRIS GETS THE COMICS READ; JOSH, AGED SEVEN, READS THEM HIMSELF.

Likes to loaf in the sun,
likes his wife, likes to polish his kids'
shoes. What does losing a fortune
mean to this Mitchum fellow?

BY CARL SCHROEDER



BOB (OF RACHEL AND THE STRANGER) CHIEF ENGINEER ON JOSH-CHRIS LINE.



“...and the livin’ is easy”

■ “Man down at the stage door says you owe him \$5.”

“Nope,” said Bob Mitchum, putting down his copy of the San Francisco Chronicle. “I don’t owe anybody \$5. Go back and ask him again—maybe he owes *me* five.”

Mitchum’s man closed the dressing-room door. In three minutes he was back.

“Man still says you owe him five.”

“Okay, let’s go see him.” Mitchum picked his big feet off a coffee table, hitched up his blue jeans and went down to see the fellow at the stage door.

“Uh-uh,” he said. “Never saw you before. Don’t owe you any money.”

The man was big. He took a deep breath.

A cloud of smoke blew past Mitchum’s ears.

“Maybe,” said the man, carefully, “it wasn’t five. Maybe it was ten.”

“Sure,” Mitchum replied evenly. “But then again, I said no.

You got big ears. You can hear a small no—or maybe you need another answer.”

“Yeah.” The man’s huge head slid forward. He blew some more smoke at Mitchum. “Yeah, there’s a gym across the street. I don’t go for no alley stuff, but if I went around and around with you in a ring, probably you’d remember what you owe me.”

“Look,” Bob said, “if you need five or ten, I’ll give it to you—but don’t act like a collection agency. And if you need some exercise, I’ll give you that, too—but not right now because I’m due on the stage.”

With that, he turned on the heel, walked up the steps to the wings, and on to face the audience.

“There’s the guy, still waiting,” Bob’s Man Friday pointed out as he came off the stage and they emerged into the side street back of the theater. “Let’s just ignore it.”

“Yeah.” Bob tossed off the one word. Then he walked across the street and into the gym. He took off his shirt. The big man, following behind did the same thing.

(Continued on page 79)



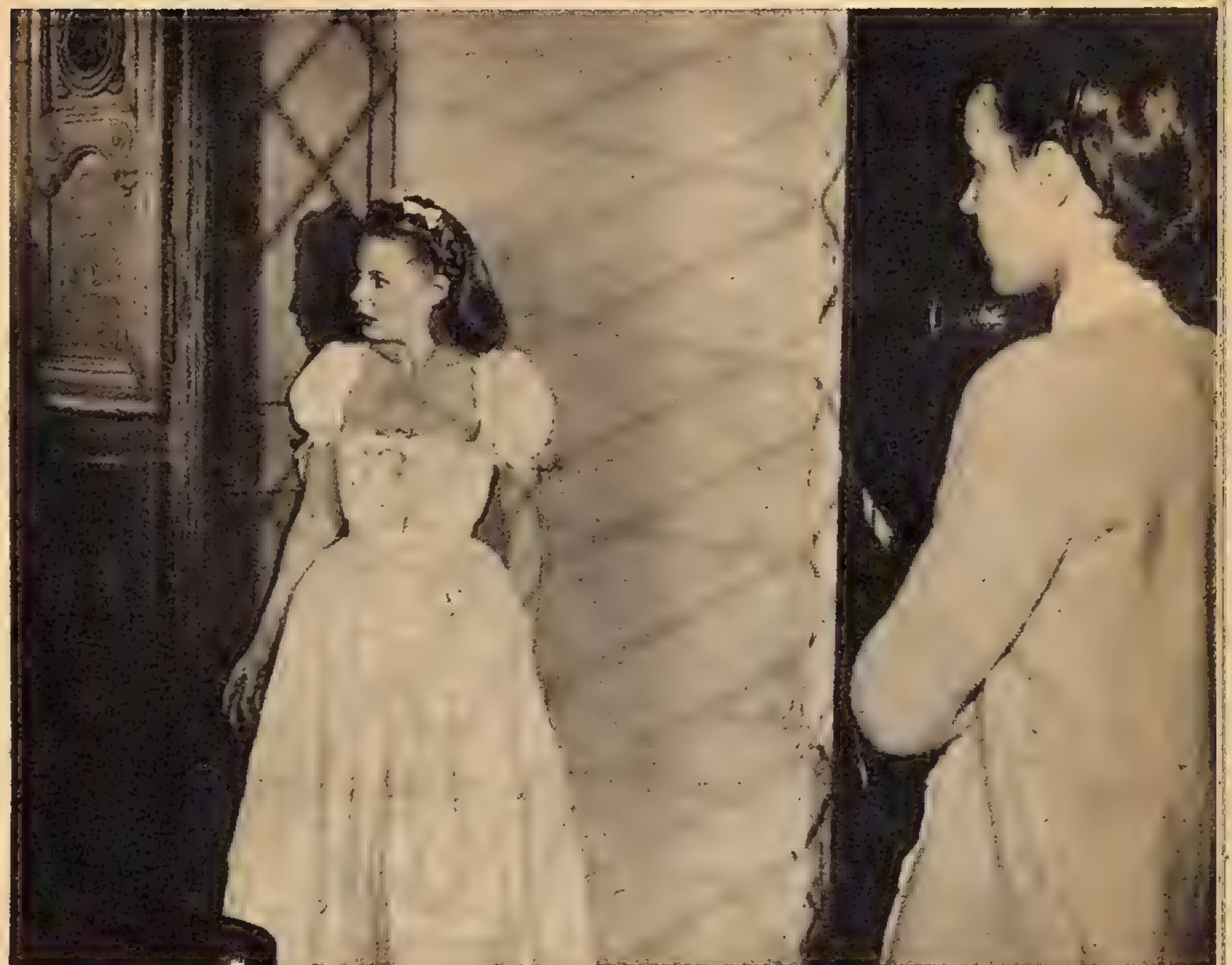
by **Maggie McCarthy**

i'm june's guardian angel

A secretary types letters and tells people you're out. But Allyson's right hand, McCarthy, has other duties; she's clothes-advisor, fudge partner, and keeper of too many kitchen curtains!



8:30 A.M. Hair and makeup finished, June has a second breakfast in her dressing room, with secretary Maggie McCarthy. Maggie feeds cue lines from script of *The Three Musketeers*.



9:00 A.M. The girls report for work, Maggie remaining on sidelines. Like all stars' secs, Mag keeps track of June's paraphernalia, runs errands when her boss can't leave the sound stage.

■ Being star-struck is a funny thing. I remember when I was a little girl, and my mother worked at M-G-M, she'd occasionally take me out there with her. I'd stand around and stare at Joan Crawford or Clark Gable until some superior grown-up came along and said, "Maggie, shut your mouth."

After a while, I grew up myself, and I figured I was pretty sophisticated, but I still got a kick out of reading movie gossip and watching movie people. I don't care what the columnists say about the nice normal lives stars live—there's an aura of glamor surrounding a star that's bound to excite us outsiders.

Fortunately, I married a guy who didn't say, "Maggie, shut your mouth." More than that McCarthy (that's my husband) worked at M-G-M. It was fate, I guess.

One night, he came home grinning. "June Allyson's secretary's leaving."

"That so?" I said, leaping to plot a campaign.

For a wonder, it worked. Bob (that's my husband again) took me out, introduced me, said a couple of words and beat it. My knees took it from there. I made a horrible impression, and June felt so sorry for me, she gave me the job.

Get me, Maggie McCarthy, hobnobbing with movie stars. And did I pick a cute one. You probably know as much about the way June looks as I do. But the way she *is*, that's something else.

I remember her when we were getting her scrapbooks in order. We spread things out on the floor, in front of the open fire. We had books, and clippings, and bottles of paste and scissors, and June was sitting there looking at a little yellow piece of paper, and her blonde hair was

falling over her face, and she was a million miles away. After a while, she handed me the paper. It was a review of *Best Foot Forward*, the Broadway musical she'd got her big break in, and it was funny to read it, and to realize she'd been a star back in 1942.

Her press collection was tremendous. She showed me her favorite story—one from MODERN SCREEN called "Is It True What They Say About Junie?" Then she tossed me a couple she wasn't so partial to. "This one says I love parties, never go home, and drag my husband around until he's so tired he falls asleep in the car."

I looked startled. I was new enough so I didn't know exactly how I was expected to react. June shook her head solemnly. "And it's true, too—every word of it."

We were still giggling when I found the fantastic Sunday feature item that claimed June had been divorced twice, and had two children she never talked about.

"At's me," she said happily. "Every time I have a child, I get more close-mouthed."

We were friends, from that moment on.

You should see hard-hearted old June answering her fan-mail, a tender glow in her eyes, and what I tell her is a half-witted smile on her lips. We found a letter six months old once—it had slipped down behind a lot of other things. It was from a woman whose little girl was ill, and she wanted to know if June would write the child a note.

June was horrified. "Six months! What will I do? What *can* I do?"

"Look," I said, "the child's probably well and blooming by now, and the mother's forgotten the whole business—"

It ended up with June sending the child a picture, auto-



1:00 P.M. Dashing back to the dressing-room for lunch, Maggie (who's switched to more comfortable costume) has difficulty keeping up with her super-charged charge.



2:00 P.M. In the afternoon, Maggie settles down to routine duties. Her work-shop is in a quiet corner of the Publicity Building at M-G-M. For office wear, Mag's in conventional skirt and blouse

graphed, a letter, apologetic, and also writing a painstaking explanation to the mother. Little Miss Conscience, we call her. She's got this terrific sense of right and wrong, and she'll forgive anybody's mistakes before she'll forgive her own. Take me—I've slipped up a couple of times, and put her on the spot. She doesn't hold a grudge. There was the time the John Paynes had an anniversary party, and June was sick and couldn't go. I thought she'd phoned regrets, she thought I'd phoned regrets, and the fact was, nobody phoned. Next day after the party, June read the papers, and groaned.

I'm sure she felt like firing me. It was bad enough being sick, without having added troubles. But, after that first groan, I never heard about the episode again.

Maybe you'd like to hear what some of my duties are, aside from correspondence. Let's take a recent Thursday . . .

June had to sit for stills, that particular morning, and she'd gone off to the studio in a sweater and slacks because she knew Wardrobe would supply her with clothes for the sitting.

When I showed up, she was in trouble. "I want to go shopping this afternoon, and I won't have time to go home and change—"

I got it. You can't suggest to that paragon of neatness that she might go shopping in slacks; she'd faint. So I

hustled myself right over to her house to pick out a suit.

She's got nice clothes, naturally. She's given all her Old Look ones away, though—except her mink coat; that's being re-made. Don Loper and Howard Greer design most of her things; she's got a Loper suit I'm in love with—it's Donegal tweed, with a red blouse and a red lining—but I'm getting lost.

Anyway, I picked her out a suit, and went back to the studio.

While she got into it, she muttered some words about furniture. "I'm tired of waiting for that decorator," she said. "The den's had two love seats and a table for months—"

"But it'll be beautiful some day," I said.

She said, "I can't wait. I'm going to Sloan's."

That was that. I drove her to Sloan's. She'd given me a list of shopping to do that afternoon, presents for people on the set, because her picture was finishing. After I dropped her, I was to get busy with the list.

"What's tonight?" she asked suddenly.

I looked at my memo pad, when we stopped for a light. "Dinner at the Richard Quines'."

"Hmm," she said. "It's Richard's birthday. I've got his present, but he needs a cake. I wonder if Susan knows it's Richard's birthday."

"Probably," I said wittily. "He's her husband."



6:00 P.M. Studio day over, June and Mag get together in friendly fashion at home, to finish the day's mail. June dictates an outline of what she wants to say, then Mag types it for her okay.

"You're wrong, kid," she said. He's *my* husband."

By the time we got our Richards straightened out, we were at Sloan's, and we parted.

The next morning, I arrived at June's house along with the furniture van. A couple of men got out and started to carry tables and chairs and lamps up the drive and into the house. June was watching bright-eyed. But after the things had all been put down in the den, and the men had driven off, her eyes were not so much bright as bewildered. "Somehow," she said thoughtfully, "somehow this all looks ghastly."

We proceeded to switch things around. Still terrible. We sat down, dolefully. "You know," June said, "these things are exactly the same as the things the Jackie Coopers have, and their place is darling."

"Maybe you could switch places," I said.

"Maybe I could cry," she said.

The problem was elementary. The furniture was small, and Early American, the den was large, and Tudor.

When Richard came home, he gasped, cried out, and acted generally pained, and the stuff went back next day, every stick of it.

June and Richard are marvelous together, they enjoy the same things, they go through periods of staying home every night interspersed (*Continued on page 107*)



6:30 P.M. Restless June is the first to suggest they quit work for a few hands of a new trick card game. June is wild with excitement over new games, wins every time because she concentrates so hard.



7:00 P.M. Time to dress. Mag helps June make up her mind about clothes; does much of her shopping. After a debate, June decides not to change, as they are dining informally with Dick, and Mag's husband, Bob.

9:00 P.M. Favorite evening diversion, aside from showing movies, is cooking up a mess of fudge for the boys. It's a set routine, with husbands not permitted in the kitchen until the chocolate morsels are done.



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MIXING BOWL
MESS!**

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The kiss meant they should have met before
this starlit night in Italy. The kiss meant
that Burt and Norma belonged together . . .

by HOWARD SHARPE

story of a kiss



Burt (of *All My Sons*) and his wife, Norma Anderson, met in Italy. He was a soldier, she, a USO entertainer. Married on Dec. 28th, '46, the Lancasters live in Westwood with their baby, Bill.

■ The French, who have a phrase for almost everything (but particularly for that which concerns the heart) refer to frustration in love as *chagrin d'amour*—and it was this that Burt Lancaster suffered that summer night in Monte Catini Ferme. Italy was still a battleground, and this hilly spa, this Mount Catini, one of the few oases of peace on the continent. There was a large custard moon in the sky, with the cypress and oleander trees silhouetted against it. A gentle breeze enlivened the soft air. And here, on the edge of his barracks cot, sat T4 Lancaster, alone, while hundreds of kilometres away, also alone (he hoped) was Norma Anderson, she of the golden hair, the deep blue eyes, the pinup figure.

He had met Norma a few weeks before. Now, sitting here with only a mental portrait of her, and the memory of her voice in his mind he recalled that day clearly . . .

The particular Special Services unit to which he was attached had been stationed at Monte Catini for three years. It had produced *Stars and Gripes*, acknowledged as the best show of its kind staged in Italy. The company had a surplus of talent, an eighteen-piece orchestra, and now, at least for one performance, it was to have the loan of a blonde comedienne from Naples USO.

"Her name's Norma Anderson," the top-kick told Burt in the orderly room, "and someone's got to take charge of her while she's here, show her around, see that she's happy. Think you can manage?" (Continued on page 93)

NEW!

Shasta beauty cream shampoo

leaves your hair more

beautiful *all 3 ways!*



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Beverly Loyd

"ups" her glamour rating at Hal Roach Studios after one Shasta Beauty Cream shampoo.

Screen test photographs show Beverly plussed her rating 100% by shampooing with Shasta. Need we say that this young talent scout discovery is now a Shasta fan?

NEW! Procter & Gamble's amazing Shasta—the beauty cream shampoo.

NEW! Fragrant, satiny Shasta cream-cleanses your hair . . . beautifies your hair *all 3 ways*—as no soap—bar or liquid—will! In one Shasta shampoo, your hair will have

- that lustrous "alive" look!
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YES—ALL THREE! Yet your hair has "body"

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Hurry! For more beautiful hair *all three ways*—get Shasta. Convenient sizes. All toiletries counters.

Shasta

Procter & Gamble's Beauty Cream Shampoo



CROWN PRINCESS

(Continued from page 30)

"That's what I thought. Well, she's asleep but I guess we can take a peek."

She led the way to the nursery, which used to be the guest room. Only the baby's furniture is new, and the point d'esprit curtains, very full and ruffled and looped back with huge perky blue bows. Otherwise, they didn't re-decorate, and a glance tells you why. Nothing could be more appropriate than the broad-striped blue-and-white paper, the ceiling of pink rosebuds against a white background, the cut-out frieze of rosebuds all around. If this wasn't done from the start with a baby in mind, I'll eat six of my hats.

In the white bassinet her parents picked out together, Linda Susan lay sleeping. The little face was adorable, topped by soft silky brown hair with no curl in it.

"She can't do this to us, Shirley. It's got to curl."

"Well, I'm working on it. Keep fluffing it up every day. But if it wants to be straight, it can."

Does the baby resemble her mother? Mrs. Temple thinks so. So does the doctor who brought Shirley into the world. Shirley and Jack haven't made up their minds yet. Every morning they fly in to see if she's changed.

Actually, they think she looks like both of them.

There were toys all over the room, yet it wasn't cluttered. Some sat on top of the chest of drawers, some filled the shelves of the built-in bookcase. On the floor by the bassinet stood one of the most beautiful objects I've ever seen—a two-foot replica of a London hansom cab, drawn by a wooden horse. Heaped with orchids, David O. Selznick had sent it to Linda.

"I wish I could show you her clothes," said Shirley. "Such lovely things from fans all over the country, and everything useful. But I'd have to open the closets, and that might wake her. Sounds funny, but even when she's asleep, she seems to know if you're looking at her."

So we left her to sleep in peace, while Shirley showed me through the rest of the house. I don't propose to linger over details. You readers of MODERN SCREEN



*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• It's not always easy for a star to live up to the he-man reputation of his screen roles. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. relates such an experience when during the war he was in charge of a landing operation. Faced with a high castle wall, he commanded, "Scale the wall!"

But the men stood back politely, waiting for Fairbanks to show his best wall-vaulting technique. Whereupon Fairbanks changed operational plans and commanded, "Break down the door!"

*from the book by Andrew Hecht

probably know more about the place than I do, and it's the baby you want to hear about now. But before going on, there's one point I'd like to make. People have a way of referring to the Agars' "dollhouse." Why, I don't know. There's nothing remotely dollish about it. It's a beautiful grown-up French provincial house for grown-up people.

"Just big enough," says Shirley, "for one maid to take care of. And that's all I want."

It's also as gracious a home as I've ever stepped foot in. The living room's huge, yet so tastefully done that it's intimate as well. They call it their five-in-one. Shirley points to the fireplace. "There's our sitting-room." To the table down at the other end, which seats them. "There's our dining-room." To the piano and radio. "That's the music room." To the little table set in a big window that looks out over the valley to the sea. "Breakfast room. Turns into a cardroom at night."

"And where do you like to be interviewed, Mrs. Agar?"

"Depends what I'm being interviewed about. My daughter? Just any place at all."

It was late on Thursday night when Shirley phoned Dr. Bradbury and told him how she felt. The doctor thought it might be some little time yet.

"Better take one of those nembutals I left you. If it puts you to sleep, fine. If the baby's coming, it won't put you to sleep. Oh, and tell Jack to take one. It'll keep him less jumpy."

"That," said Jack, "is what I call a considerate man."

As a matter of fact, they were both beginning to drowse when suddenly Shirley sat upright and reached for the phone. Which brought Jack upright too.

"What did he say?"

"Hospital."

Her bag had been packed for days. Jack slid the car out softly—no sense getting the family all hot and bothered at 2 A.M.—and they drove to Santa Monica. Once she was put to bed, Shirley felt a little foolish. Nothing was happening. For a couple of hours she kidded back and forth with the nurse, then she quit kidding. After a while they knocked her out. She didn't even know when the baby was born.

while papa slept . . .

As for Papa Agar, here's where the script takes a twist. Far from pacing, he was so sound asleep in the waiting room they could hardly wake him. Yes, the nembutal did it. Never having taken a sleeping pill in his life, it laid him out cold. First thing he knew, a nurse was shaking his shoulder.

"Wake up. You've got a darling little girl."

He shot off the couch. "How's Shirley?"

"Fine."

"Can I see her?"

"Not yet, she's still under. But Miss Agar'll be ready for a visit pretty soon."

"Miss Agar—" It started sinking in.

"You mean my baby!"

Between then and 11 o'clock, Jack did his pacing. Phoned both grandmas, and paced. Took his first dazzled look at his daughter, and paced. Called the studio as he'd faithfully promised, and paced. Shirley was just sleeping it off, said the doctor, absolutely nothing to worry about. Jack wasn't worried, not much. Felt like walking, that's all. Before Shirley came out from under, he'd covered miles.

But at last they said she was awake and he tiptoed in and Shirley smiled at him and gave him the news. "It's a girl, Jack."

"I know. I saw her."

"How does she look?"

"Gorgeous." He touched her hair. "Tired, honey?"

"Uh-uh. Hungry."

He could have whooped for joy. Just the same, hungry or not, her eyes were closing and the nurse motioned Jack to go. But he was relaxed now. Went home and slept off the rest of his nembutal.

Shirley had a lovely time in the hospital. Felt well, saw her husband and baby every day, and her room was a garden.

She didn't feel much like reading, but had the radio on a lot and got plenty of giggles out of the broadcasts. Bob Hope's, for instance, when he emceed the Look Awards and suggested a special award to Shirley Temple for being the youngest producer in Hollywood. And Gabriel Heatter's. Don't pin me down to the exact wording, but it went something like this:

"There's good news tonight. News about commodities, news about Shirley Temple and Babe Ruth. Commodities are down. Shirley Temple has a baby girl and Babe Ruth will be 53 on Friday—"

But it was Winchell's Sunday night sign-off that really started something. Again I don't remember it exactly. But he warned the nurses not to get mother and child mixed up. "Make sure," he said, "that you know which is the baby."

A few minutes later, in comes the head nurse. "Mrs. Agar, you know there's not the smallest chance of our getting your baby mixed up with anyone else's."

"Of course not. What put that in your head?"

"Walter Winchell just made some such statement over the air. I thought you might have heard it—"

"I did hear it." She wanted to laugh, but the nurse was too deeply distressed.

"Did you hear it yourself?"

"No, the others told me."

"Well, they got it a little wrong. You come in at 8:30, and we'll listen to the re-broadcast. You'll see it's okay."

Not till she heard the sign-off with her own ears did the head nurse breathe freely.

One of Shirley's hospital memories has sorrow in it. The switchboard of course was flooded, but the doctor had said not to take too many calls. Jane Withers was one of the few people she talked to.

Shirley didn't know of the sudden death of Jane's father.

"But her voice sounded strange, and I asked her was anything wrong. Then she broke down and told me—" After a moment or two, Shirley went on. "Imagine thinking of me in the midst of her trouble. Do you know Jane, Hedda? She's such a sweet girl and has such a wonderful husband—"

My mind flew back to that feud stuff the papers used to dish, when both girls were under contract to Darryl Zanuck.

"Shirley," I said, "apropos of nothing at all, you kids have twice as much sense as your so-called elders. Now tell me about yourself. I still can't get over your being up and around."

"That's how they seem to work it nowadays. Only thing the doctor said not to do was climb stairs. Makes it nice, because we haven't any stairs to climb. Pretty soon I'll be starting on the housework again. There's nothing like housework to help you get your figure back."

"Who takes care of the baby? I haven't seen hide nor hair of a nurse around."

"Well, there's a two-room suite over the garage, and the nurse lives there. We don't really need her much till night time, because I like to do everything myself. You know, before my baby was born, I was always scared to pick up a little baby. But with your own, it all seems to come naturally. The minute I hear a sound, I'm in there. I give her her bottle, I love to bathe her, and changing her is just nothing at all. Even Jack can change her—"

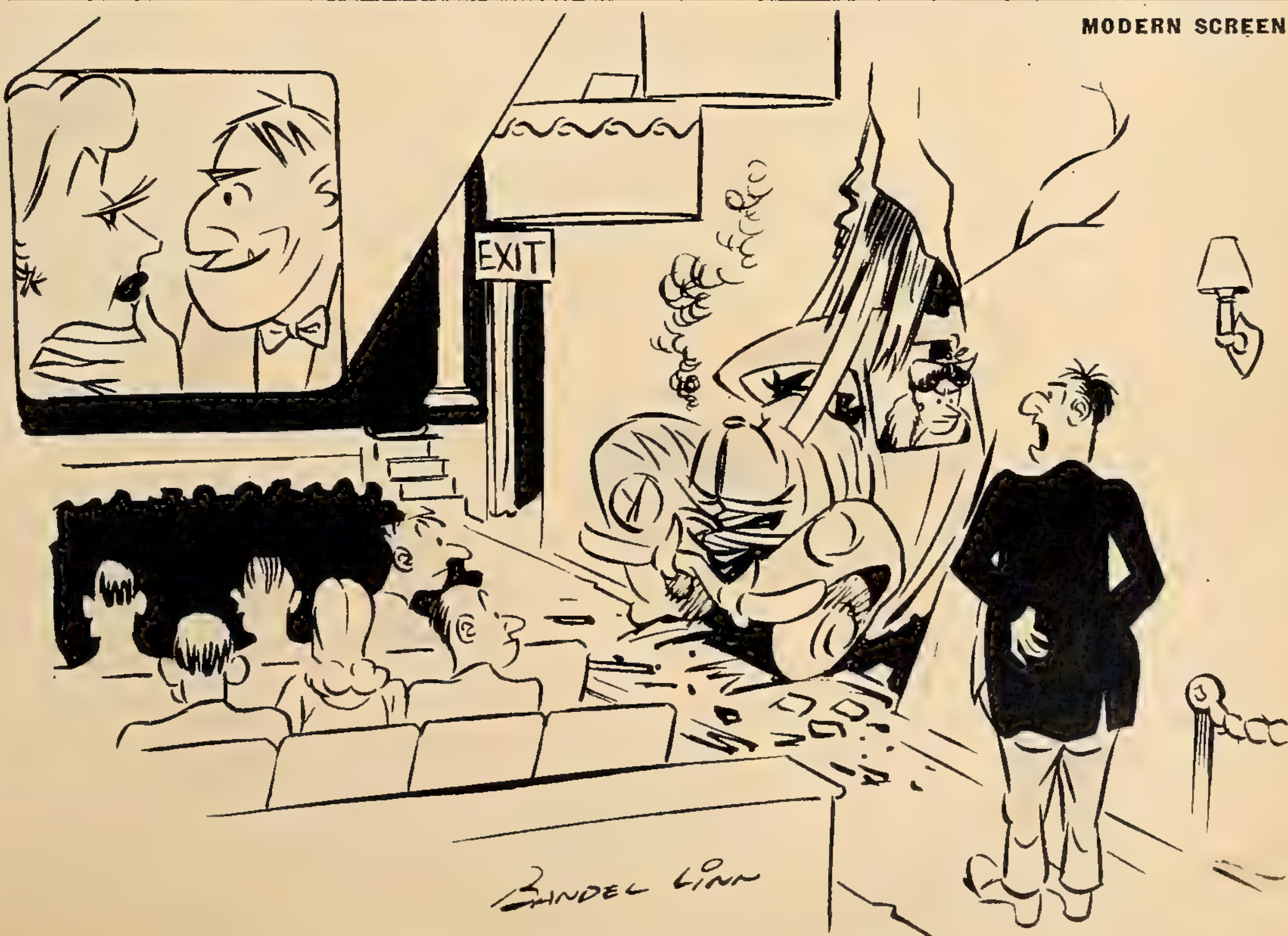
"You mean he's not scared?"

"No, no more than I am. And of course we're forever hanging over that bassinet. Can't get to look at her enough. Then at night the nurse takes over. Sleeps right in the room with her."

The baby isn't named after anyone. They just picked Linda Susan because they liked it. Both grandmas are knitting like mad, and the fan mail's tripled. One letter was unique. From a girl in the middle west named Linda Susan, born January 30th at 7:15, and just 16 when the Agars' Linda Susan arrived.

Nine fans out of ten write: "I'm so glad it's a girl. I hope she'll be another Shirley."

"How do you and her pop feel about that?" I asked.



That'll be seventy-five dollars for the wall and eighty-five cents admission.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



One Permanent Cost \$15 ... the TONI only \$2

It's amazing! Yes, and it's true. A Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive beauty shop wave. The Toni twins show it—and *you* can prove it today. But before buying the Toni kit you'll want to know—

Will TONI work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Must I be handy with my hands?

Not at all! If you can roll your hair up on curlers you can give yourself a smooth, professional-looking permanent with Toni. Just by following the easy directions.

How long will it take me?

Waving time is only 2 to 3 hours. And during that time you're free to do as you please.

How long will my TONI wave last?

Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 beauty shop permanent—or your money back.

Which Twin has the TONI?

Lucerne and Suzanne McCullough are well-known New York artists. Suzanne, at the right, has the Toni.

New Hair-Beauty Booklet For You!

It's 24 pages of valuable ideas. Professional secrets for choosing your most charming hairstyle. Words and pictures on how to style and set your own hair. Scores of other hair-beauty hints that will save you many dollars. Just mail a dime to cover cost, handling and mailing. Address your request for "Hair Beauty on a Budget" to The Toni Company, Dept. H2, Box 3511, St. Paul, Minn.



"We want her to be Linda Susan. But as far as acting's concerned, *she'll* have to decide."

"Did you give *your* consent at the age of three?"

The dimples twinkled. "That I don't quite remember. All I know is I loved every minute of it."

I'd heard tales about contracts and manufacturers' bids. Well, the contracts were just gags. But long before the baby came, a doll company wrote, asking permission to make a special doll—boy or girl—and name it after the Agars' first-born. This they promptly turned down. No commercials for their baby, said Shirley and Jack.

"But you had a doll named after you," I heckled.

"Not till I was old enough to fall in love with it."

I might have known better than to spar with her. At 8, she had reporters eating out of her hand. Her humor never seems to fail her, even though I did get my wrist slapped at one point—sweetly but firmly. Thought I was being so devilish clever too. Told her this sad little story about when my son was born many years ago, and how people asked what my husband had given me. "Nothing," I said. "Is he supposed to?" They were shocked. Seems they got diamond bracelets and such—

"Ever since then I've been curious about what other husbands give their wives."

If I hadn't been so busy talking, I'd have known from her impish look that she saw right through me. "Well, Jack sent me beautiful flowers and my favorite candy."

"But I mean the *real* present."

"The real present's between my husband and me. I won't tell anyone."

You can't say I didn't try, girls. And I admire her for not telling.

We talked about pictures. I screamed with laughter over the title of her next one. *What Every Young Bride Should Know*.

"Are you supposed to be a living example?"

if i knew then . . .

"Today, yes. But when I was married, I guess I didn't know so much. Just thought I did, like you do when you're 17."

"How old are you now, 50?"

"Almost 20, Miss Hopper, and the mother of a growing child."

In this Selznick picture, which won't get started for a while yet, she'll have two leading men—Guy Madison and a certain John Agar. As it's lined up now, Guy gets her and Jack loses out. I told her how John Ford had buttonholed me not long ago to rave about Jack in *Fort Apache*.

"Shirley, I can see it all five years from now. Three names on a marquee. Temple, Agar, and little Miss Linda Sue—"

When I got up to go, Shirley took me to the door.

It's a miracle, I decided, driving home from Shirley's house in my car. I thought of some others we'd loved as children who shall be nameless. Married and divorced, married and on the rocks again. But here was the queen of them all, with the world at her feet since babyhood. Helping with the housework, because she didn't want more than one maid. Caring for her baby. Cherishing her husband. Keeping her head and her sense of values. Staying sweet. A miracle, yes, if you wanted to call it that—character and background and fine training.

Mentally I tipped my hat in three directions. To Shirley. To Gertrude and George Temple. To America, whose instinct in picking its symbols is sound.

Then I tipped it again—for luck—to the little crown princess.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

(Continued from page 34)

seemed ages before I saw them, as they'd arrived much earlier than expected and were immediately installed in incubators. But when finally I did, there was no doubt that they were Jess's and mine. Tim's hair, what there was of it, was blond, and he looked like a miniature of Jess. Greg was topped with reddish fuzz and looked like me. I won't elaborate on my feelings at that moment, or I'll break down and weep.

Anyway, the day we brought them home from the hospital, Jess drove as though the roads were made of eggs. The nurse, who sat in back with the babies mumbled something about getting home before her arteries hardened.

In those first days, Jess and I pretended to each other that we weren't nervous about our new responsibility. Jess, of course, didn't have too much trouble—he has a stack of brothers, and sons are the only thing Jess *could* have or understand. All he had to worry about was not dropping them on their heads. Me, I *didn't* understand boys, and I had two unpredictable young Indians. I buried my nose for hours on end in books on child care courteously supplied by the State of California.

There have been problems, naturally, but as the months have slipped by, I've found that motherhood, even with twins, rolls off my back quite easily. It's simply a question of learning what not to do.

Don't take them both shopping, for instance. I approached this problem with caution, taking one at a time on a preliminary test flight. Timothy was angelic from start to finish, so I tried it with Gregory. That went off all right, too. So I tried a duet. That was bad. Two small boys trying to open the car doors while I cruised the curves of Hollywood highways! After that, two small boys wrecking the toy department in a large store.

My son Timothy, for instance, sat in the middle of the floor, and banged away at the linoleum with a toy truck.

"Ha," he said. "Me bang it."

I whispered a terrifying reprimand, only to become aware that Gregory was out of sight again.



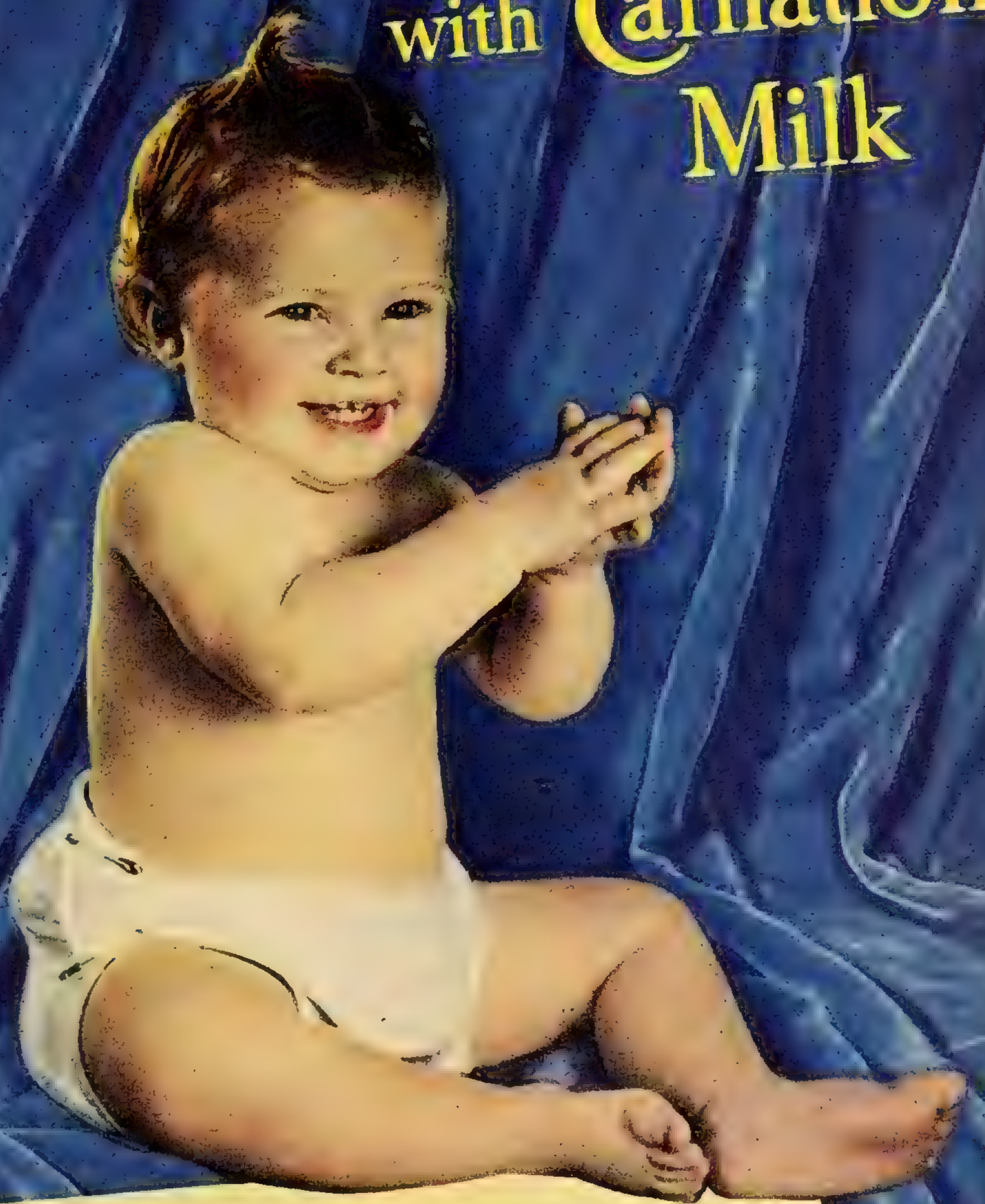
*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• In the early stages of his Hollywood career, Peter Lorre was promised an important part in a picture, but the producer suddenly changed his mind. Lorre wanted to beg him to reconsider and went to the producer's office.

Groping for words, he just stood there, glaring. After a minute of this, the producer got as scared as Lorre's future cinematic victims. "Stop staring at me like that," he yelled. "You can have the part."

*from the book by Andrew Hecht

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Here's news for mothers

It's important news, too, for the mother who wants her baby to enjoy every nutritional advantage—with a milk of unquestioned quality. Consider this fact: Nation-wide surveys indicate that Carnation Milk is more widely used in infant feeding than *any other brand* of evaporated milk!

And consider *these* facts—that Carnation is absolutely safe, wonderfully easy to digest, and completely nourishing, with pure vitamin D₃ added, to help in building strong bones and sound teeth. That's why babies are "on velvet" with Carnation Milk.

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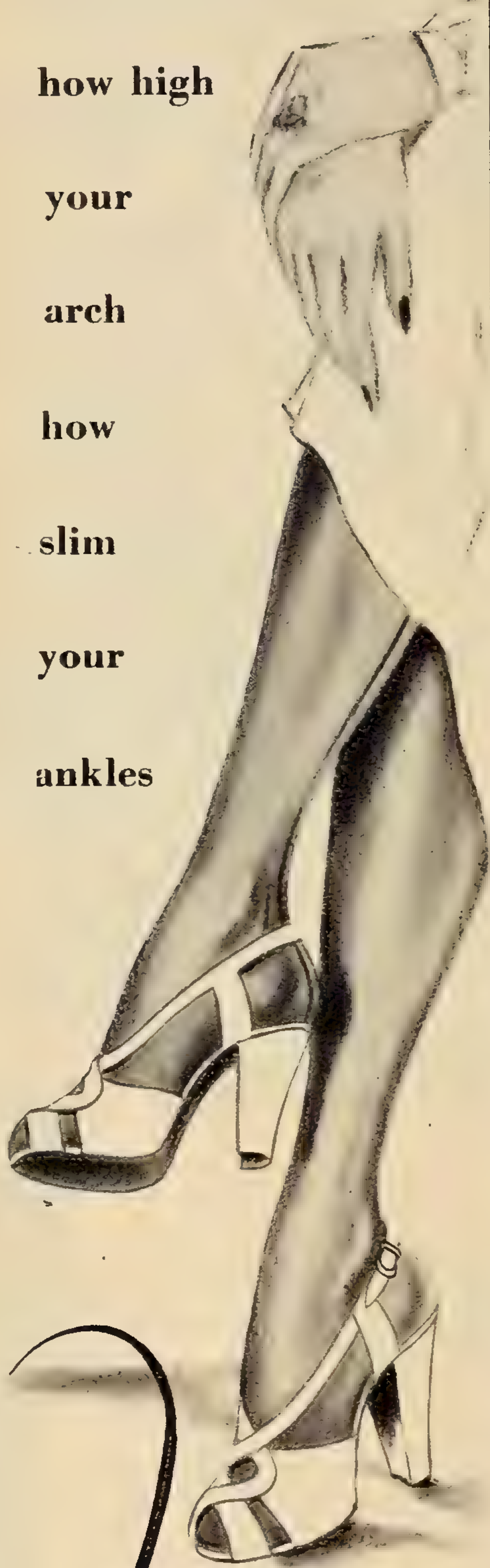
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tip of your toes*

For these reasonably priced shoes,
write for the name of your dealer
PETERS SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS

"Where's your brother?"

Timothy stared ruefully at the stilled truck. "With underwear," he offered.

In the lingerie department I found Greg, modeling a size 34 slip.

"Just like mama's" he was explaining to a captivated audience.

I gathered up the Barker brothers, and left, defeated.

My sons are adept at picking up adult words. Maybe too adept. We had guests for dinner one evening, and when the meal was over, we settled down in the den. Gregory had taken the nutcracker from a bowl, along with a hazel nut, and was putting all his strength into the matter of breaking the shell. Accustomed to the easy give of almond shells, he was perplexed. He pushed and forced until his face was as red as his hair, then he exploded.

"Damn!" he roared.

We all shot to attention as though Eisenhower himself had blown a bugle in the next room.

"Now, where do you suppose—" I started.

Jess looked at me with a Mephistophelean grin. "I can't imagine," he said, and turned to our guests.

We lead a double life around this house. There was double diapering and double concentrated liver, and now it's double bicycles and double footballs. This makes for a minimum of confusion, but I sometimes wonder if it's necessary with toys, as the boys share their things with astounding generosity. (That was bragging, but I can't help it. One of the rewards of having twins, to me, at least, is that lovely affection and loyalty between them.) From the breakfast room one morning, Jess and I watched them playing in the garden. Tim had come into the house for a cookie, when a little girl from the neighborhood joined Greg. She picked up Tim's football from the grass, and Greg took it from her, gently but firmly. She looked surprised.

"That's Tim's football," he said. "You wait and ask him when he comes out." He must have sensed her disappointment, because he peered into her face and then he said, "Here, you take mine. Not Tim's though."

I waved a hand vaguely across the table at Jess. "Give me your handkerchief. I think I'm going to cry."

like damon and pythias . . .

When one of the twins is sick, the other will stay close by and amuse his brother, and if we take only one and not the other when we leave the house, the chosen one protests the solo trip. "Why didn't you bring brother? He's a good boy." The two boys are affectionate with people in general, as a matter of fact, from the point of health, they overdo it to my way of thinking. They are forever wanting to kiss everybody, but Jess and I have explained that kisses are special, for mommy and daddy only. Nevertheless, when guests are leaving the house the boys look up at us hopefully. "Kisses?"

"No kisses," we say. "Just shake hands."

Another advantage of having twins is that sometimes I can work one against the other to attain an end. For instance, when MODERN SCREEN phoned that they wanted to come out and take pictures, Timothy came up with a stalemate.

"Don't want to pose today," he announced.

Oh, fine, I told myself. How can you make a three-year-old look pleasant for a camera? I turned to Greg.

"How about you? Do you want to pose for pictures today?"

He lit up, bless his little heart. "You bet."

"Very well, then. Gregory can be in all the pictures and Timothy will sit in a

corner and watch."

It worked. "Me pose," said Timothy.

Jess and I have trained ourselves so that now it's almost automatic—if I pat Tim on the head, Jess contributes a pat to Greg. It's awfully important, to my way of thinking, that one boy doesn't feel the other is favored. Some people have noticed that I give Tim a slight edge where affection is concerned (always when Gregory is not around), and this is true. I can't put it into words, but I've known somehow, ever since they came home from the hospital, that Timothy is more sensitive than Greg and needs more understanding and affection. Gregory is of tougher fibre and seems quite happy to go jogging along on his own.

I'm only too conscious that there's never been a mother in history who doesn't consider her children as something different, but my two are different. I've watched them with other children, and they seem to stand out as tougher little human beings, resilient, full of bounce and zest. They also have a sweet quality I think unusual in kids so young. I remember the day I took them to see Santa Claus in a department store. When their turn came, they took longer than the other children and asked for everything except embroidery cotton. Sensing selfishness, I took them aside later.

"Well," I said. "That was quite a list. If you're asking so much from poor old Santa Claus, what are you going to leave by the fireplace for him?"

They thought this one over very carefully, and came up simultaneously with the answer.

"Our piggy banks."

I melted. Their piggy banks are something quite special in their lives, and this suggestion smacked of considerable sacrifice. I told Jess about it, and Christmas morning, in place of the tiny banks the boys had left on the hearth, they found two huge ones, clinking heavily with coins.

"You see, men," Jess told them, "when you are kind and give to others, you always receive kindness in return."

I don't know. Mother probably had a point when she was so taken aback at the news of twins, but I can't think what it was. Nothing more wonderful could have happened to a girl like me.

Marsha Hunt . . .

Eagle-Lion star you'll soon see in "Raw Deal." Marsha's finally indulging in a long-time yen to do a Broadway play, and we tracked her down in New York in the middle of rehearsals for "Joy to the World." It's a comedy about Hollywood, and judging from the scene we got a peek at, very funny.

Marsha poses for Modern Screen in a plaid cotton junior dress which we consider an out-and-out raving beauty. Did you ever see such glorious colors? Did you ever see anything prettier than the big chin-whisker bow, or smarter than the hip cuff (straight from Paris!)? The new longer jacket buttons snug with lustrous smoke grey buttons, and gives you a lovely line at the waist and hips. The beautifully full skirt falls in soft wide pleats. And the super plaid is fine Dan River cotton, exclusive in this pattern with Doris Dodson. Washable, of course. What a dress for your vacation!

You can have it also in shaded tones of coral and mulberry; or blue and brown. Junior sizes 9-15.
By Doris Dodson About \$14.95.

FOR WHERE TO BUY turn to page 80.

modern screen

fashions





by
connie bartel,
fashion
editor

Pretty-girl Cotton in Dan River's silky iridescent pearly grey chambray.

Darling tucked bosom, outlined with a curve of white pique—and echoed with a petticoat-edge on the full circle skirt. Tiny pearl buttons on bosom. Also iridescent brown or green. 10-18.

By Majestic . . . About \$14.95. For where to buy, see page 80.

a modern screen fashion

Crazy about Cotton

In this issue, which is aimed to dress you for the gayest, datingest, most "having a wonderful time" summer you ever had—we put the accent on cottons.

We're crazy about cottons—and from the look of things, so is everybody else. We picked our cottons from all over the country—from New York and California, from Saint Louis and Milwaukee. And we're proud as anything that every one of them is a Dan River cotton.

Every January when the swanky Fifth Avenue stores show resort clothes for Bermuda, Palm Beach, Nassau and other luxury spots—what do you suppose lots of the veddy, veddy, smartest play clothes are made of? That's right, Dan River cotton.

So listen. Way back last June (yes, we mean June, 1947)—when we looked ahead to summer, 1948—we decided then and there that we wanted *your* summer clothes to be made of the finest fabrics going. But, of course, we wanted them to be priced sweet and low—as usual.

So we flew out to Saint Louis—important market for cute junior clothes. First we tackled Alice Topp, top-designer for Doris Dodson. Could she make us (make *you*, we mean) a knockout two-piece dress—in, say, a Dan River plaid? At a price that wouldn't hurt? She could. She did. Marsha Hunt wears it on page 67. Then, just for good measure, she threw in the darling middy torso dress on page 70—also, of course, in Dan River cotton.

Next, we cornered Grace Durocher, whose Carole King designs you write us you love. This time we wanted a dark cotton—because they're so darn smart—and so practical. How about it? Mrs. Durocher not only said okay—but she talked Dan River into weaving, just for her, the really luscious *satin stripe* cotton on page 71. Satin stripe cottons are in the upper brackets as cottons go. And wait until you see the colors in this one. Pale blue, dark green, and raspberry!

The scene shifts to June Bently, in Milwaukee. This time we wanted a cotton suit—a junior suit to make a girl feel ready for all comers in town. The loot—the trim little striped number in Dan River Cordspun on page 73.

So it went. We wigwagged frantically to California, where everybody lives in wonderful sports clothes—and came up with Koret of California's casual plaid skirt. We peeked over designer Aurora Elroy's shoulder as she dreamed up the sweet silvery chambray dress on the opposite page. And we wound up, tired but happy, with the easy to get into, eyelet-front cotton coat dress, on page 74.

They're all yours!

—C. B.

DAN RIVER'S "Made for Each Other" PLAID

Starspun® plaids . . .
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fated for each other!
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Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



Doris Dodson's sun-dress with fitted bolero. In hunter green with raspberry, red with lime, brown with gold. 9 to 15. About \$17.00 at Oppenheim Collins, New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Frost Bros., San Antonio.



Hip-cuffed Cotton

adorable middy dress with torso lines to show your young slimness. Buttons point up the hip cuff (high fashion!)—and repeat at shoulder. In Dan River's cool mint-green striped chambray. Also red, brown, navy stripes. Sizes 7-15.

By Doris Dodson . . . About \$12.95. For where to buy, see page 80. *a modern screen fashion*



Satin-Stripe Cotton

pale shining blue cross stripes—on dark green, shadow-striped with raspberry . . . in a beautiful Dan River plaid exclusive with Carole King. Yoked and tabbed shoulders; jewelry neckline. Also wine or brown plaid, both delicious. Sizes 9-15.

By Carole King . . . About \$14.95. For where to buy, see page 80.

a modern screen fashion



Play Cotton cute and casual playskirt with pointed waistband to make you even slimmer—and an impertinent bow in back. Dan River plaid with lavender, blue or beige predominating. Sizes 10-16. Smooth rayon jersey “Traveller” shirt—in scads of colors. By Koret of California . . . Skirt, \$5.95 . . . Shirt, \$3.50. For where to buy, see page 80. *a modern screen fashion*



Town Cotton to keep you cool, collected and confident all summer! Crisp striped suit with dazzling white pique—and a *pleated* peplum that goes all the way around. In Dan River's nifty Cordspun—gun metal, brown or green. Junior sizes 9-15. By June Bently. . . . About \$14.95. For where to buy, see page 80. *a modern screen fashion*



Scalloped-eyelet Cotton . . . buttoned down the front with little carved buttons. Pique collar and bow; eyelet cuffs. Easy to get into; easy to launder; and fresh as the breeze on the beach! Dan River cotton in blue, brown, red or black stripes. Sizes 9-15.

By Aronoff and Richling . . . About \$10.95. For where to buy, see page 80. *a modern screen fashion*

AUDREY FACES LIFE

(Continued from page 33)

school, you may then be an actress."

"If you still want to," amended Mrs. Totter.

"I'll still want to, all right," Audrey said. Above her head, John and Ida exchanged glances of triumph.

But they were wrong. One thing obsessed her during her high school years. Dramatics. At graduation time, she was ready to take her parents up on their promise.

They had completely forgotten it. "But there is nothing we can do," Ida reminded her husband. "It was made in good faith. Audrey, how will you pay for this dramatic school?"

"I've got a job in Chicago. Selling wax."

Actually, she never got to dramatic school. She dropped by Ian Keith's repertory playhouse one day, read for a part, and got it.

It was a magnificent year, crowded with excitement and work and laughter, and finally, love. She had moved to a theatrical boarding house, inhabited by ex-vaudevillians, and found them enchanting.

plenty of atmosphere . . .

Almost perpetually "between engagements," they had the manners of dukes. There was the ex-Hamlet, with elastic-sided shoes, a concession to corns. There was the ex-Toast of 52nd Street (speakeasy era) with her corn-colored hair, her defiantly purple mouth, her black net stockings.

There was Hazel Hazlam, who in a way adopted Audrey, became her second mother and teacher, spending hours each day coaching her in voice and diction and technique. And there was Johnny.

Audrey had been in almost every scene, that particular evening, and when she came out of her dressing room at eleven-thirty she was tired. By the time she reached her boarding house, she had only one thought in mind: a quick cup of coffee, brewed on a hot plate.

But as she put her key in the lock the front door opened and a young man walked into her. She was unprepared for this, and sat down abruptly on the porch. The young man picked her up casually, and said, "That's what you get for being in a hurry. Are you in a hurry?"

She said, "Yes, I am. I want my coffee and I want to go to bed. Goodnight."

"But there's coffee in the lunchroom around the corner, and I want some, too."

She observed him critically. A thin, good face. She didn't know how to be coy. "We'll go to the lunchroom," she said.

She fell in love with Johnny, not that night, but gradually, on succeeding nights, while he read aloud to her the novel he was writing, and later when together they read the sides of his new play. She liked his wit, his essential brilliance. When he kissed her, she liked that, too. This was first love, incomparable and consuming, and she had no doubt that she would marry him when there was enough money.

In the late winter of that year she went home to visit her family for a few days. She had meant to stay for two weeks, but missing Johnny was a kind of mental and physical pain. She cut her visit and went back to town, her heart singing.

When she walked in the boarding house, Hazel Hazlam was waiting for her. Hazel looked ill. She took Audrey to her own room, got out a bottle of brandy and a glass, filled the glass and held it out.

Audrey took it, puzzled. "You know I don't drink."

a typical Carole King girl



ENGSTEAD

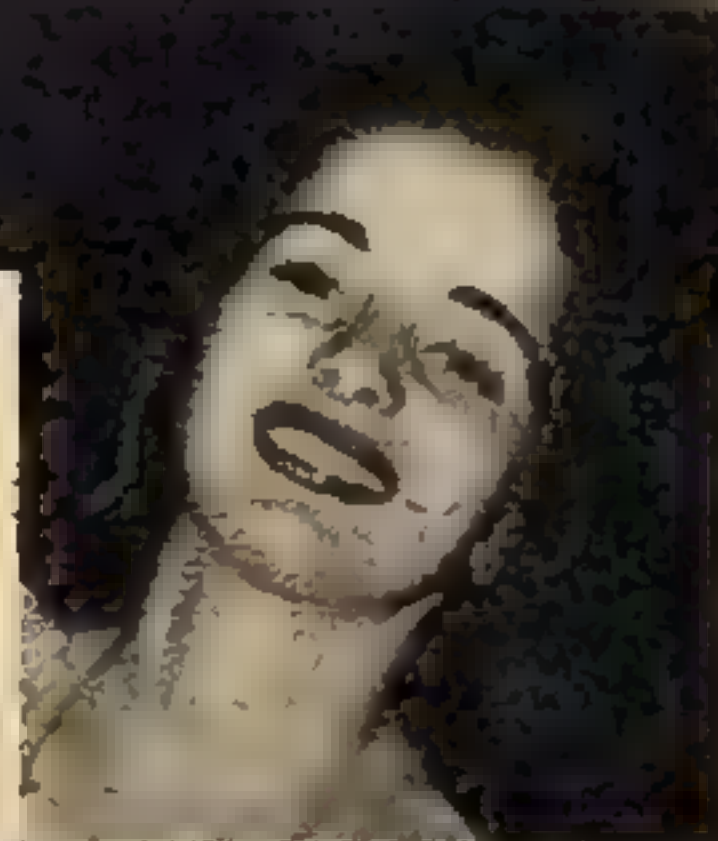
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"It's just in case." Hazel paused. "I've taught you how to keep from being a ham for almost a year now. That's why the only thing I can do is give this to you straight. "Johnny died this morning of pneumonia."

Somehow, it seemed better to get away, then. She auditioned for a Chicago radio station, and became a radio actress.

Later, she played in stock, and in San Francisco, a scout from Warners saw her, asked her to make a test, and she did, and it stank, and she went on with the company. Until at last it folded, and she found herself in New York, without a job.

The war was on, full blast. Broadway was still Broadway, albeit dimmed out. Audrey sat at a table in the Copacabana, with her escort.

After a bit, six gentlemen gravitated to her table, and were introduced, and sat. No one knew anyone else; there was silence.

Audrey cleared her throat, and tried to be amusing.

But it wasn't till two o'clock in the morning, when the party broke up, that Audrey's stories paid off. One of the men who had been roaring brought forth a sheaf of cards.

"These all belong to big advertising execs," he told her, scribbling hastily a magic sentence, initialed, on the back of each one. "Just take them in and say I sent you. You'll have a job!"

"This is strictly baloney," Audrey thought, tucking them away. But she had never been so wrong in her life. Because the next week, still out of a job, she went to see the first man whose name appeared on the first card she pulled from the stack. And he hired her.

At which point she met David.

There was nothing especially romantic about their meeting. She was introduced to him at 21.

mystery voice . . .

She was engaged to him by the time a Metro talent director, listening to his radio one evening, said, "I wonder if that Totter gal has anything to go with that voice and that talent?" The talent director forthwith wired his New York office to take a look at her. The answering telegram said merely, *Re: Totter. Wow!*

But—after 7 weeks, Audrey said to David, "I've put Hollywood out of my mind."

"That's bad," he said. "You see, I was just informed today that I'm being moved to the Hollywood office."

"Oh, no!" she said.

"Maybe the test will come through—"

Distractedly she ripped a menu card into small pieces. "It's got to, now."

And it did.

In the green and gold and red living room of the apartment she shared with her friend, Sandra Rogers, Audrey sat one day last week, staring at the wall.

"Whom are you having dinner with to-night?" Sandra said.

"Lew Ayres phoned."

There was a short silence. "Speaking of men," said Sandra, "and nobody was. You never told me what happened to that boy you were engaged to. David, I mean."

"It was just one of those things," Audrey said. "I'll tell you some day when I can do it without breaking something." She laughed. "After all, I should complain?"

Sandra started counting on her fingers, and reciting men's names. By the time she'd come to "Cary Grant, Art Ford, Nick Raye, Lew Ayres—" Audrey stopped her.

"Jolly fellows, all of them," Audrey said. "And guess what—MODERN SCREEN's running a story."

"You're on the MODERN SCREEN poll?"

"If I'm not," she said grimly, "I will be. Watch little Audrey's smoke."

Where there's smoke, there's Totter.

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LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

Last month we rattled on about how we go about collecting fashions we think you'll like—and, if you're interested, here's the inside info on how we photograph them.

All we can say is, shooting fashion pix is something like a cross between staging a circus and running an obstacle race. With accent on the obstacle.

Take our color photographs of movie stars, for instance. We get a tip, let's say, that Fama Starr is coming to town. Quick like a flash, we call the New York office of her studio. Can Miss Starr pose for us? Well, the studio thinks it's a fine idea, but it really couldn't say. Too early to tell. Miss Starr is interested in reading some play scripts—and on top of that she has a lot of shopping to do—and she did mention something about spending a week in Bermuda. Call in about a week.

We call back—roughly a dozen times. Finally, we get a date for fitting the dress on Monday—and a date for photographing it on Thursday. Monday we stagger to the star's hotel, clutching the dress we'd like to have Miss Starr model. We open it up. Very pretty, says Miss Starr—but probably it's going to be a little short-waisted. We help Miss Starr clamber into it—and she's right. It is short-waisted. Very. Luckily—it just happens that we have another dress with us, as an alternate. This one, thank heaven, fits—and Miss Starr looks like a dream in it.

But—it's blue, and Miss Starr dotes on pink. Could we get it in pink? Nothing to it, we assure Miss Starr . . . with a confidence we're far from feeling.

We race back to our office and call the manufacturer of the dress. And where do you think he is? Up the street at his office? Not at all. He's in Florida—or Chicago—or Dallas. We burn up the long-distance and finally connect with him. We explain that Miss Starr loves his dress, but she'd like to model it in pink. Her hair, you know.

Pink! explodes the manufacturer. But he's featuring it in blue. We beg, we plead, we break him down. Okay—he says grudgingly—but they'll have to make it up specially. It'll take a week. We postpone our date with Miss Starr and reflect miserably that press time is getting uncomfortably close.

Well, you get the drift. Somehow, with the aid of airmail, special delivery, and a last minute break (about time!) from Lady Luck—we actually get Fama Starr, the pink dress, the accessories, and ourself all in the same place at the same time. The lights are set up—Miss Starr shows her famous teeth—and click!—we've got our picture.

But don't get us wrong. We still think there's no business like fashion business.

—Connie Bartel

"... AND THE LIVIN' IS EASY"

(Continued from page 55)

The big man climbed into the ring and called for gloves. Bob did too. Somebody rang a bell. The big man shot across the ring. Bob ducked and looked up. He saw a whole acre of chin. In less time than a man can write it, he straightened out a right hand.

The floor of the ring came up and smacked the big man in the face. As though cued on by a director, two policemen climbed through the ropes, picked up the big one, along with his shirt and tie, and dragged him to the waiting Maria.

"You are a louse," Bob said to his Man Friday. "You called the bluecoats."

"Huh," snorted Bob's bodyguard. "The guy's been lifting fives and tens off actors around here for about six months. When he wakes up in the pokey, maybe he'll remember nobody owes him anything."

It was all a trivial incident. Happens all the time to actors. Not very often to Bob Mitchum, because a man can usually see that this boy with the sleepy look, the hawk nose and the dead pan is nobody to fool with. He's got good sense about almost everything but money.

That's true, and I know it, because I can remember Bob when he had one suit of clothes to his name. He had the first and last month's rent paid on a \$60 apartment, a little provender in the kitchen for the wife and offspring, and enough money in his pocket to last until next pay day—if he didn't take a taxicab but stuck to the Sunset Boulevard bus.

"Saw you in G.I. Joe," I said. "Good."

"Thanks."

"After you get out of the army, going

to stick with pictures?"

"Huh!" he shrugged. "I just came out here for the weather."

"Careful guy, aren't you?"

"Nope. Careless."

He said that. And he was so right.

Bob Mitchum has more than one suit of clothes to his name today. At least three, he has, but the tux in his closet belongs to the studio. Owns a house, too. Worth \$22,000, maybe. Automobiles, two. Mark that down as another \$3,000.

Money in the bank?

Eighteen dollars about six weeks ago. Doesn't owe any guy \$5, but if you check into his account with the government—oh, what an aching head!

Maybe Bob is \$50,000 in the red. Maybe \$100,000. How'd he get there? Well, it's quite a story, and I know of no other actor who would so calmly admit that he was closer to the Motion Picture Relief House than to the gold at Fort Knox.

When we talked about it, Bob grinned and said, "My own fault. I didn't give it away in thousand-dollar tips to night club captains. I just took a few people's word for what to do with money. Shucks, boy, I'm no expert. So one day I discover that I've made several haystacks full of money, but there isn't any around."

"So the news gets out. So a magazine editor sends a sharp boy like you up here to find out what's happened. What am I going to tell you, that it's just a silly rumor? All I can say is that I didn't pay much attention to what was going on. How are you doing?"

"Bob," I said. "I understand that you

went into Dore Schary's office a little while ago and asked him to tear up your contract, told him that you wanted to work for \$100 a week."

"Yeah," he said. "I did that. I also told him I wanted four months off every year to do what I pleased. He just grinned. He knew I meant it. But he also knew I knew that I wouldn't get away with it. Too bad." He sighed.

I sighed, too, changing the subject. "It was tough getting up this hill."

"Yeah, everybody complains. Friend of mine said to me, 'Boy, get wise. Move to Bel Air.' 'Huh,' I said to him, 'I can not have just as much money living off San Fernando road as I can not have living off Sunset Boulevard—and up here there's no room for a swimming pool.'"

The guy has a way of throwing reporters.

"Look," I said.

"All right," he sighed. "My wife's going to walk in here in a couple of minutes. When she walks up to me and kisses me a good one, it's an act. We've got two children—Chris, aged 4, and Josh, aged 7. They go to Mocambo every night."

I took a drink.

The front door opened. In the Mitchum mansion, the front door opens on the living-room. A pretty girl walked in. She walked over to Bob. She kissed him, satisfactorily.

"You see," Bob said. "It's just an act. Tomorrow you'll pick up the papers and read that we're incompatible."

I raised my glass.

(Continued on page 81)



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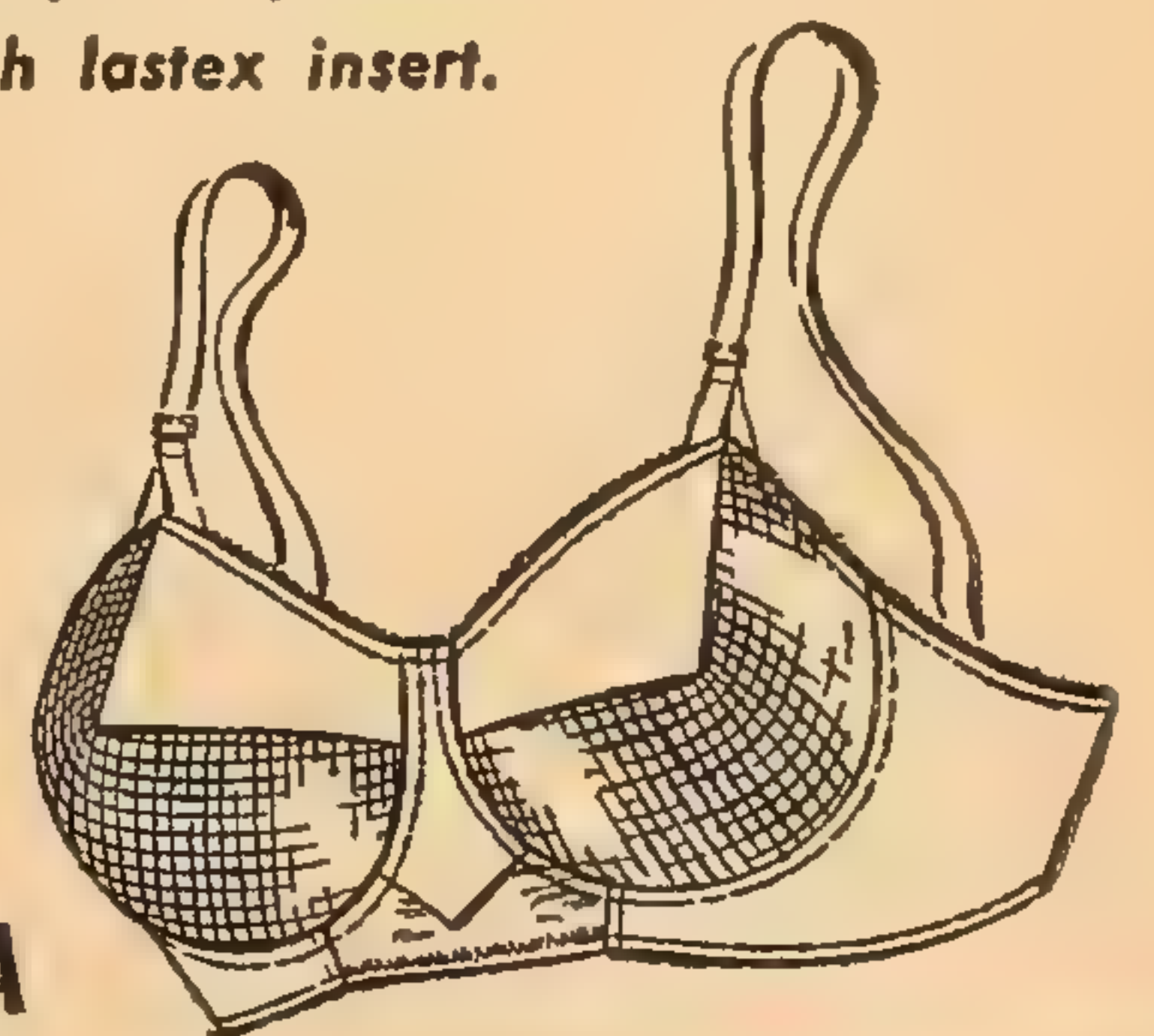
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(Prices may vary throughout country)

Doris Dodson two-piece plaid dress worn by Marsha Hunt in the full color photograph (page 67)

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's, Fashions, Second Floor
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins, Half Pint Shop, Second Floor
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Brothers, Fourth Floor.
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins, Half Pint Shop, Second Floor
San Francisco, Calif.—Hale Brothers, Debuteen Shop, Second Floor.
Washington, D. C.—Frank R. Jelleff Inc., Junior Cotton Shop, Fifth Floor
Gloves made to order by Lucienne Harang

Majestic pretty-girl chambray (page 68)

New York, N. Y.—McCreery's, Sport Dresses, Fourth Floor
Roanoke, Va.—Irving Saks, Inc., Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Doris Dodson hip-cuff cotton (page 70)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins, Half Pint Shop, Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins, Half Pint Shop, Second Floor
San Francisco, Calif.—Hale Bros., Debuteen Shop, Second Floor
Washington, D. C.—Frank R. Jelleff Inc., Junior Cotton Shop, Fifth Floor

Carole King satin-stripe plaid (page 71)

Baltimore, Md.—Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Young Baltimorean Shop, Second Floor
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co., Fourth Floor
New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, Junior Dept., Third Floor
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co., Junior Miss Dept., Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Koret of California jersey shirt (page 72)

Lewiston, Me.—T. J. Murphy Co., Sportswear, Street Floor
Miami, Fla.—The Style Shop, Blouse Dept., Main Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Koret of California plaid cotton playskirt (page 72)

Long Beach, Calif.—Career Girl, Specialty Sportswear Shop
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium, Sportswear Dept., Second Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

June Bently town cotton suit (page 73)

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Junior Deb. Dept., Fifth Floor
Denver, Colo.—The May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Macy's, Debutante Shop, Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Aronoff & Richling scalloped eyelet cotton (page 74)

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(Continued from page 79) "I drink to you, Mrs. Mitchum—and I brought my own bottle."

"Thank you," she said sweetly. "Thank you on both counts."

"Bob," I asked. "How much money do you make?"

"I don't make any. We had a set of fine old engravings in the basement, but a gardener we had swiped them."

"All right. How much do you *earn*?"

"Nobody's going to approve of this. They called me 'in' as they say in this business (when I was making *Rachel and the Stranger*) and 'upped' me to \$3,000—with an eight-week vacation thrown in."

"Boy, you're rolling now."

"Yeah—five years in the business, and I'm right back on the beach."

"I'm tired of your griping. I'd like to earn \$3,000 a week."

"Well, go ahead. It's a free country."

"Not me. I don't want to live like an actor."

"All right—I'd like to live like a publisher. Let's call up New York and buy MODERN SCREEN."

"What'll we do with Al Delacorte?"

"Let him come out here and live like an actor. Say, when are you going home?"

"Maybe never. I like it here."

"All right, I'll tell Dotty to put on another pork chop tonight."

He got up, lazily, and drifted into another room. Pretty soon he was back with three pairs of shoes. Big shoes, little shoes, and quite tiny shoes. Gravely, he set to work polishing them.

"Some time I had when we went up to Eugene, Oregon, on location for *Rachel and the Stranger*. Sometimes I get lonesome for the family when I'm out around acting, so I talked the studio into letting the whole gang come along. We rented a house, and the first thing I know, Dorothy says the stove is dirty. So, like a chump I say I'll clean the stove. Oh well, it only took a few hours.

nice work, if you can get it . . .

"Huh—what do you think of a woman like that? I told her she'd feel bad if she came out to the set and watched me making love to Loretta Young. Funny thing about movies, you get paid for such pleasant work."

Mitchum is unimpressed with himself as an actor, even though he takes the business of acting seriously.

After signing his new contract, he said to his wife, "Honey—I'm going to take my eight-week vacation and go somewhere. Got to re-establish my perspective."

Dorothy said, "Sure, Bob, go ahead."

So Bob took off. He prowled around back East, visiting friends, looking up relatives. When he reached Birmingham, the studio got in touch with him.

"Some talkers they got," Bob mused.

"A guy kept saying that ten thousand is ten thousand, and that's what I'd get if I went to San Francisco to do a personal appearance. So I said okay, and hung up."

Then he looked in his pocket. He had exactly eight cents. He called up the theater man who played RKO-Radio Pictures. The fellow was very nice about it. Sent a car after him. Picked up a plane ticket. A few hours later, Bob was in San Francisco, ready to go on stage.

"Okay," he said to the stage manager, "where's the script?"

"Script? Haven't you got one?"

"Nope—a guy said he'd send one up from Hollywood."

"Well, it's not here."

"Okay, lemme talk to that comedian."

Mitchum and the comedian began to talk. The comedian threw gag lines at him for ten minutes straight until they found a couple of routines Bob knew. Then, with a minute left, they walked on and did an act.

"Awful," Bob said, when it was over.

The house record for attendance was smashed to bits in the next two weeks.

His wife and children think he's as terrific as audiences do, too.

Recently, Bob took Chris to the Zoo. Chris was a little afraid of the lion.

"No use being scared of him, he's a big sissy," Bob said. "Go ahead, roar at him."

So Chris roared, a four-year-old's roar. The lion roared back.

Bob roared. Chris roared. The lion looked confused. He bowed his majestic head, ambled over to a corner of the cage, sprawled out and looked moody.

Recently, also, there was what is known to Mr. and Mrs. Bob Mitchum as "the late war." The conflict was short and exciting. It seems that the children in the neighborhood had become divided into "the good kids" and "the bad kids."

"We've got a problem, Bob," Mrs. Mitchum reported one night when Josh came home with a lump the size of a baseball on his head, and wouldn't say how it happened.

Next day, Mrs. Mitchum went shopping. She returned with a dozen noise-making six-shooters, complete with holsters. Also some neat-looking hats. Then she went to call on some friends. That afternoon, she drove up to the house with a half-dozen children in the back seat of the convertible. They were the nucleus of a group that was to reform the "tough guys." They weren't mothers' pets. They were just a gang who were finding out that there was more fun in hiking, holding meetings and getting acquainted with their parents than in seeing how much property they could tear down. Inside of a week, only one tough guy remained in the other group, and when he discovered nobody was paying any attention, he joined the Mitchum gang too.

Somehow, it's difficult to feel too sorry for Bob Mitchum, the actor who lost a hundred thousand dollars somewhere. After all, he has a house on a hill that's paid for. The kids have shoes. And he can still say, "I just came out here for the weather."

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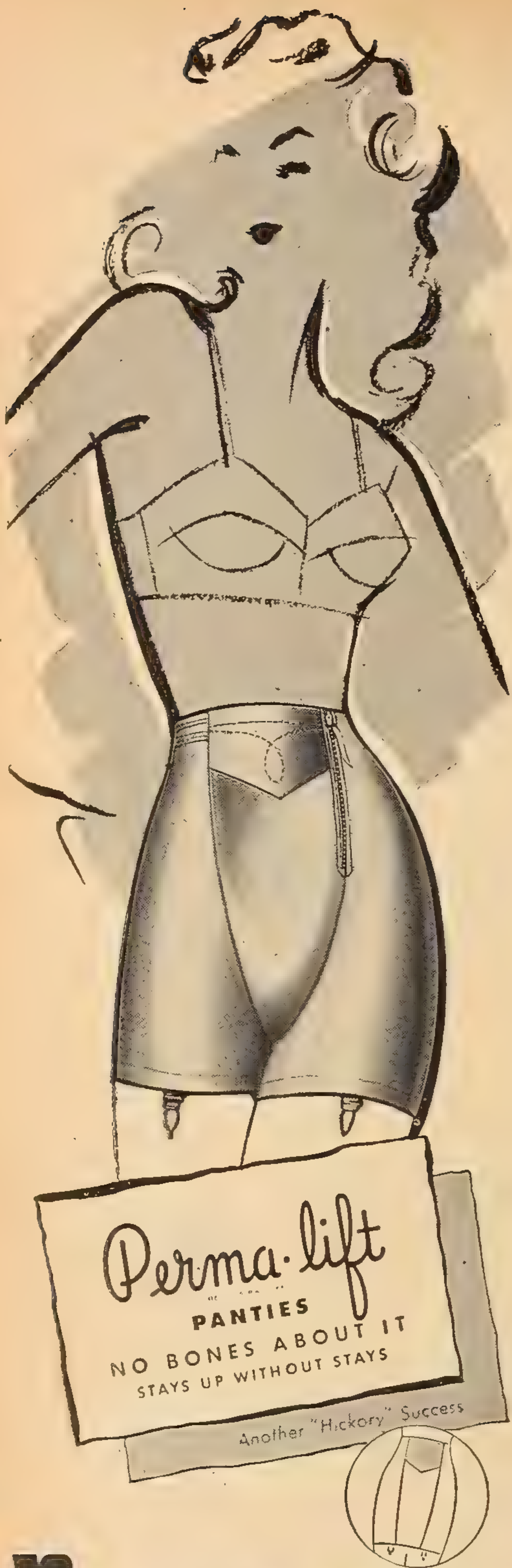
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THE MISSING BERGMAN PICTURES

(Continued from page 53)



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was hotly coveted stuff, and many a journalist and photographer exhausted his energy trying to force the entrance doors of Ingrid's villa. But by and by the Swedish press learned this was quite useless.

It must be emphasized that Ingrid at an age of only 17 or 18, developed a remarkable cleverness about keeping intruding people at a distance without hurting their sensibility or pride. She did it unshakably firmly, but with a disarming smile.

Otherwise Ingrid would certainly not have enjoyed that immense popularity in Sweden that she had acquired before leaving for Hollywood. In 1937, the Swedes voted her, for the first but not the last time, their most popular star, with a majority that was overwhelming.

This was, happily, before the autograph hunting had begun to set in fully, and Ingrid could move freely everywhere, in streets, in restaurants, at first nights, without being gazed at by a pushing crowd. Still, her fan mail was the biggest in Sweden, and she managed her professional affairs very smartly, well aware of how her popularity could be turned into money. For every picture she made in 1938 and 1939, she would easily stipulate say 25,000 crowns, a very high salary by Swedish standards before the war. Making three films a year, she was one of the highest paid women in Sweden.

a natural for the movies . . .

From the very moment Ingrid entered the movie business, after one year in the Royal Dramatic Theater School, it was quite clear that she belonged there, and that she knew it. The first day she worked in her first picture, she astonished veteran actors by her very definite opinions about what should be done and how, and after a couple of months she took the reins in a way that grew with every new production. She decided supremely on what parts she wanted, on scripts, directors, photographs, partners, clothes and publicity in a way that would have been remarkable in an actress of twice her age and experience.

Old troupers among her friends can tell you that they never had seen such practical competence in a newcomer. And in front of the camera she displayed the same kind of superlative sureness: her acting was clear, transparent, flawless; you could read in her face as in an open book. And her freshness was breathtaking.

The Swedish people took Ingrid to their hearts as a charming embodiment of human qualities they always have held in very high esteem—good breeding, perfect taste and culture. They were completely satisfied with her sound, distinct acting and radiant appearance and cared very little for the absence of high-running emotions and passions. Already, Ingrid Bergman was set on a pedestal.

Her life as a woman, wife and mother, Ingrid Bergman has kept wide apart from career. She met her husband, Aron Peter Lindstrom, now a renowned professor of surgery, when she was only 15, and he 25—a young dentist with a future, prominent as a scientist, good tennis player, boxer, skier and swimmer. They continued to meet occasionally during four years. Theirs was no whirlwind courtship, but a warm friendship growing into a mutual understanding and a feeling of belonging together.

Aron Peter Lindstrom came from the North, from the province of Medelpad, land of big forests and rapid rivers. His father, 66 years old then and still a giant, was a master gardener, a horticulture expert in

government service, living in the community of Stoeede, near a little lake among the mountains. There, Aron Peter Lindstrom married film star Ingrid Bergman, on the 10th of July, 1937. The white rural church gleamed in a summer sun.

A couple of years earlier, the officiating clergyman had prepared Ingrid for her confirmation. The wedding of Sweden's most popular film star was a pure family affair. No royalty, no guests even from the Stockholm film colony, only the bridegroom's kinsfolk from the neighborhood, people of magnificent stature who made stern demands of a young woman, who insisted a young woman must have virtue, perfect behavior, and beauty as well. Never had they seen a bride who so perfectly as Ingrid Bergman fulfilled their demands in every respect. And on this day Ingrid played no movie part, she was every inch, and deep in her young heart, her real, delightful self. For once, she had allowed a couple of photographers to cover her great day, and mingling with serious churchgoers they got many charming pictures of the lovely bride and the handsome bridegroom.

At the end of the day, at sunset, the young Lindstroms waved goodbye to Stoeede and turned Peter's little car towards the South. They traveled in Germany and France, visiting old towns, studying art and architecture, enjoying a culture that a few years later was destroyed by war.

They returned to Stockholm, to hard work and a three room flat—which they, as their incomes increased, exchanged for one of the finest homes in Stockholm, a 100-year-old villa, once occupied by great poets and prominent philosophers. The house is situated in an old park, Djurgården, and hidden behind thick vegetation.

In the year 1937, Ingrid Bergman's idols among actresses were Greta Garbo, Elisabeth Bergner and Viennese Paula Wessely. Hardly could she have dreamed then, that she would be second to none of them.

Ingrid Bergman's career in Swedish

MODERN SCREEN TAKES THE AIR

Like quiz shows? We've got a brand new idea in radio quiz programs especially designed to test the skill of movie fans. It's called "Movie Matinee," and we think it's something different—and terrific. On each show, M. C. Johnny Olson asks questions based on the files of MODERN SCREEN—questions about Hollywood, about your favorite stars. In addition, a scene from a famous movie is re-enacted, and you're asked to identify the picture. Sound like fun? Here's how to tune in: If you live in New York and vicinity, you can hear the show Monday through Friday afternoons, from 3 to 3:30 on WOR. Or you can come down to the Palace Theater on Broadway (where the broadcast originates), see it, even participate as one of the contestants—and even win some of those grand prizes. If you live outside the New York area, you can hear the show over the Mutual Network every Saturday morning, 11 to 11:30 (EST). And one more thing—when you hear the program, drop us a line and let us know what you think of it! We're anxious to hear from you.

legitimate theater was brief. She entered the Royal Dramatic Theater School, that venerable institution (some of its pupils have been Greta Garbo, Signe Hasso, Viveca Lindfors, Mai Zetterling) and there her professors found her keen, talented and charming. But soon she gave them much worry. Every off hour the young lady sneaked away to Stockholm's film studios, and that was not considered correct behavior within these stern walls, two centuries old and saturated with rigorous traditions. At the end of Ingrid's first year, the conflict burst open; Ingrid was forbidden further movie making.

Ingrid made a quick decision, openly announcing her intention of launching a career in the movies, and the theater bade her a definite and indignant farewell. It was made distinctly clear that the reckless young pupil should never in her life think of entering Sweden's Royal Dramatic Theater again, except as a ticket buyer. Today, the same board of directors that eleven years ago growled so angrily would jump with joy at the slightest possibility of getting her to star.

stage triumphs . . .

In the winter of 1937, Ingrid returned to the stage for a short period. First, at the Comedy Theater, in a French play *The H Hour*, and then, a few weeks later, at the Oscar's Theater in *Jean* by Hungarian comedy writer Ladislaus Bus-Fekete. She had a triumph. Eric Wettergren, the director of Sweden's National Museum, wrote: "A great victory was won by Ingrid Bergman. She was the young Primavera in person, flowers coming out in her traces."

To that kind of out-of-date lyrical ecstasy an old theater lover was inspired by this young artist. In the present generation of actors there is nobody to match her, and in vain I am searching in my memory for a similar combination of nobleness, cool naturalness and fiery spirit.

Greta Garbo never appeared on the stage. Her radiation, never equalled, was purely "photogénique," emotional, enigmatic. Whilst Ingrid Bergman is real, reasonable and wise, Greta Garbo was irrational, romantic and tragic—a doomed woman, victim of love, a lonely creature. The Swedes loved her because she expressed their own dreams and made their own, vague longing seem justified—she represented escapism from an over-rationalized world. Ingrid Bergman means effectiveness, clear thought, action.

In the opinion of most Swedes, I'm sure that Greta Garbo is the greater of the two, and many of us are inclined to explain Bergman's unprecedented success as a coincidence, pointing out that Ingrid in a remarkable way meets the needs of our tormented, modern world. Many Swedes are certainly ready to admit that Bergman is a more accomplished actress—but they hasten to emphasize, too, that should the most competent Swedish talent in Hollywood of today be nominated, they believe Signe Hasso has that talent.

Every Bergman picture is a big hit in Sweden. We are now anxiously awaiting *Joan of Arc*.

We in Stockholm hope that she herself will bring that picture—or *Arch of Triumph*—here for a gala opening. Her native town would give her a tremendous reception. Her return would be a public event, with riots at her arrival, as many crowds as we expect at our King's 90th anniversary, June 16th, editorials in the papers, official honors, Stockholm gone wild!

But "far from the madding crowd" Ingrid could find refuge among her old friends from stage and screen. They would love to see her again, to exchange memories and experiences and wish her with all their hearts a happy continuation of a brilliant career.

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THE FATHER'S DOING NICELY, THANK YOU

(Continued from page 24)

expected, great tact must be used. Kids can be very sensitive. Like our Stephen, for instance. A few weeks before Susan was born, I came back from location shots in Canada for *The Iron Curtain* and took Stephen on his first visit to a zoo. Afterward, he announced that unless the new baby was a baby elephant or a baby giraffe he wasn't going to like him!

"Stephen, I'm afraid that's quite impossible," I said.

"A baby bear, then?" he asked, sadly.

That gave me an idea. As soon as I could, I took Stephen back to the zoo. In my mind was a plan to unsell him on the bear, and sell him on one of the smaller monkeys. And from that I was going to switch him to a baby chimpanzee. And in that way, following up the line of evolution, I figured I could finally sell him on the idea of accepting a human baby.

But the plan bogged down with the chimp. Stephen wouldn't go past that point in the chain. At that, when I first saw Susan, right after she was born, I began to think that Stephen, who preferred chimpanzees, was going to be the only one not disappointed!

a woman's prerogative . . .

It was Stephen's sister, Kathy, who taught me that a few months can make a lot of changes in the attitude of a woman. When Kathy learned that there was to be a new baby in the family, she was just five years old. Her only request was that the baby be a girl.

Do you suppose then that she was happy when Susan turned out to be Susan? No. By that time, Kathy had grown to be five and a half, and had decided that boys weren't so bad after all, and there might be some advantages to being the only girl.

About the only thing I really have against Kathy (and even this I have forgiven her) is that she spoiled a pet scheme of mine about two months before Susan was due. I don't exactly believe in prenatal influence or any of that stuff, but I got an idea that it would be nice if the baby was born with a liking for her father's favorite hobby—sailing, so before she was born, four of us set out for a little sail in our 55-footer, "Katharine." There was Mary, Kathy, myself and a guest—Ethel Barrymore. It was a sparkling day, but things didn't come off as I had planned at all. We just couldn't convince Miss Barrymore that Kathy knew her way around a boat.

"That child is going to fall into the ocean," she announced. Suddenly I began to worry myself. Even though I was certain Kathy was a careful sailor, I could feel the influence of that strong Barrymore presence cutting down my confidence. Suppose these fears communicated themselves to our unborn child? I swung the wheel around and headed for home.

While prospective fathers have a difficult time, I am not blind to the fact that mothers-to-be have rough going occasionally as well. Take Mary now, when we first knew that Susan was on the way. I remember her coming home peeved one afternoon.

"I am surprised," she said. "I am surprised and mortified at the fashion experts!"

This was serious. As little an expert as I am, I know that women who are going to be mothers should be kept happy.

"I went to a dozen shops," she continued, "and in not one of them was I able to find a maternity dress with the 'new look!'"

If the dress industry is listening, I hope that a word to the wise will be sufficient.

But Mary didn't let the incident depress her for long. That's Mary for you. When I first met her we were both acting in a play at the Pasadena Playhouse. I had the role of the boy who never got her. With any other girl I wouldn't have minded, but with Mary I just couldn't stand it. I kept trying to re-write the play every time I saw her. Finally, when the run was over, we fixed up a new act, complete with orange blossoms, minister, a ring and weeping relatives.

Ours was like any other wedding, but with one difference. No wedding picture was taken. You see, I was getting ready for a western film at the time and had been ordered by the studio to grow a beard. It had been sprouting for three weeks when I showed up for the wedding. Mary took one look and made an announcement.

"I'll go through with the marriage," she said. "But I'll be darned if I'll pose for a picture with all that moss on your face!"

Later on, when the picture I was growing the beard for started shooting, the director decided there were too many actors with beards. He looked us over and called to me.

"You with the fungus! Shave it off!"

There are a thousand little things an infant depends on his father to take care of for him. Things to watch out for. A good example is what happened when we had an extra room built onto the house for Susan's nursery. It was finished two days before Mary was due to bring her home from the hospital. When I inspected it I realized that there was a smell of fresh paint in the air. I called it to the attention of the painter.

"Don't you think we ought to do something about it before my wife brings the baby home?" I asked.

"Naw," he said.

But I did. I wasn't taking any chances. I hung a canary in a cage in the nursery. Then before I let Susan be brought inside when she reached home, I peeked in, half-expecting to see the canary limp and dead on the bottom of his cage. But he was on his perch, singing away, so I knew everything was okay.

crafty pop . . .

Yes, you have to use your head in order to be a successful father. Take this business of trying to get a few minutes alone with your newborn baby. You keep getting chased out with excuses about it being the baby's feeding time, or her sleeping time, or her bath time. Never time for Pop. But there is a way of beating this if you're smart. Just get out of bed about two in the morning and sneak into the nursery.

There is nothing my Susan likes better than to stuff her hand or foot into her mouth and then listen to her old man. But don't get caught at at.

Babies today, you see, are brought up according to a strict schedule. As soon as Susan got home we all fell under the authority of the baby expert, otherwise known (to Stephen at least), as Dr. Peety Trishan.

He carries a small, black, rubber hammer, and mostly he is tapping all over Susan with it when I see him.

Well, all this ought to give a fellow a fairly good idea of what he faces in fatherhood. Any of you reading it are welcome to whatever you find helpful. But I should add that if you are really a prospective father, your best friend is a strong, calm, confident wife. If your wife is like this, rely on her. She'll pull you through.

COME INTO MY PARLOR

(Continued from page 38)

caught dead *within* mine. It's very plain. It's got a fence around it—to keep out children (so they won't drown) and wind (so we won't freeze). There's a plain flagstone path, a plainer diving board, and a lot of water.

Now I come to the hard part—for me, anyhow. The inside. Decoration, I don't know about. We wanted the living-room to be practical, and Greta and I thought a big circular couch around the fireplace would be pretty nice. We talked this over with a decorator named Theor Ackershott, and we ended up with a vast scarlet three-sides-of-a-rectangle sort of sectional couch all backed with wooden cabinets out of which we have small jungles growing. Very effective. It's also tremendously comfortable. In the center of the couch sections, we've got a big coffee table, and a jungle's growing out of that too.

There are a couple of things we're partial to in that room. There's a head sitting on a stand in the corner—I think it's ivory, and Greta and I found it one night in Chinatown. There are some book-ends made out of a pair of Jonathon's shoes that he wore during the war when shoes were rationed. He grew so fast we couldn't keep him shod; we had to cut the toes out of this pair so he could get them on—

Let's see now. We've got a loggia. That's a nice room. Big, and it opens onto the lawn out back, and it's got a linoleum floor. A loggia's practical. It's almost as much outside as it is inside, but it's sheltered. A linoleum floor's practical too; we're partial to them because the boys can whang their toys down without wrecking stuff and consequently we don't have to whang the boys. Don't think we're dull, but the loggia's all coral and turquoise too, and tropical plants.

We've got a simple mahogany dining room, and in a little alcove off this room there's a carved oak cabinet we both like very much. It's about the only piece we brought with us when we moved. We've got a painting hanging over it. The painting's "Two Girls in a Café" by the young American artist, Robert Phillips. It's graceful, a little reminiscent of Renoir.

I have a den, too. With a desk made to my specifications. Lots of leg room under the drop leaf, and in the den I keep my camera equipment and a lot of other stuff Greta doesn't want kicking around the

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Recently, Billy De Wolfe made a personal appearance at the Paramount Theater in San Francisco. Suddenly, he interrupted his act and said, "Will the little blonde girl in the fourth row

move up here to the first row? Your brother has a seat for you now." It seems that the pair had come in twenty minutes or so before, but there was only one front seat, so the sister let her brother have it. Mr. De Wolfe had witnessed this little scene from the stage, and he personally escorted the girl to her front row seat.

Wanda Jean Thompson
San Bruno, California

"I dress for dancing...at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



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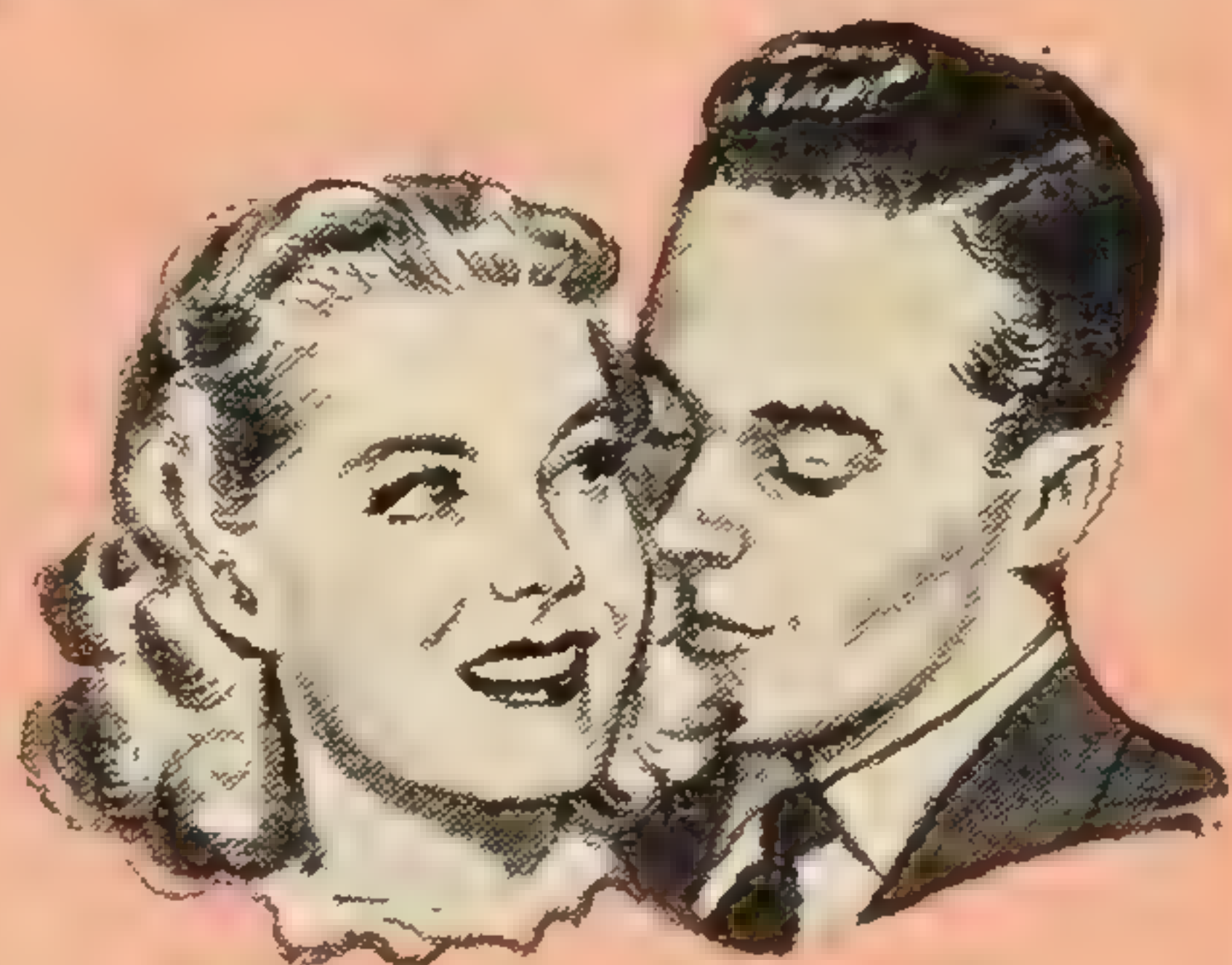
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Jane Powell,
young M-G-M star, is
one of the
lucky chicks with a
smooth skin,
but if you have any
youthful skin
troubles, read this
and cheer up!

By CAROL CARTER



the school girl complexion

■ The complexion that's "growing up" can be a great trial to you teen-agers who may be grieved and disgusted at the way your skin breaks out. Doctors pretty generally agree that skin eruptions and acne are caused by a combination of circumstances, all of which contribute to the overactivity and disturbances of oil glands so common during youth. Cleanliness is important in helping correct the condition; so is diet. Also, there may be a slight glandular upset about which you'll have to see the doctor. Outdoor exercise is fine. Eight or nine hours of sound sleep in a well-aired room helps. If possible, adopt a philosophical attitude toward your "affliction." That means, don't worry unduly about it—your skin really can be improved—but do concern yourself enough to take the necessary steps toward improving your complexion.

Be tireless in scrub-duty. Bathe as often as possible. Shampoo your hair twice a week, both to keep it looking lovely and also to improve your complexion. Remember that it's skin openings plugged up with excess oil that cause your troubles so wash your face thoroughly several times a day and go very easy on make up (except for lipstick) until your skin is healed. And don't pick! It's dangerous and just makes things worse.

Frown on sweets and fried foods, or foods high in fats. Chocolate is an especially guilty trouble-maker. Gnaw celery, carrots, raw, green vegetables, apples and fresh fruit. Drink plenty of milk and water. Eat whole grain cereals, lean meat (except pork), lots of cooked vegetables.

* * *

• We have a dandy skin examination chart supplied to us by a facial expert which we want you to have. Just enclose a large stamped, self-addressed envelope and write to: Carol Carter, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. After filling in the chart from us, return it to the expert for FREE analysis.

(Continued from page 85) rest of the house. It's a comfortable house, and I like that. I'm a big one for sitting up all night reading, talking—anything but turning in the way I should. One reason why I hate to get up before noon. "Sloth," my wife says. "Give you a T-shirt and a magazine, and you'd never go to work."

She wrongs me, but she rights me too. Even better than magazines, I like kids. I throw my one-year-old son Stephen into over-stuffed chairs and catch him as he bounces out. That's my half-witted idea of a good time. I also like to prove to my four-year-old son Jonathan that I can fly a kite better than he can. A lot of people claim this isn't much of a fight, but I don't care.

Those kids. They're terrific. We're re-decorating a room for them in our wing of the house; right now they sleep in a little room in the servants' wing so Jesse can see to their needs at night. We'll move them as soon as Stephen's old enough to sleep out of a crib.

The other day, I was sitting in the loggia with Greta. Our Siamese cat named Monkey was sitting there too, and so was our white police dog named Perry, who's big enough to terrify a polar bear, and so was Troxy, a mutt Dorothy McGuire casually brought over and dropped one time. It was pretty smart of Dorothy at that. Troxy had nine children three days later.

Anyhow, Greta and I and Monkey and Perry and Troxy and her family were sitting around, as I said, when Jonathan came wandering in with two beagles.

"Where'd they come from?" I said.

Jonathan smiled angelically. Now I'm feeding those two hounds.

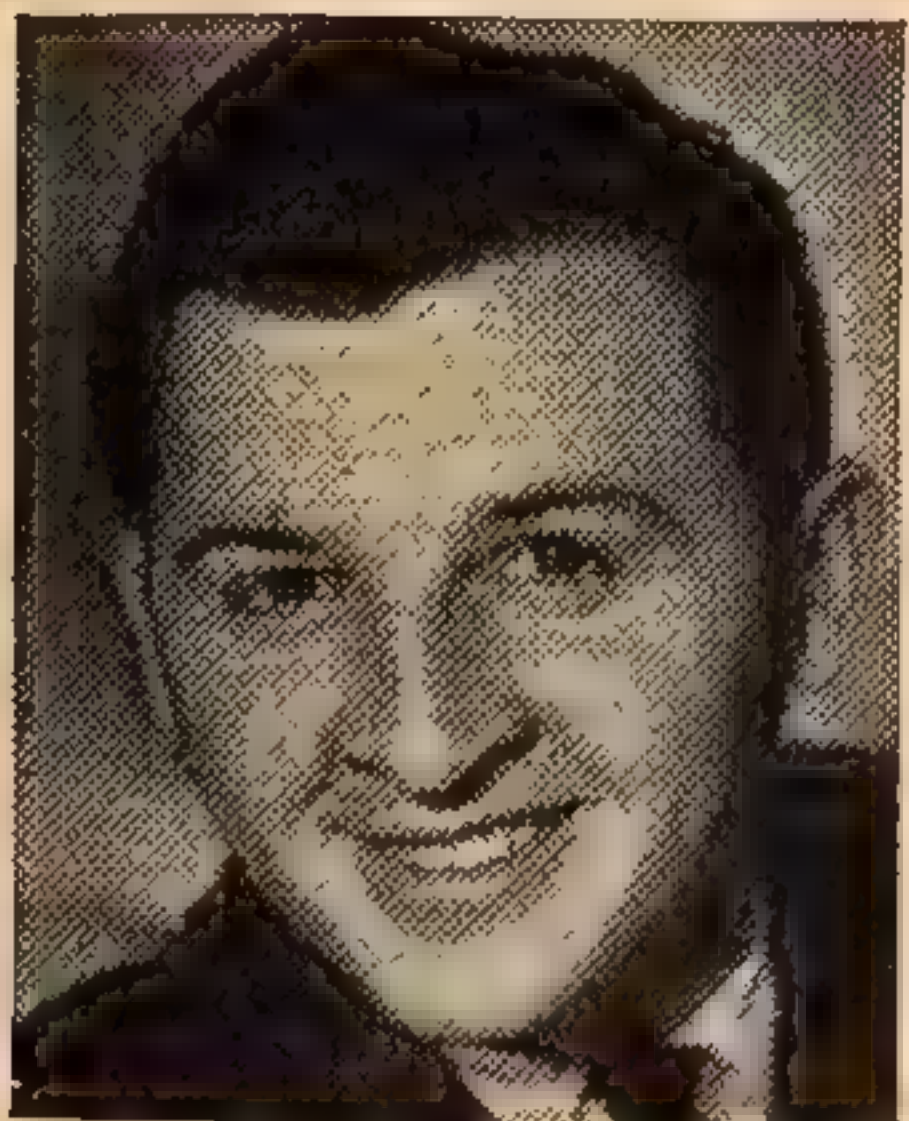
I'm trying to think what I've left out about our house and our household. The bar comes to my mind. That's a large place with a very chi-chi bar decorated by the former tenants. When we get through with it, it'll be plain wood, and much better-looking.

The master bedroom overlooks the swimming pool, and it's a compromise between masculine and feminine taste. That's what I say now. Originally it was pink and blue and ghastly. "You think I'm going to sleep in there?" I asked my poor cringing wife. She's only about five feet tall, so she gave in first. The room's now sort of tan and cream.

Very pleasant. But the most pleasant thing of all is the roof. On clear days, I go up and sit on that roof and stare at that ocean, and think long unimportant thoughts and Greta comes out on the lawn and catches sight of me and hollers, "You all right?"

And I'm all right. I'm fine.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Eddie Bracken made a personal appearance at the Earle Theater in Philadelphia, he held a mass interview backstage for high school editors. I was among those present, as the questions were

flying a-mile-a-minute at Mr. Bracken. Obviously thinking of all the glamor gals that Eddie has wooed on the screen, one fellow asked, "To whom do you like to make love the most?" This question didn't put Eddie on the spot because he quickly answered, "My wife, son, my wife!"

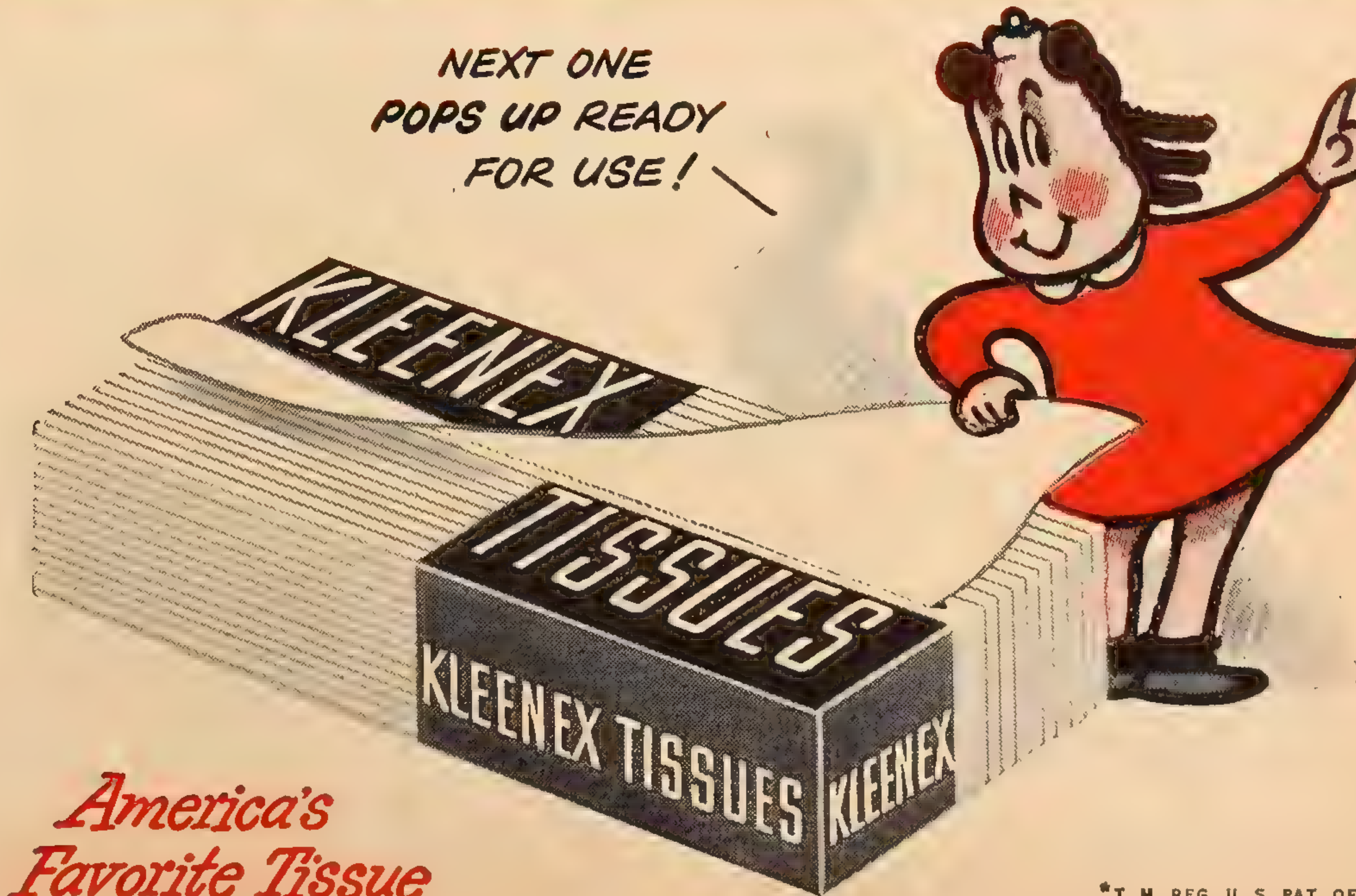
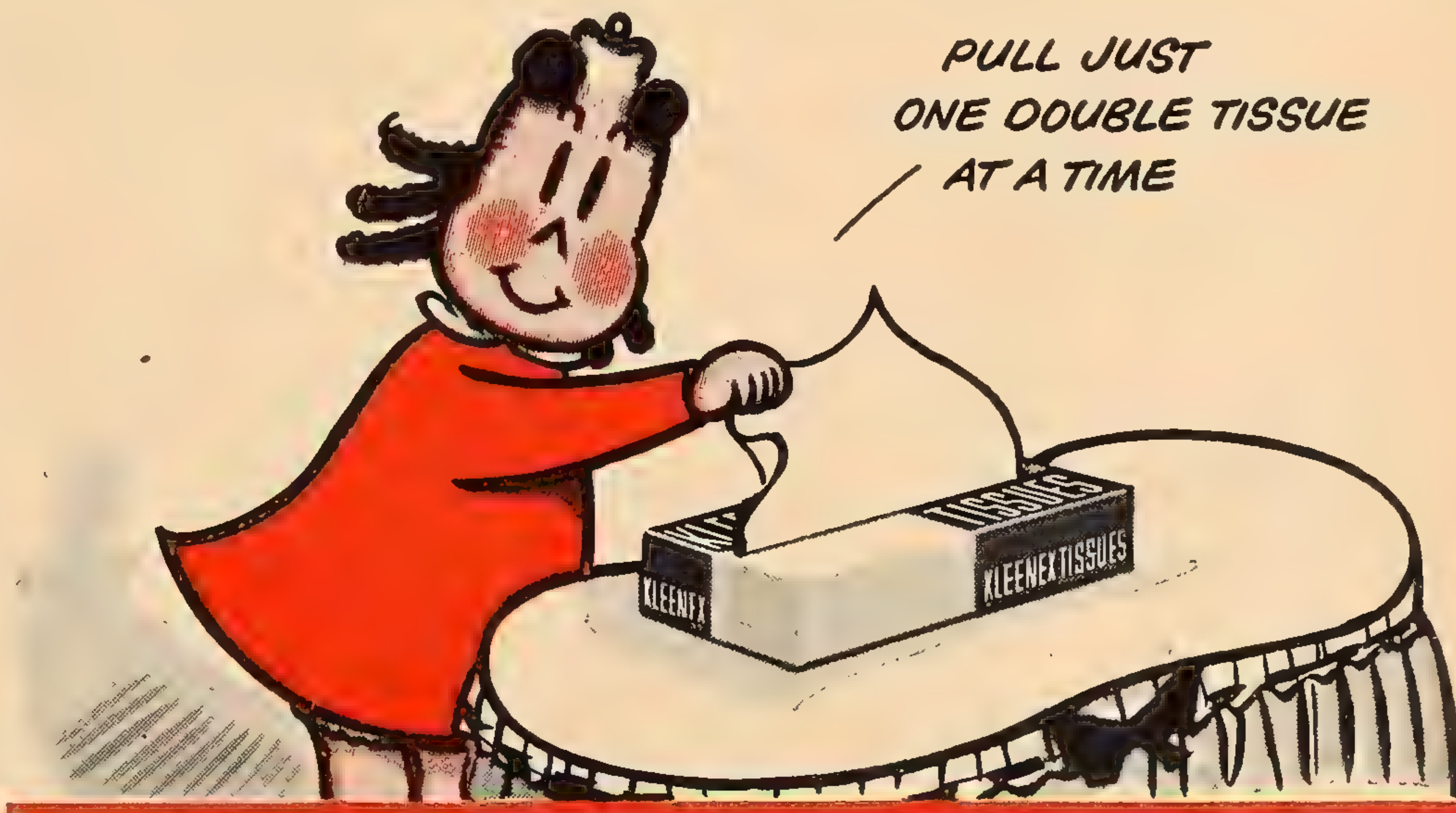
Fred Gable
Philadelphia, Pa.

LITTLE LULU

by Marge



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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

THE WINNERS! We always wind up an MSFCA contest with mixed emotions. We're happy because we have winners to announce. We're sad because everybody can't win. (They tell us you just don't run a contest that way.) And we're a little dizzy from having to select the "best" from so many wonderful entries. Our Writing Contest is no exception. We never realized there are so many wonderful potential writers in MSFCA clubs! But we know you're anxious for the results:

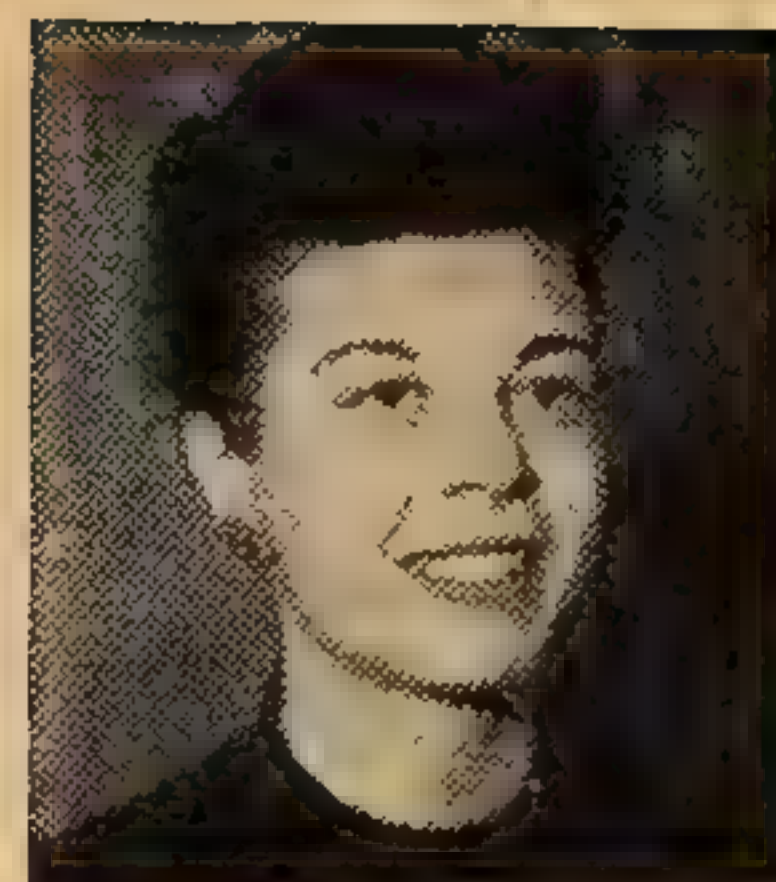
First prize (\$10): Lee Garber, prexy of the Official Mel Tormé Club. Second prize (\$7.50): Gladys Hagblom, vice-prexy of the Teddy Walters Club (for her article on Frank Sinatra). Third prize (tied; \$5 each): Donna Meyer, June Allyson Club, and Kay McGowan, v.p., Jean Pierre Aumont Club.

4th-8th prizes (\$3 each) Virginia Keegan, v.p., Club Crosby; Dorothy Dillard, Original Jeanette MacDonald Club (Glenna Riley, prexy); Marilyn Sclater, prexy, Roddy McDowall Club (for her piece on Patrice Munsel); Pat Maben, prexy, Dan Duryea Club; Ellen Coughlin, Frankie's United Swooners.

Lee's article on Mel is really a magnificent job—and you'll all have a chance to see for yourselves when we print it in a future FANS column. Congratulations to the lucky ones and thanks to all participants!

all fans on deck . . .

NEWS: The first annual Nelson Eddy Music Club (Rita and Jo Mottola, co-prexies) Convention is being held April 11-12 in Boston, Mass. . . . The Gene Autry Club is celebrating its 10th anniversary . . . Sleepy Hollow Clubbers signed up 35 new members at their 9th Anniversary party at ABC's Hayloft Hometown broadcast. . . . Now that Jack Smith has adopted a six-year-old Dutch girl (under the Foster Parents Plan), his clubbers are getting together to adopt two more orphan children. Selma Carlson's and Delores Feeney's clubs are working hard on this project, and Ronald Farrington's club is offering free yearly memberships to the first 20 Smithereens who contribute \$5 or more to this cause . . . How'd you like to join a really International Club—with headquarters in Alexandria, Egypt? Its prexy is Henry Ascar, 18, Zahra Street, and it's called simply, the Movie Fan Club. Honoraries include Betty Grable, Ronald Reagan, Gregory Peck (American); Stewart Granger, Jean Kent (British) and Renee Saint Cyr (French)! Their first project is selecting the film "bests" of 1947 . . . Pat Semenetz is the happiest wedding guest we've ever heard of. She was present when her honorary Janis Paige was married to Richard Martinelli . . . Beulah Hedrick, new prexy of the Edward Ashley Club, is offering a best-selling book to everyone who brings in two new members . . . the International Reno Browne Fan Club (Reno's dad is personally underwriting this club) now has 990 members—all over the world. Marcy MacRae is prexy . . . Vic Damone gave a party in the Paramount Building, N. Y., for the local flock . . . Warren



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director

GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

Douglas has promised his clubbers he'll wear the tie they gave him for Christmas in his next movie . . . Louise Erickson Clubbers (Elsie Ellovich, prexy) have adopted a French war orphan, Georgette Francois, 5 . . . Admission to meetings of the Tony Trankina Fan Club (Anne Bogard, prexy) is two cans of food—donated to various charities . . . Martha Dietz' Johnny Long Club is holding a bake-sale to raise money for the treasury . . . Mary Susan Leonard, prexy of the only Shirley Temple Club, would like to welcome all presidents of unofficial Temple clubs to her organization. She'll also buy back issues of journals. Her address is Box 428, Kingsport, Tenn. . . . Each member of Hermina Levitt's Stuart Foster Club will receive a current Foster recording at the end of the year. Club has merged with Bobbie Meltzer's.

* * *

7TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST (3rd Lap)

New Prizes! There's still lots of time to enter the current MODERN SCREEN TROPHY CUP CONTEST. So get in there and start writing articles for your journals. Artists!! We have prizes for covers, and art work. TANGEE TRIP Kits, just wonderful for traveling. PONDS' wonderful DREAMFLOWER bath sets! Also, LA CROSSE "LOOK TWICE" pink ribbon lipstick and polish combos. And all you journal editors, sharpen your scissors! We have those marvelous EBERHARD FABER HARMATONE DELUXE pen and pencil sets to award each month. We've got subscriptions to SCREEN ALBUM and FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE! And don't forget, there are three Trophy Cups for the winning clubs.

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners: (100 points each) Marguerite Ford, "Italian Films," Ed's (Ashley) Edition, Lillian Menichini, "New York City," Mason Mirror, Janice Binder, "Editorial," Carson's Collection, Judy Gordon, "Adventure Trails," Ladd (Bellino), Doris Pyle, "Miracle of the Bells," Fan's Fancies (Sinatra, Pacilio), Jeanne Holder, "What the Doctor Ordered," Tolerantly Yours (Sinatra, Minniti). **Candid Camera Winners:** First Prize, (100 points) Martha Kay (Duryea; Maben). Others: (50 points) Ellyn Sachs, Frankie Laine Fan Club, Ginny Wilson, Rise Stevens Club, Alice Meyers, Glenn Vernon C. (Olsen), Georgia Eustice, Rand Brooks Club, Nelda Clough, Charles Korvin Club. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1: Sinatra (Watson). League 2: Ladd (Bellino). League 3: (tied) MacDonald Carey, Basil Rathbone, Jan Clayton, Mel Torme. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1: Margaret and Joy Nicholin (Nelson Eddy). League 2: Loretta Verbin (Jack Carson). League 3: Joanne Julian (Burt Lancaster). **Best Original Art Work:** (150 points) Veronica Czarnikowski, Jolson Journal. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1: Nelson Eddy Club (Mottola) presented 35 to American Red Cross. League 2: Musical Notes Club gave \$15 to Cancer Drive and 15 to support War Orphan. League 3: Stuart Foster (Levitt) adopted French Orphan. **Greatest Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1: Reno Browne. League 2: Damone (DiGirolamo), Sleepy Hollow. League 3: Virginia Field. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1: Bing Crosby Club. League 2: Jack Carson Club. League 3: Jan Clayton Club. **Best Correspondents:** (50 points) League 1: Ruth Ness, Bing Crosby Club. League 2: Gerry Kee, Alan Ladd Club. League 3: Dorene Granada, Helen Gerald Club. **Leading Clubs in Lap 3:** League 1: Nelson Eddy (Nicholin), 950 points. Dennis Morgan, 950 points. Frank Sinatra (Watson) 700 points. League 2: Jack Carson, 700 points. Alan Ladd (Bellino), 700 points. Alan Ladd (Pearl), 700 points. League 3: Sinatra (Ling), 950 points. Clayton, 850. Conte, 850.

* * *

ATTENTION: To obtain your copy of the new MSFCA Fan Club Chart—listing over 350 official fan clubs, send 10c in coin and a stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope (4" x 9") to Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 23)

He is meeting the right people now—the important people. Like Susan Duane (Martha Vickers), whose family is prominent in banking circles. It doesn't take Horace long to become engaged to Susan. And since he is a bright young man who knows when to talk and when not to, he soon becomes prominent in banking circles himself. Oh it isn't done in a day or a month or a year. But before too long, Horace has a Wall Street office of his own. He never does get around to marrying Susan. But he still sees Vic, his one friend. In fact, Vic works for Horace's firm in some South American deals. He still thinks Horace is a great guy.

But gradually Vic, along with Buck Mansfield (Sydney Greenstreet), his wife (Lucille Bremer) and a few others find that Horace isn't great—only dangerous. Once again Horace has his eye on a girl Vic loves. It's an explosive situation—and it explodes quite thoroughly.—*Eagle-Lion*

ALL MY SONS

The New York Drama Critics' prize-winning play comes to the screen in a beautifully-cast, beautifully-produced movie that will hold your interest as few movies have held it. Burt Lancaster is such heaven to look at that you won't care whether he can act or not, but he can. Like mad. And Eddie Robinson isn't pretty, but he sure knows his stuff. Mady Christians is magnificent in the subtle, taxing mother role. Howard Duff is flawless. And Louisa Horton—a gal with the most disturbingly lovely speaking voice since Jean Arthur—is so real you keep feeling that you've known her always.

This is basically a love story—Chris Keller's (that's Burt) and Ann Deever's (that's Louisa) love story—but it is no simple boy meets girl affair. You see, the Deevers lived next door to the Kellers for years and years, and Ann was engaged to Chris' brother Larry, who has been missing for three years. Larry's mother (Mady Christians) refuses to believe that he is dead, and she is violently opposed to Chris' romance with Ann. There is conflict from yet another quarter. During the war, Joe Keller—Chris' father—(Eddie Robinson) and Herbert Deever—Ann's father—(Frank Conroy) were partners in a prosperous factory involved in war work. Twenty-one plane crashes were traced to defective cylinders shipped out of their plant, and at the ensuing trial Joe was acquitted and Deever was convicted and is still in jail. George Deever (Howard Duff), Ann's brother, opposes the romance because he feels that Keller is at least as guilty as their own father, and that the Keller money is blood-stained. In addition, there is the conflict between Chris and his father (and this one really tears you), arising out of Chris' reluctant suspicion that his father is living a lie.

In this movie you will find no extravagantly furnished sets, no fabulous costumes, no

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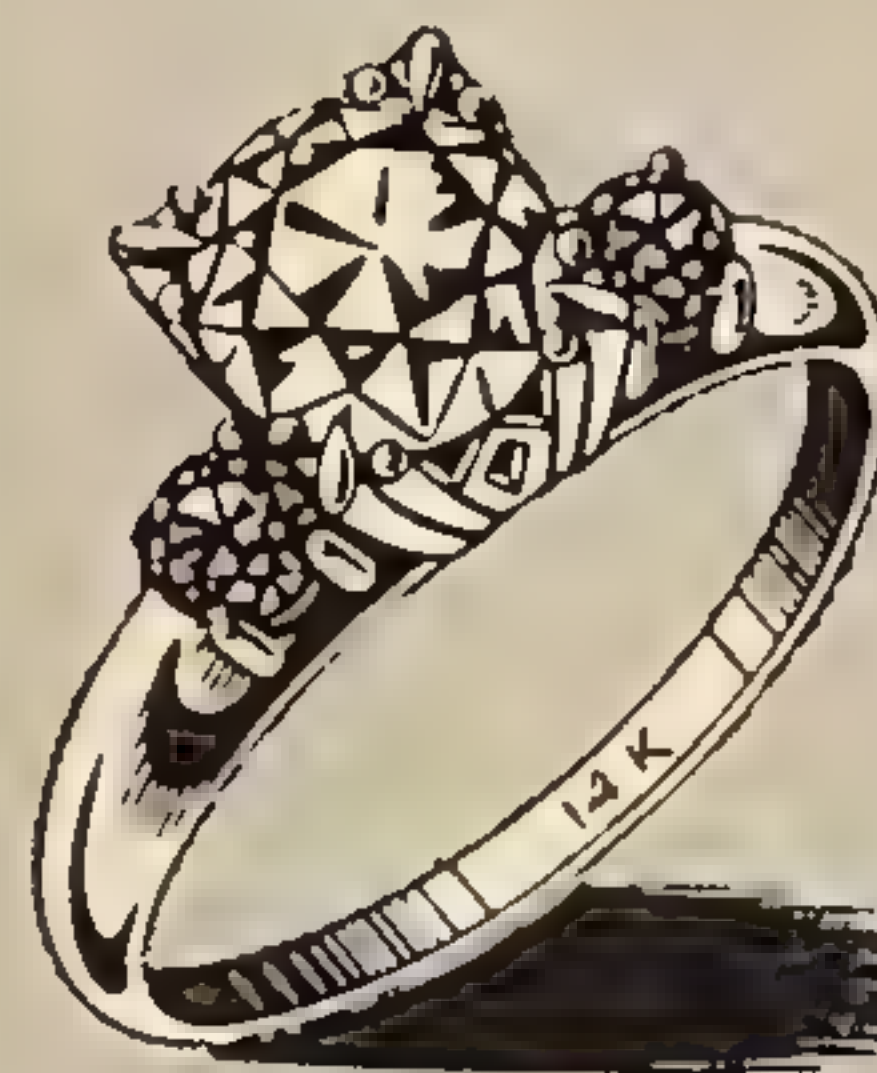
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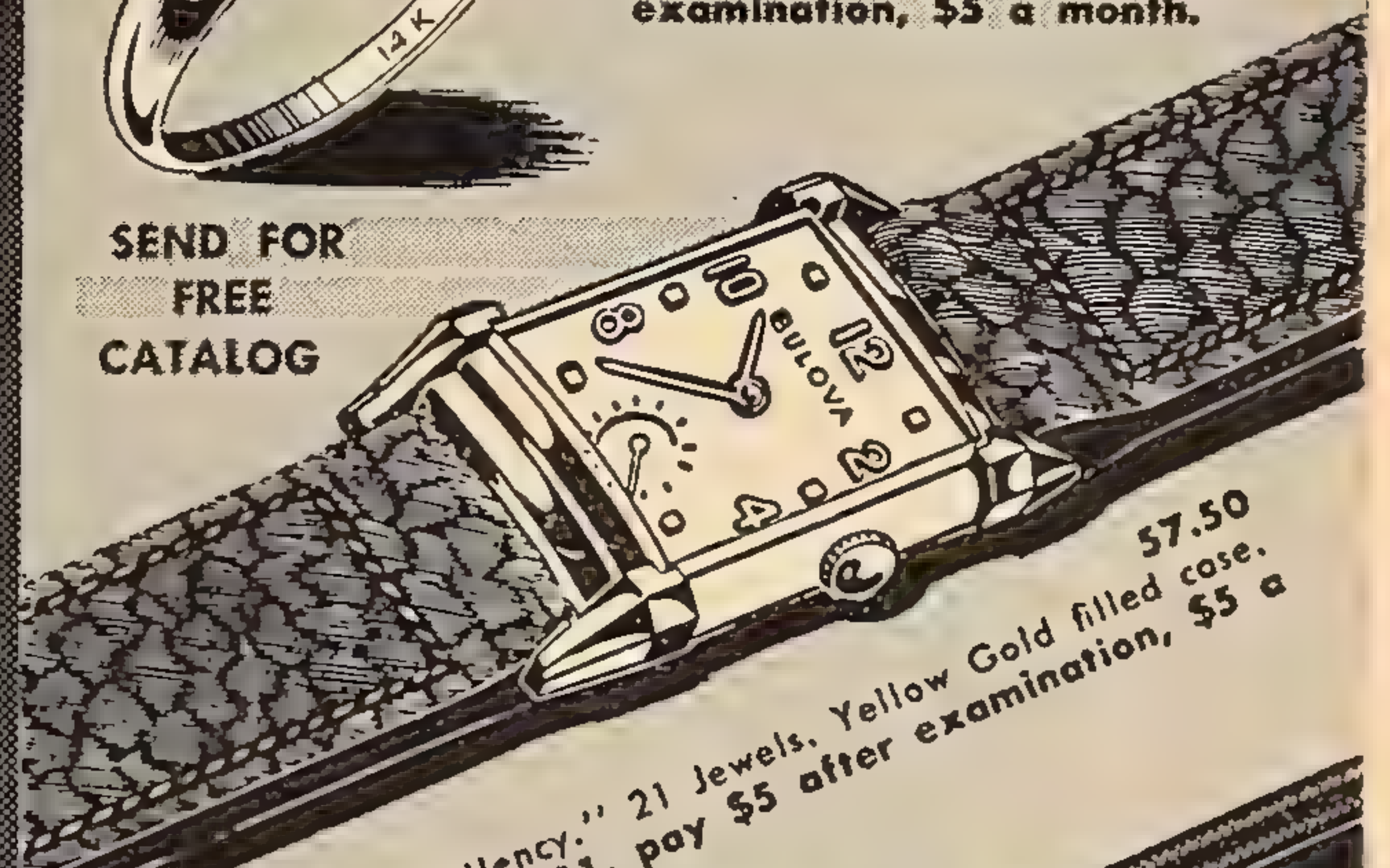
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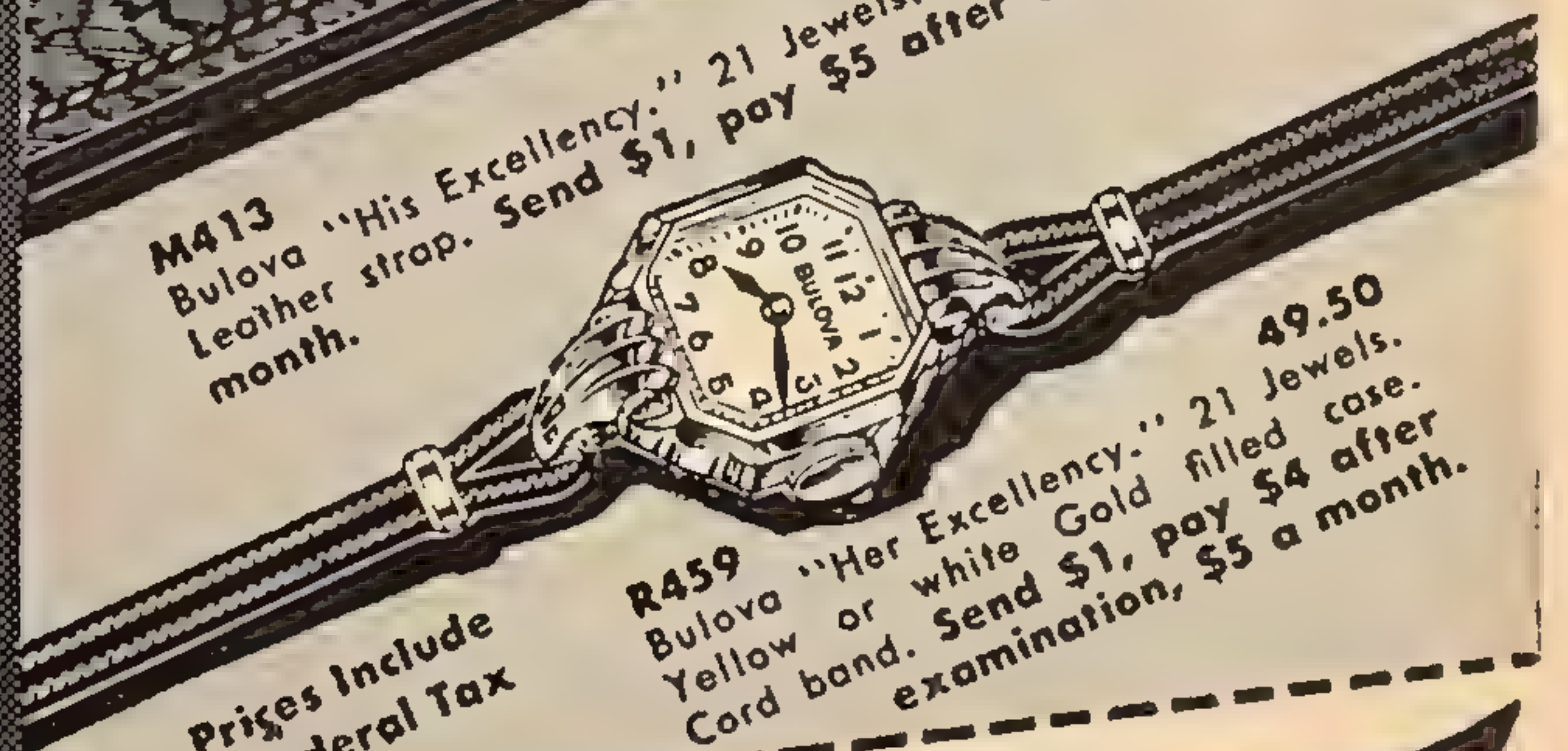
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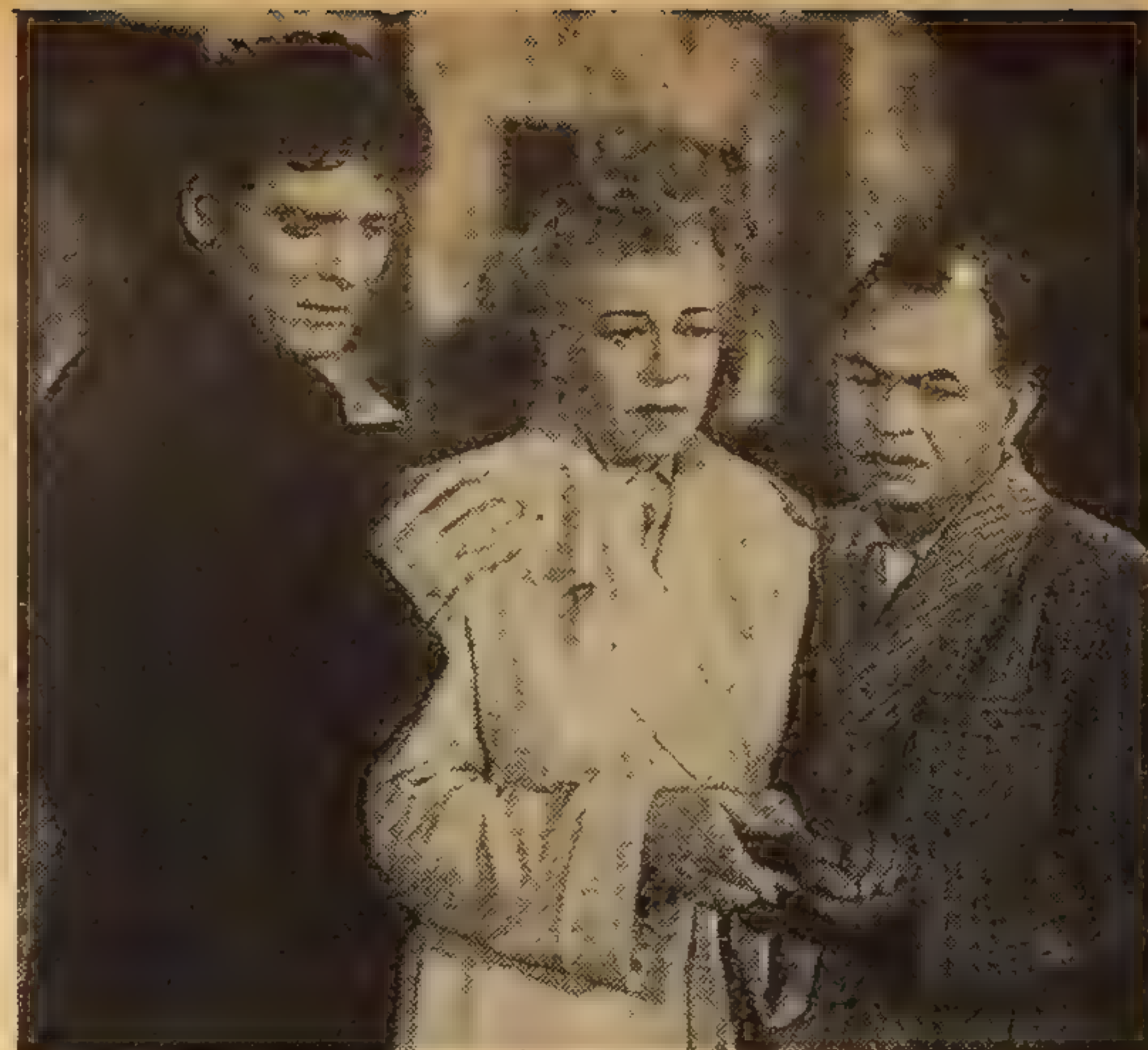
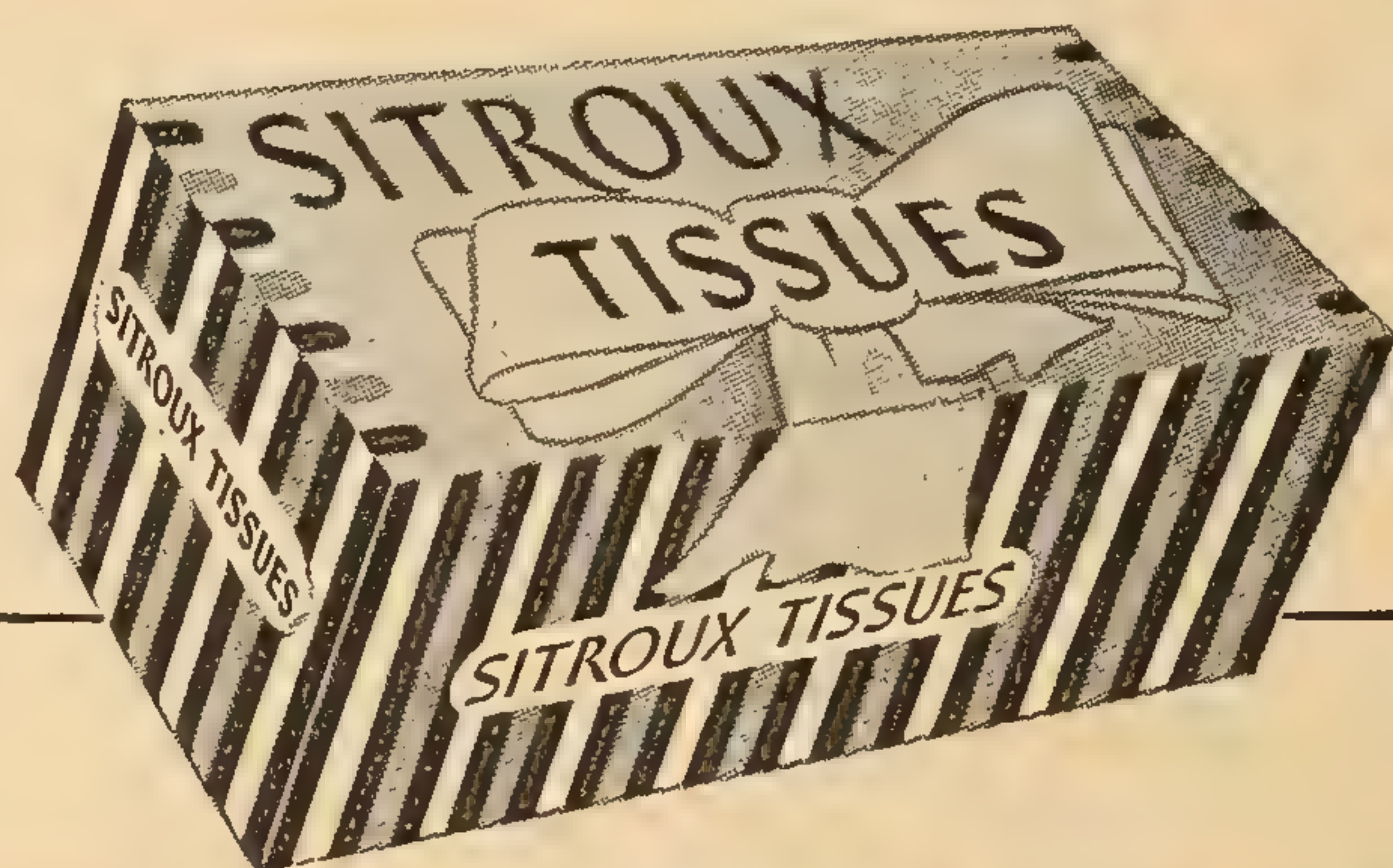


Poor witness, Clara ... Tears smeared her mascara ...

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SOFT AND GENTLE ...
STRONG AND ABSORBENT

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All My Sons: Burt Lancaster, Mady Christians and Edward G. Robinson in a stirring drama involving war-profiteering and family betrayal.

Technicolor. But you will find superb acting. You will find unforgettable scenes, like the violent one in which Chris, in an agony of disillusionment, almost strangles his father, the creepy one in which Mrs. Keller finds Ann playing the piano which no one has played since Larry was reported missing, the gentle love scene on a high hill overlooking the city lights that is done with such wonderful restraint. Don't go into the theater in the middle of this one. It's a film to see straight through, and then maybe over again. —Univ.-Int.

UNDER CALIFORNIA SKIES

TRIGGER KIDNAPPED

Smartest Horse In Pictures Held For Ransom!

Honest, that's what happens in the new Roy Rogers picture, and it's only surprising that someone hasn't thought of it before. It all begins when Roy decides to go home to his ranch for a vacation from Hollywood. Cookie (Andy Devine), his foreman, and Bob Nolan and the Sons Of The Pioneers are there to meet him. They even kid him a little about the movies he makes ... how come he never runs out of bullets, and things like that.

Roy soon finds that there's trouble brewing near his ranch. A very tough gang is rounding up wild horses there, and selling them to slaughter houses. They aren't always too particular about the horses being wild, either. Also, their methods are completely brutal, so much so that Roy gets in a knockdown, drag-out fight with one of the men about it.

The gang's boss, Pop (George H. Lloyd), now has an idea for something that would pay off better than slaughtering horses. He and his assistant, Lije (Wade Crosby), decide to kidnap Trigger. They send Ed, who had the fight with Roy, to do the actual job, during Roy's anniversary celebration, and Ed gets Trigger successfully away. They hide him in a deserted barn in the mountains.

Lije's ten year old step-son, Ted (Michael Chapin), is living at Roy's ranch, because of Lije's neglect and cruelty. He worships Roy and Trigger, and he suspects that maybe his stepfather had something to do with the kidnapping. It's a tough spot for a boy to be in. He's terrified of the "gang" but more than anything in the world he wants Roy to get Trigger back.

When Ed is murdered for trying to "sell

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Under California Skies: Roy Rogers tries to recover the stolen Trigger with aid of Jane Frazee, Andy Devine, young Michael Chapin.

out" to Roy, young Ted comes to a decision. He'll get Trigger back by himself. Of course as it turns out, he does need a little help from Roy!—Rep.

SITTING PRETTY

Here's a light-hearted movie with absolutely nothing between the lines but laughter, and it's good fun to the last clinch. Harry and Tacey King (Robert Young and Maureen O'Hara) parents of three dynamos of sons and owners of a colossal Great Dane are, for obvious reasons, hard put to get domestic help of any kind. The last straw takes place the night Harry and Tacey are invited to the boss's (Ed Begley) house for dinner. After calling every sitter in the community of Hummingbird Hill, they finally resort to Ginger (Betty Ann Lynn), a scatter-brained, flirtatious dish with a crush on Harry. They get through dinner at the boss's, but during the evening their prying neighbor, Mr. Appleton (Richard Haydn), drops over with the information that riotous doings are afoot at the Kings'. Harry and Tacey dash home, find Ginger and throngs of her cronies jitterbugging while the three young Kings, including the baby, peer at them over the banisters.

That does it. In desperation, Tacey puts an ad for a resident baby sitter in the Saturday Review, of Literature, is stunned and delighted to receive a reply from an intelligent-sounding person called Lynn Belvedere. Tacey hires her by telegraph, then knocks herself out making the maid's room into a perfect bower—frilly dressing table skirt, freshly-cut flowers, the works. Lynn turns out to be a man (Clifton Webb), and what a man. Within twenty-four hours he's taught the kids Yogi, and what's even more amazing, he's taught them manners. Furthermore, he has subdued the mush-throwing baby!

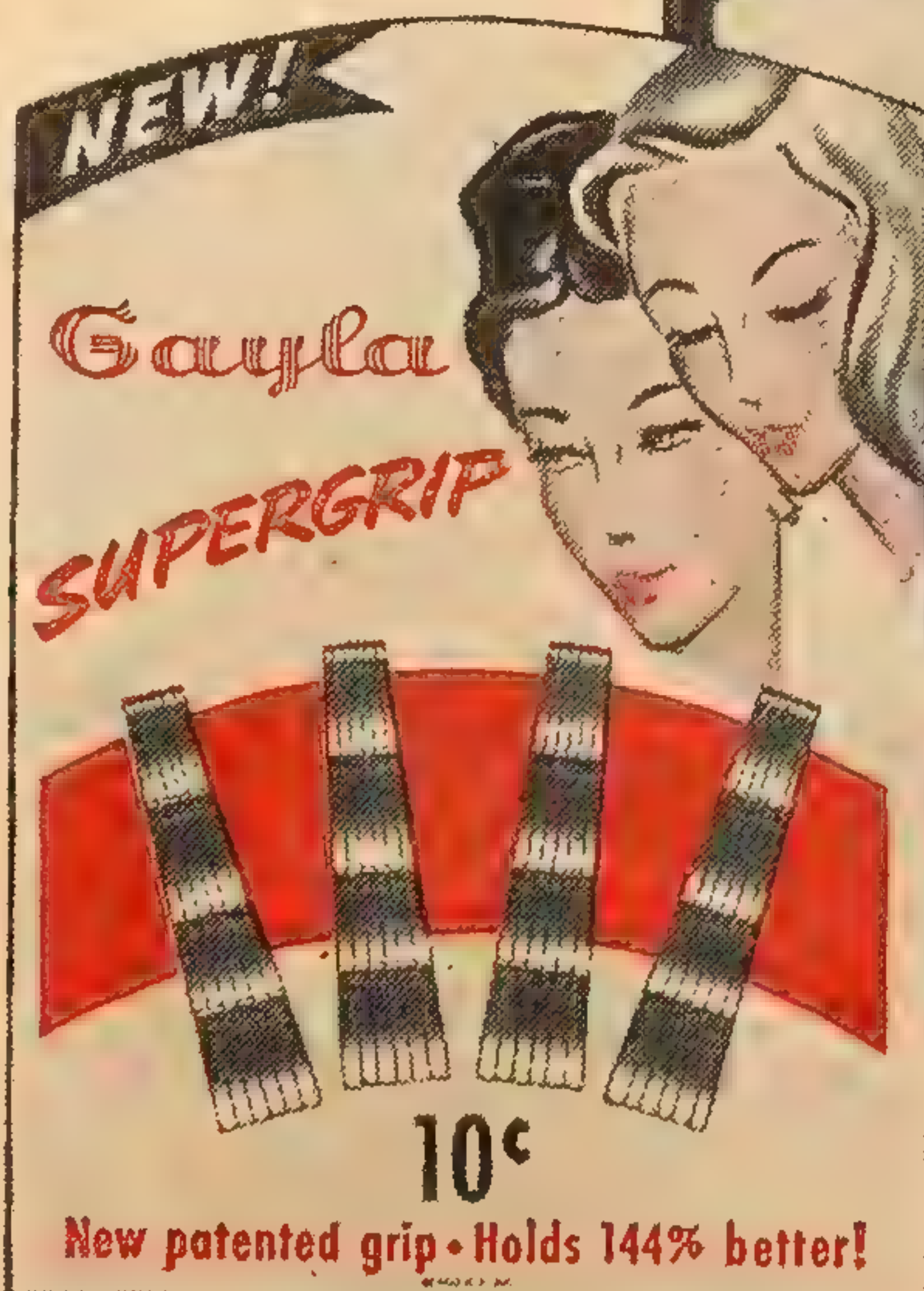
Eventually, there are complications, of course. Harry goes out of town on a business trip and the Winchell-minded Mr. Appleton starts a scandal about Tacey and Belvedere that practically costs Harry his job in the town's leading law firm. Trouble brews and brews, and Tacey goes home to mother, and Harry and the kiddies pine. But you never for a minute doubt that the ending will be happy, which it is, and that last scene is one of the cutest in the whole business. Go see, and take the kiddies.—20th-Fox.

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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 12)

Payne." He also says that Gloria had a tremendous appetite while she was pregnant, ate mashed potatoes and ice cream voraciously, and laughed when people chastened her. She's betting she'll be down to a hundred pounds in a month, though. By the way, the Paynes have a new nurse. Gloria went to the door one afternoon when the bell rang, and five minutes later, she came back and announced to John that she'd just hired someone. It was plain old feminine intuition because Gloria didn't know anything about the woman, but John says Wilma is the finest nurse in the world.

* * *

Another charming party given for Noel Coward (he was certainly THE honored guest of the month) was for cocktails at the hilltop home of the Jules Steins. Jules, one of the wealthiest and best known agents in America, and his beautiful wife, Doris, brought out so many people who do not usually accept party invitations.

Bette Davis, for one. I bet that girl doesn't attend one big party a year. But she arrived early and stayed late—so she must have had a good time.

Her hair was worn so severely—pulled straight back from her face, no curl, with a severe bun in the back. Her dress was simple, too—a maroon-colored shirtmaker style.

Barbara Bel Geddes, that up and coming young star who is so wonderful in *I Remember Mama*, has the reputation for not caring much about clothes. But she was certainly chicly done up in a black chiffon cocktail dress with a wonderful full skirt.

Deborah Kerr, in a tiny black and white check taffeta, trimmed with velvet bows, is just about the happiest girl in Hollywood. She says she doesn't know what she talked about before her baby was born.

Of course, the English crowd was out full force—the Ronald Colmans, Reginald Gardiners and Clifton Webb.

* * *

Well, another month—another time to say goodbye. But first, I thought you might be interested in knowing who seems to be attracting the most attention in Hollywood and who YOU are most interested in. How do I know? From your letters, of course.

The actor you mention the most in my mail is—Larry Parks!

Coming along very fast in the race is Glenn Ford. Surprised?

Wanda Hendrix is a girl you want to know more and more about—so I will give you a "Close-Up" of her next month.

Pete Lawford, who had been running in second spot via the postman, gave way, this month, to Glenn Ford.

Dana Andrews and Frank Sinatra are still hot and heavy in the race along with Alan Ladd.

So, keep on writing—your letters are enlightening as well as interesting.

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STORY OF A KISS

(Continued from page 61)

"I don't know why you always shove these tough, dull jobs my way," Burt grumbled. "All the time having to take time off from my reading and playing checkers with the fellas, just to spend my time with some good-looking dame—what is it you want? A touch? I've only got twenty till payday, but you're welcome to half of it."

"You get this one for free, pal," the sergeant said. "Although of course if you'd happen to be free Friday night, when I have both a date and Charge of Quarters—"

"Okay. I pull your C.Q. Friday. Where do I meet this Anderson?"

"At the airport. 1300. Take a jeep."

But he had not expected her to be gay and intelligent as well as beautiful. She was a New Yorker, as he had been originally, and, it transpired, she'd worked for CBS and NBC before the war. Then she had simply got sick of the whole civilian deal and joined up. "And here," she finished, "I am."

"In the flesh," Burt added, admiringly. "You'll knock 'em in the aisles." He had already done his own tumbling act.

no time for romance . . .

They didn't have much time. Monte Catini is only four kilometres north of Florence, and they jeeped there so she could see the city. After the show (at which she knocked 'em in the aisles, all right) he took her for a long walk around Monte, until they found and climbed the hill above the town.

They sat side by side for a time under a scarlet oleander tree, and talked, of course, of themselves. Burt told her a little of his life, being as honest as he could. He told her of his childhood in one of the toughest sections of New York, painting a picture of poverty without being sentimental about it. He told her of his years as an acrobat with a small circus and carnival, and he mentioned his marriage, which hadn't worked out, and he spoke of his restless ambition, his fiercely partisan feeling for the underdog, the oppressed and forgotten.

It seemed that, at least in terms of personality and character and point of view, they were of a kind, these two. There was also between them (and both had known it from the beginning) a vital spark of awareness, an intangible excitement—

So that when he kissed her it was not just a casual, first-time, exploratory kiss; it was more a confirmation of a past they should have spent together, and a promise for the future.

They were in love from that moment.

Now, sitting bored and dejected on his narrow army bed, Burt recalled the other times they had spent together: the times he had stretched his weekend passes to the limit and beyond in order to get to Naples for a few hours with Norma. He remembered the evenings they had shared, and grew suddenly frantic with longing.

A private came trotting in. "Hey, Lancaster, there's somebody to see you in the orderly room."

"Okay." He turned and walked listlessly down the company street. In his pocket was Norma's wire, saying that she had been ordered back to the States, was leaving today by plane; that she loved him; that she would write.

He went inside. Norma sat swinging her legs over the edge of the table, chatting with the C.Q.

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She managed to keep Burt from saying anything until they were outside. Then she said, "I've only got a few hours. The plane I was supposed to catch was delayed, and there won't be another one until tomorrow night. So I took the chance. I had to see you."

"You darling."

"This is one last night—let's pretend it's just like any other. And have fun. Let's do Florence, hit the high spots, forget I'm going home. We'll make it something to remember until you come home, too."

And they did. It was a memorable night, compounded of laughter made poignant by the underlying knowledge that they would not see each other again for months. Burt got back to the post, found an unoccupied pile of mattresses in the supply room, and went to sleep.

He heard from her again two days later, astonishingly enough, by telephone.

"How was the trip?" Burt asked, when she'd identified herself. "And how did you get a call through from New York in wartime?"

lover's return . . .

"I'm not in New York," she said dismally. "I'm still in Naples. There was a slight hitch."

"Wonderful! Then I'll see you this weekend."

"Afraid not," she said. "The hitch was that the plane you put me on reached the airport here just as the plane I was supposed to catch took off from the other runway. So everybody was sore, and I'm stuck here for another three weeks. Furthermore, I'm in the jug."

"Why, the stinkers!" Burt said. "Just because you slip away for an hour or two to say goodbye to your future husband! But wait a minute—how can you be phoning me from the jug?"

"Well, actually I'm just restricted to quarters. But I can't leave or see anyone and I'm definitely in disgrace."

"I'll come there, then. We can work it out some way."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. Then we'll both be in a spot."

"I don't care. If you don't."

There was a pause. "Well—"

The company commander was definitely not in a good mood that Friday afternoon. "Listen, Lancaster," he said, fingering the bag under his right eye, "this is still an army and you're part of it. Look at last weekend. What the hell d'you think it'll do to the morale of the other men if I let you take off again tomorrow? No."

"Is that your last word?" asked Burt. "That's it."

"Fair enough," said Burt. He left at midnight, in one of the company jeeps. He was stopped just outside Florence and escorted back to Monte Catini.

The CO this time was in an icy rage. He said, "You've done this sort of thing before and I've written it off because this is a special service outfit and not GI and you're a good man. Now I'm bored with this. You'll stay in quarters for a couple of weeks."

Norma reached him by phone again the next morning. "So you decided against it," she said.

"I wish I had." He explained. "But I'll try again next weekend, and this time I'll make it by plane. They won't think of that."

Meanwhile they had to talk, and the phone system between Naples and Florence was loaded with priority calls. When Norma rang him on Monday, he said, "Woman, you're working miracles. I haven't been able to clear a call through to you since the last time we talked, and I've tried every hour, on the hour."

A voice speaking English with a thick Italian accent broke in. "Thees," it said,

"is the operator. The girls on thees board are all weeth you, and we'll clear your calls from thees end. Signorina, please talk only three meenutes."

"An audience, hey?" Burt said.

"Let's give the darlings their money's worth," said Norma.

So he began: "Love of my life, do you remember the night under the oleander—" and continued in the same vein for precisely three minutes, unblushingly. When he paused, the operator came in again, with a giggle.

"You may have three meenutes more, Signor," she said.

She could not meet him at the pier in New York, when he arrived, but the first moment he could get free he went to see her at her office. She was now secretary to radio producer Ray Knight, who worked in a suite at the Royalton Hotel. They decided to taxi up to the sidewalk cafe at the St. Moritz, and lunch at one of the little open-air tables behind the box hedge on Central Park South.

With the salad, Norma said, "You've been a little quiet. At least you're thinking about something, and you haven't told me. Do you want to?"

He reached out and covered her hand with his. "It's probably nothing," he said, "but a guy I used to know, a Hollywood guy, was in the elevator at the Royalton when I rode up. We started to talk, and he said something about my going to Hollywood. For a screen test. Silly, isn't it?"

"Why?"

"I mean—me in pictures. How do you like that?"

She hesitated. "I'd like it. For you. But—I don't think I'd see you again."

"Are you crazy?"

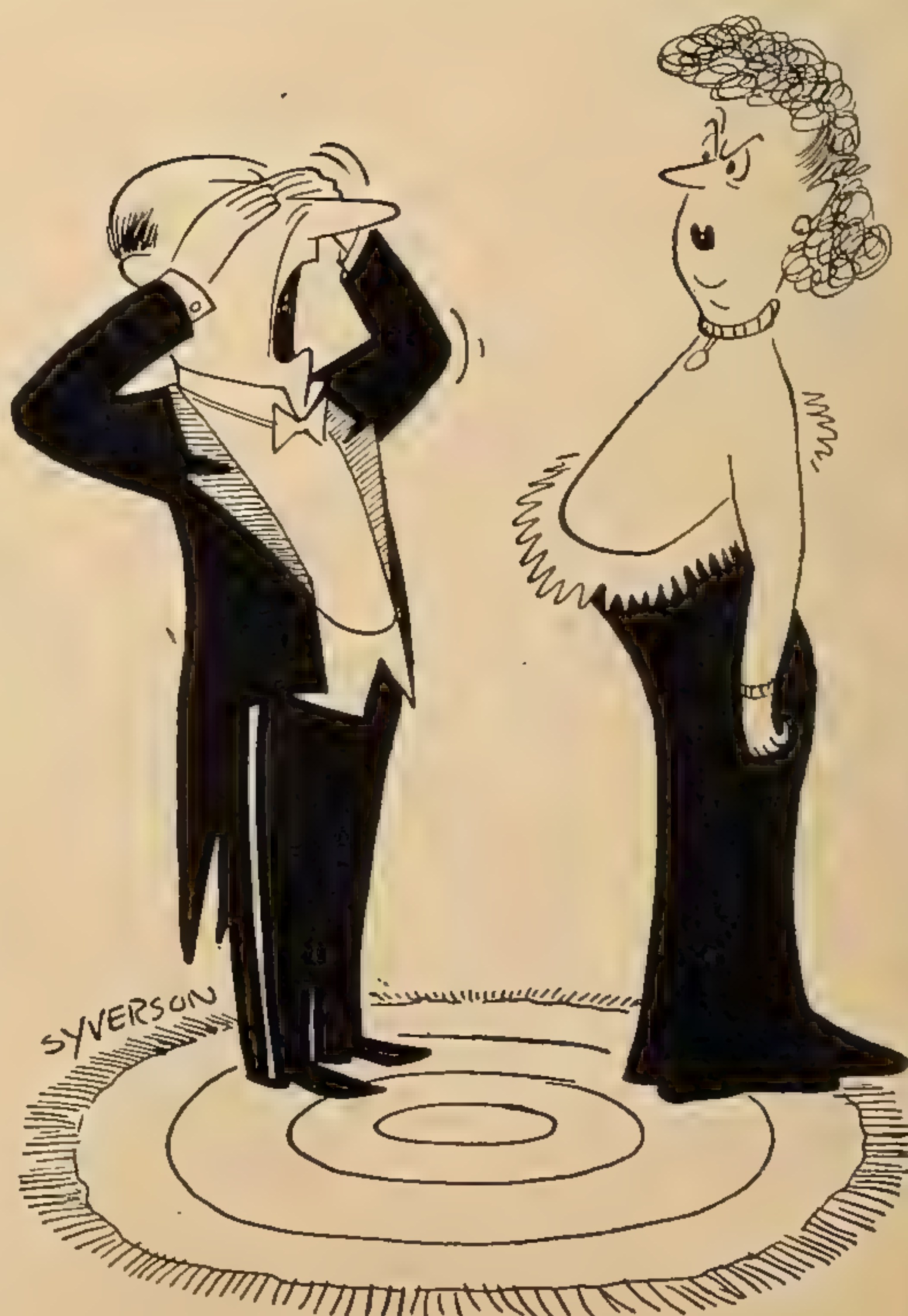
"No. That's the way it works." Her voice held a certain sadness, but her smile did not falter.

"I'm not going, of course."

"Of course you are. And of course you'll be the biggest thing in Hollywood. I ought to know. Now, shall we have a bottle of wine to celebrate?"

In the fall of 1946, Burt and Norma drove once more to 50 Central Park South—in the rain, this time—and sat inside in the Cafe de la Paix because the sidewalk tables were closed against the weather.

MODERN SCREEN



Oh good heavens, Gertrude, Aren't you supposed to be wearing a blouse, or something?

They ordered hot buttered rums, and omelettes and salad, and Norma said, "Well, I was both right and wrong wasn't I?"

"That's a fair average," he told her.

"I mean about what's happened to us. I was right about your making the grade in Hollywood."

"I'm not sure yet," he said. "There've been lots of flashes in the pan, in that town. One or two lucky pictures, then nothing. But let's not talk shop. Wouldn't you rather think about getting married?"

"I am thinking about that. It's the thing I was wrong about. You came back—"

He stared for a long time into his glass, twisting it slowly between his fingers. "A lot happened," he said finally. "I'm in the chips, and if I handle it right I've got a good thing in Hollywood. But I'm no millionaire by a long shot—you start low, out there, and I was broke to begin with. I don't have too much to offer you; I haven't a decent house, and dad's coming to live with me, and now that Bill's gone, I'll probably want his wife, Ruth, to come out too. I work pretty hard every day, all day. Being my wife will be a more complicated setup than we thought a year ago. But if you still feel the same—"

"I still feel the same," she said. She raised her glass. "Here's to the rough life!"

And it was summer again, a dry, fragrant California summer; and the two of them had lost two hours (which was rare for them) in a night club. They took deep breaths as they emerged, and looked appreciatively at the star-filled sky.

"It beats me," said Burt, "why we ever do it."

"We won't much longer," Norma said. "At least for quite a while. I suppose I should choose a nice dramatic situation for the announcement, but my timing's a little off anyway. We're going to have a baby, I should think sometime before Christmas."

At that point, another car darted in front of them and for thirty seconds Burt coped with his traffic problem. Then he said, thoughtfully, "You know, 1947's my year."

The Lancaster house in Westwood is a comfortable, eleven-room affair with a big garden. It is a house designed for a tight family group who want to live well, but not in the grand style.

completing the family circle . . .

It was here that Ruth Lancaster came to live, too, just before little Bill (named for Burt's brother, and Ruth's husband) was born. Burt had two purposes in mind when he asked her to come and stay with his family. One was that Bill had always talked of her as one of the most efficient homemakers he had ever seen.

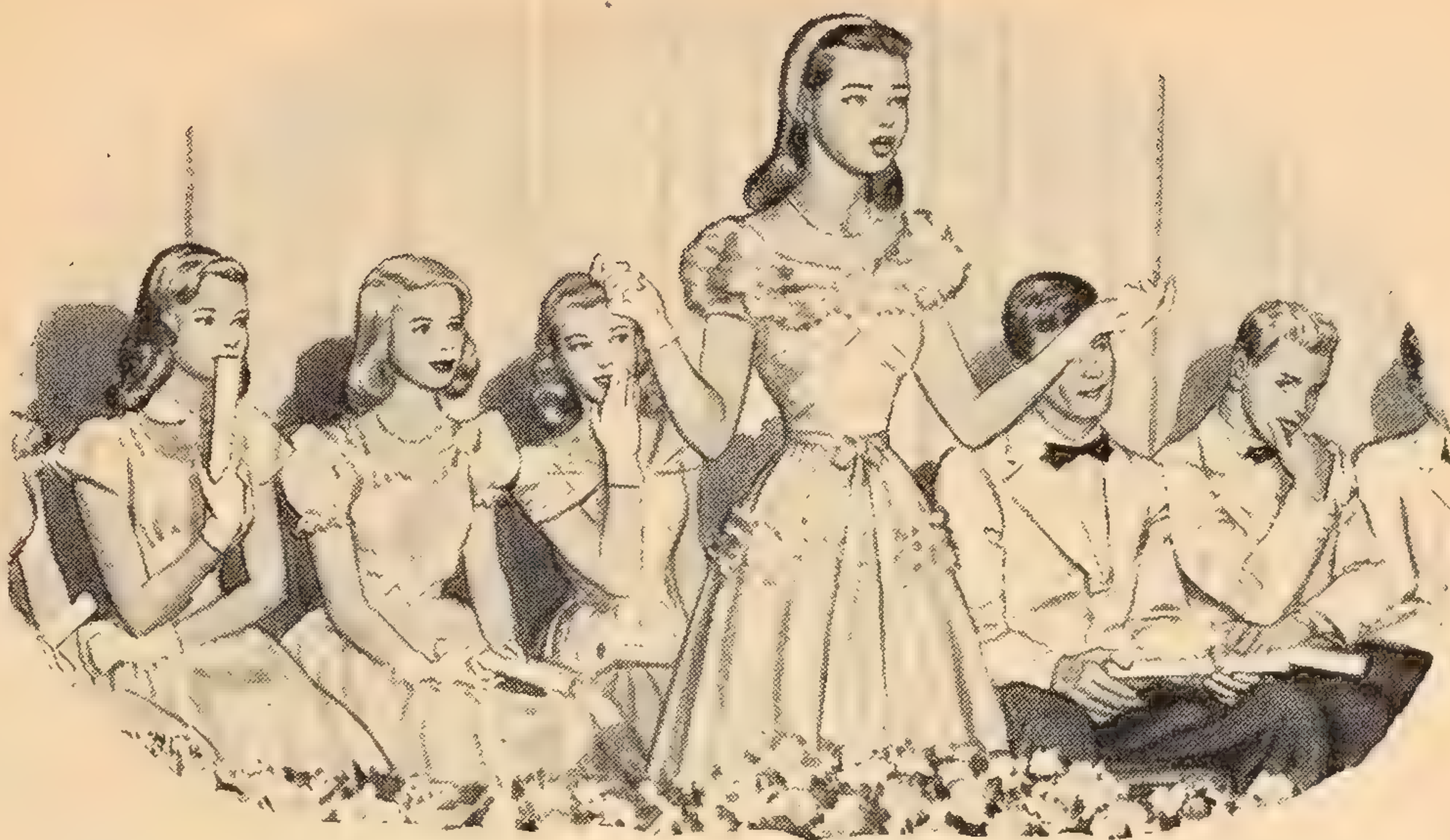
Also, Burt felt that Ruth needed the household. She was young and pretty. Her year of mourning was finished. This would mean a change for her, a new life, another beginning.

Thus at dinner, a few nights after Norma and Bill came home from the hospital, Burt sat at his table carving the prime rib roast that Ruth had cooked, watching his father happily at work on a big salad, smiling at Norma, and thinking of little Bill, secure and sound and healthy, upstairs in the nursery. In Burt's pocket was his allowance for the week, a few dollars doled out to him that afternoon by Ruth. *All My Sons* was finished, and looked good. He would produce *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* himself, shortly. Three other pictures were scheduled for the year.

"What," asked Norma suddenly, "are you grinning about? Private joke?"

"No joke," Burt said. He put an enormous slab of beef on her plate and passed it over. "Just happy."

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NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

(Continued from page 27)

Frank Sinatra and I were talking casually, and suddenly he said, "You and Ben Hecht are two very lucky guys."

"Lucky?" I didn't know what he was talking about.

"Well, you're writing the script of *The Miracle of the Bells*," he said. "That's a pretty wonderful book. And that Father Paul—I'd give my right arm to play that part."

"But you're a crooner, Frankie," I reminded him. "In our picture Father Paul is a humble little priest who gets kicked around. He's not even the Bing Crosby type of priest who gets laughs."

"He's a real priest," Sinatra said. "The kind I knew as a kid. But you're right, they'd never let me play a serious role. Mr. Lasky would probably bust out laughing." (Jesse Lasky, who produced *Miracle of the Bells*, had signed Fred MacMurray to play Dunnigan, the press agent; he had signed Valli to play Olga; he had Lee Cobb to play the part of Harris, the Hollywood producer, but he hadn't been able to find anyone to play Father Paul. He had tested about forty actors for the part. None had been able to project the humility and spiritual quality of the little priest.)

casting a crooner ...

"A crooner," Frankie said bitterly. "You look something like Father Paul at that," I said, thinking out loud. "Those high cheekbones of yours give you a Polish look. Father Paul was Polish. Hey, Ben," I yelled.

Across the room, Hecht and Toots Shor were back somewhere in 1924 talking about Rogers Hornsby and the time he hit .424. Hecht came over.

"What about Frank for the part of Father Paul?" I asked him.

"Most of his scenes would be with Fred MacMurray," Hecht said thoughtfully. "Good contrast in size. Frank's voice too would be a contrast to MacMurray's."

"You mean it?" Sinatra asked eagerly.

"Let's phone Jesse," Hecht said. He dialed the number and we waited. Sinatra was swallowing nervously. As a rule, writers of a script have nothing to do with casting. But Jesse Lasky is a different kind of producer. When he answered the phone, Hecht said, "Reynolds and I have an idea for you. Maybe we've hit on something. What would you think of using Frank Sinatra in the Father Paul part?"

"Well, now—" Lasky was wide awake and he hadn't "bust" out laughing. "I never thought of that. The kid can act. I saw his short, *The House I Live In*. I wonder—I wonder if the public would accept Frank in a non-singing role?"

"If he was good in the part they'd accept him," Hecht said.

"Then there's the question of money," Lasky went on.

Sinatra heard Lasky. "Tell him I'll play it for nothing," he yelled. "Ask him to give me a test, that's all. Just give me a chance."

"I heard that," Lasky chuckled. "Of course I'll test him."

At the studio, they put Frank Sinatra into clerical garb for the test. The grips, the electricians, the carpenters and a few assistant directors gathered around to watch, prepared to laugh. The thought of Frank playing the part of a humble, self-effacing clergyman did seem a little silly. But when Director Irving Pichel (far from convinced himself) called, "Let 'em roll," and Frank began the test scene, the smiles disappeared. This was a new Sinatra to those who were watching. You

could see that he had studied the scene thoroughly. The "takes" were not the usual twenty- or thirty-second affairs; Pichel let him go on sometimes for two minutes before calling "Cut." The next day Lasky, his co-producer Walter McEwan, Pichel, Hecht and myself saw the test. This was the Father Paul we had written into the script, all right. Lasky was beaming. But he was still worried.

"I just don't know whether or not people will accept the kid in this role," he said thoughtfully. "Will the church think it irreverent to have a crooner play a priest?"

"Ask some priests to see the test," I suggested. Lasky did that. He asked a friend, Father Walter Schmidt, Dean at Santa Clara University, to look at the test. The Jesuit watched it, turned to Lasky and said simply, "That's Father Paul all right." Word got around Hollywood that Sinatra was being considered for the role. Hecht and I were on the receiving end of a lot of kidding.

"Everyone will think that Frankie is just playing it to show that he can do anything that Crosby can do," they argued. "Bing's fans will resent it. So will Bing."

Bing, who has always been one of Frank's greatest boosters, did not resent it. As a matter of fact, Sinatra asked Crosby's advice. Bing thought it a great idea. There is a strong friendship between the two men. Frank has always had a great admiration for Crosby. Once he told me that his two kids never missed Bing on the radio, and that the greatest present he could give them was a Crosby album.

"Twenty years ago," Frank said, "when we were kids, we had some pretty rotten heroes. When we played cops and robbers everyone wanted to be a robber. It's different today, thank God. Bing is a hero to my kids. Well, I'll settle for that."

Still, most of Lasky's friends tried to urge him to drop his fantastic idea. Frank's enemies (everybody who makes good in Hollywood has enemies) brought up incidents of his childhood to show that he wasn't the right sort to play a priest.

"I was kind of a dead-end kid," Sinatra admitted. "I did plenty of things as a kid that I look back on with shame. I guess that's true of every man."

The pressure on Lasky increased. Opposition even came from Sinatra's fans



***HOLLYWOOD
 MERRY-GO-ROUND**

• Dane Clark relates that on a trip East by air he sat next to a man who was flying for the first time. At 8,000 feet altitude the airline hostess passed out chewing gum with the routine instruction, "For your ears." Half an hour later the man turned to Clark and remarked, "By George, it worked all right but you'd think they'd give you cotton. It ain't so sticky."

**from the book by Andrew Hecht*

around the country. They said quite frankly they only wanted to hear Sinatra sing. And even before Sinatra had signed a contract, the boys who make their living by smearing the characters of others gleefully started their attacks on Frank. But Lasky wasn't cowed. Finally he went to Father McCafferty of the Legion of Decency. He showed the test Sinatra had made. Father McCafferty thought it was great, and told Lasky that the church would most certainly not object to Sinatra playing the role. And finally Lasky signed Sinatra to play Father Paul.

When Sinatra had signed, Hecht and I went into a huddle with Lasky. "Should Frank sing in the picture or should he not?" We batted that question back and forth. Finally we hit on an idea. In the book (and in our script) Olga, the girl, sings an old Polish folk song. It is a song she had learned as a child in Coaltown, where the action takes place. In our script Hecht and I had merely written a line, "Dig up old Polish folk song; at this point Olga sings it to Dunnigan."

father paul sings . . .

Later in the picture we had written a scene in which Father Paul and Dunnigan (Fred MacMurray) are talking in the graveyard where Olga is to be buried. Dunnigan finds himself humming the old Polish song Olga had sung to him two years before. Father Paul recognizes the tune and tells Dunnigan that all Polish-Americans know that song. We had written it that way before Sinatra had been thought of for the part. Now we added a line to our script. "Note to director: At this point why not have Father Paul hum or sing the song without music? See how it goes."

When he came to that scene Director Irving Pichel had Sinatra sing the old song using English words. It was merely an experiment. Neither Lasky, Pichel, nor Sinatra himself was convinced that it was a good idea. But they saw the rushes of the scene that night and Lasky decided to keep it in. Frank sings the song very simply, as a priest would sing an old song of his homeland. He doesn't "croon" it.

When the picture was finished a print was flown to New York. Lasky asked Father Joe Conner of Cliffside, New Jersey, to bring a group of fellow priests to view the film. I sat with them in a projection room as *Miracle of the Bells* told its story on the screen. The picture ended. The lights went up. There was absolute silence in the projection room. I looked at the faces of the priests. It was obvious that they were still under the spell of the story. We all got up and walked into the hall.

"I don't mind saying the picture got to me," one of the priests said, blinking.

"I've never seen a religious subject treated so reverently," a second said.

"Sinatra was wonderful," Father Joe Conner said. "Somehow he managed to project the humility and spirit of Father Paul. He made Father Paul into the kind of priest all of us would like to be."

"You're satisfied then with the way Sinatra played it?" I asked.

"How can anyone not be satisfied?" he said simply. "He was great—great."

Sinatra was in Hollywood then. He phoned me that night to ask how things had gone at that initial showing. I told him. He was pretty happy about it.

As a co-writer of the script, I was pretty happy myself. So was Hecht. It is hardly good taste for anyone connected with the making of a picture to get up on a soapbox and start extolling it. But talking as a movie fan, it is my bet that *Miracle of the Bells* will establish Sinatra as a serious, sensitive dramatic actor who (if he wishes) will never have to gargle a low note again.

Me? I'm proud to have my name on that picture.

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"WHY WE LEFT EACH OTHER"

(Continued from page 45)

barred. He'd dug deep. For the first time I saw him and Patricia, not as magazine faces but as people, getting snarled up in emotions like the rest of us. For the first time I understood what had happened between them.

This might have been a sad story. It's still sad in spots. It's a story that's worth telling, if only as an answer to the \$64 question—what's so different about Hollywood? Is there something in the air that breaks people up?

In many cases, yes. In the case of the Wildes, no. It didn't break them up, but it rocked their boat and made them good and seasick for a while.

To get the picture straight, you'll have to go back ten years to a couple of kids hunting jobs on Broadway. Pat was 17, Cornel 22. They met, fell in love, married, and went on hunting jobs. And there's the first point to bear in mind.

"Why doesn't Pat give up?" Hollywood nagged later. "Cornel's doing all right. Why does she think she has to act?"

hollywood logic . . .

Well, why didn't Bacall give up when she married Bogart, who was doing even better? Over and over you could explain that acting was no whim with Pat, that she'd been an actress before she met Cornel.

You could explain, but much good it did you. Hollywood knew better. Now that Cornel could buy Pat a mink coat, what more did she want?

Through all the years of economic pressure, she'd been the perfect companion. It wasn't a usual marriage, where the husband takes off in the morning and returns to the little woman at night. In New York they'd be working in the theater—or not working. They'd have all their meals together, go job hunting together, see movies together. This constant companionship drew them very close, made them deeply dependent on each other. Always broke, always worried, still being together was fun—the only fun they could afford.

Then Warners signed Cornel, and dropped him at the end of six months. Tests here, tests there, but never a sign of a bite. Pat had a miscarriage, and later on, a second. Now they were worse than broke, they were in debt. Both developed nervous stomachs. Both took sedatives, so they could sleep. But the blacker things looked, the closer they clung to each other.

In the end, Cornel got his contract at Fox and all looked rosy, but not for long. The reason lay in a certain naiveté on Cornel's part. When someone asked whether you liked a picture, he thought if you didn't like it, the right answer was no. He made enemies.

Meantime he was up for the draft. Rejected because of a back injury, he thought he might be called for limited service. Along with this ran the worry of being dropped by the studio. Only one good thing happened. Wendy was born.

Then came *A Song to Remember*. For this one they also went through the wringer. Cornel had been tested at three other studios for three other loanouts. Result: three goose-eggs. Why should the fourth be different? Anyway, Columbia had nixed him, to begin with.

Not till they ran out of other people to test, did they test Wilde. The first test convinced Buchman and Vidor. But he had to go through three more before everyone else on the lot was convinced.

So, fine, Columbia arranged to borrow

him from 20th Century-Fox, and the Wildes were happy.

Through all the storms, there hadn't been a cloud between them. Oddly enough, it was the good breaks that brought the personal problems, though not right away. At first the excitement carried them along. How would the picture go over? And it did go over, and then another picture, and another. Pat missed the daily closeness they'd built up between them, but there was Wendy, and there was the promise of renewing her own career.

Eventually she signed with Fox at a very good figure. Life never looked lovelier, which shows you how wrong you can be. Followed what may well have been a series of coincidences. To a couple of people on edge they seemed more.

Cornel's still a scrapper for what he believes worth a scrap. Good parts are worth a scrap. With *Leave Her to Heaven* and *Centennial Summer* behind him, he felt he could now protest some role he didn't like, and make it mean something. A part came up, he refused it, he was placed on suspension. Soon thereafter, Pat was offered what they both thought an inferior part in an inferior story. She turned it down, she was placed on suspension. That made everything cosy, and put an effective stop to all their income.

Eventually these matters were straightened out. Cornel started the first version of *Forever Amber*. By the time it was shelved, Pat was being considered for the second lead in a musical. Suddenly they threw the masculine lead to Cornel.

in again, out again . . .

"I don't think this musical's for me," said Mr. Wilde. Meantime Pat had made her test. Those who saw it were impressed. Overnight, they decided the part should be played by a foreign girl. Pat was out.

By now they were both pretty upset. Justifiably or not, they began to feel that, whatever Cornel's fusses with the studio, Pat would be caught up in them. She asked for her release. The studio talked her down. Not till fifteen picture-less months had gone by, and she grew insistent, did they agree to let her go.

None of this was conducive to serene living. Neither was the background of Hollywood chatter.

"He keeps pushing her. He keeps hounding directors to give her tests."

Let it be said at the outset that these stories had no foundation in fact. Pat and Cornel are people of taste and good sense. Such people don't trade on each other's success. But the stories made juicy tidbits.

They went on even after Pat left Fox. To make a clean break between their careers, she switched from Cornel's agent to Berg-Allenberg, another highclass outfit. It speaks well for her that they took her on, since she's one of the only two people they handle who aren't stars. After *Roses Are Red* for Sol Wurtzel, she went into *The Fabulous Texan* at Republic. Cornel stayed away, but far away from that lot. Till the picture was finished. Till the company threw a party and invited him over.

Promptly the papers started popping again.

"Cornel Wilde was on the set at Republic, coaching his wife. What does he think directors are for anyway?"

How he could coach her, with the film already in cans, nobody bothered to inquire. Of course Pat got sore. The daily pricks and barbs grew a little difficult to take—the constant implication that

somebody else was responsible for any upward step, even if that somebody was your husband.

To make things practically perfect, Cornel was exhausted. He'd gone rocketing from picture to picture without a breather. They managed to pull him through *Home-stretch* by having a nurse on the set to give him shots. Then came the five-month workout in the second version of *Forever Amber*, followed by *It Had To Be You*.

So here was Pat with her psychological warfare and Cornel with his utter weariness, and whenever they were together, they were together with problems instead of fun. The tension between them built for about a year.

So they came to a highly sensible decision. "Let's separate for a while and get a line on ourselves—" Wendy was away, which made this easier. She spends every summer at beaches in the East with her grandparents, because it's fun for them all and very healthy for Wendy. She lives in an average household, then, plays with average kids, and maybe she won't grow up with the notion that the world is bounded on four sides by Hollywood. Yet even for this Pat and Cornel have been picked on. Bergman's been away from her daughter for lengthy periods. But on Bergman they don't pick.

The whole point of their separation was that they never intended it to be permanent. Still, they had to get to the bottom of the trouble, and felt they could work it out best apart. But what could have been easily resolved in another city became a sensation here. Far be it from me to sling mud at the Hollywood press, I'm part of it myself. It just happens to be true that we're never content to regret the regrettable; we're too busy blowing up headlines.

Cornel took a couple of weeks for a fishing trip. His nerves relaxed. So did

ONE DEATH A MINUTE

DID YOU KNOW that one American dies every minute of heart disease . . . that one out of every three deaths in the United States is caused by diseases of the heart and blood vessels . . . that heart disease is the leading killer among children from 5 to 19? Shocking facts—but even now science is waging an all-out war against our No. 1 murderer. The New York Heart Association needs at least \$500,000 to carry on its program of research, education and community service. SAVE THE CHILD-VICTIMS . . . prolong the prime of life . . . protect your heart by sending contributions to the New York Heart Campaign, 270 Park Avenue, New York 17.

Pat's. His physical condition improved. Five weeks after their separation they were on a boat, headed for Honolulu.

Honolulu was no second honeymoon. To fall on each other's necks and say, "Darling, I love you," would have been pleasant and got them exactly nowhere. They were after a cure, not a soothing syrup. They still didn't see eye to eye on everything, but at least they were working together instead of at cross-purposes.

Finally they realized it was Hollywood they were bucking, and that they'd be just as smart bucking Grant's Tomb. In Hollywood, one of you may be working while the other isn't. That you can't avoid. And you can't stop the buzzers from buzzing, nor the columnists from printing what they please. These are the bills presented for success. If you want to stay in Hollywood—and the Wildes did—you've got to ride with the current.

So they went to New York, and places where they'd been happy together, whose memories greeted and warmed them and drew them close again. Nor did it hurt that by now Pat had two pictures under her belt, and Cornel's relations with the studio had been ironed out.

Here too it was a case of trying to see the other fellow's viewpoint. Cornel saw that when you worked for a big studio, every picture you made couldn't be exactly what you'd like. The studio has a schedule of many pictures, for which they must use the players under contract. That's what they sign players for. He saw that now and then he'd have to do things he might not be crazy about.

In turn, the studio realized that *what* Cornel did was more important to him than the financial loss or gain. This he had proven. The suspensions he'd taken had set him back plenty.

The studio made a further concession. Wrote into his contract a clause, allowing him six months' leave to do a play. He'll take his leave in the fall. And because a good play for two people is hard to find, Pat went ahead to line up one for herself so she could be working in New York at the same time as Cornel, so that they *wouldn't* be separated for long.

The minute *Walls of Jericho* was finished, Cornel joined Pat and Wendy in New York. Pat didn't do a play in the East after all, so the Wildes will come back together. By fall, Cornel's next picture will be done, and again the family will go East for that six-month leave.

It sounds okay to me. I hope it does to Hollywood. If they'd heard the story straight from Cornel as I did, I think they'd leave these two alone for a while. Still, I doubt that it matters. Pat and Cornel have brains as well as looks. With brains, you don't let the same nag throw you twice.



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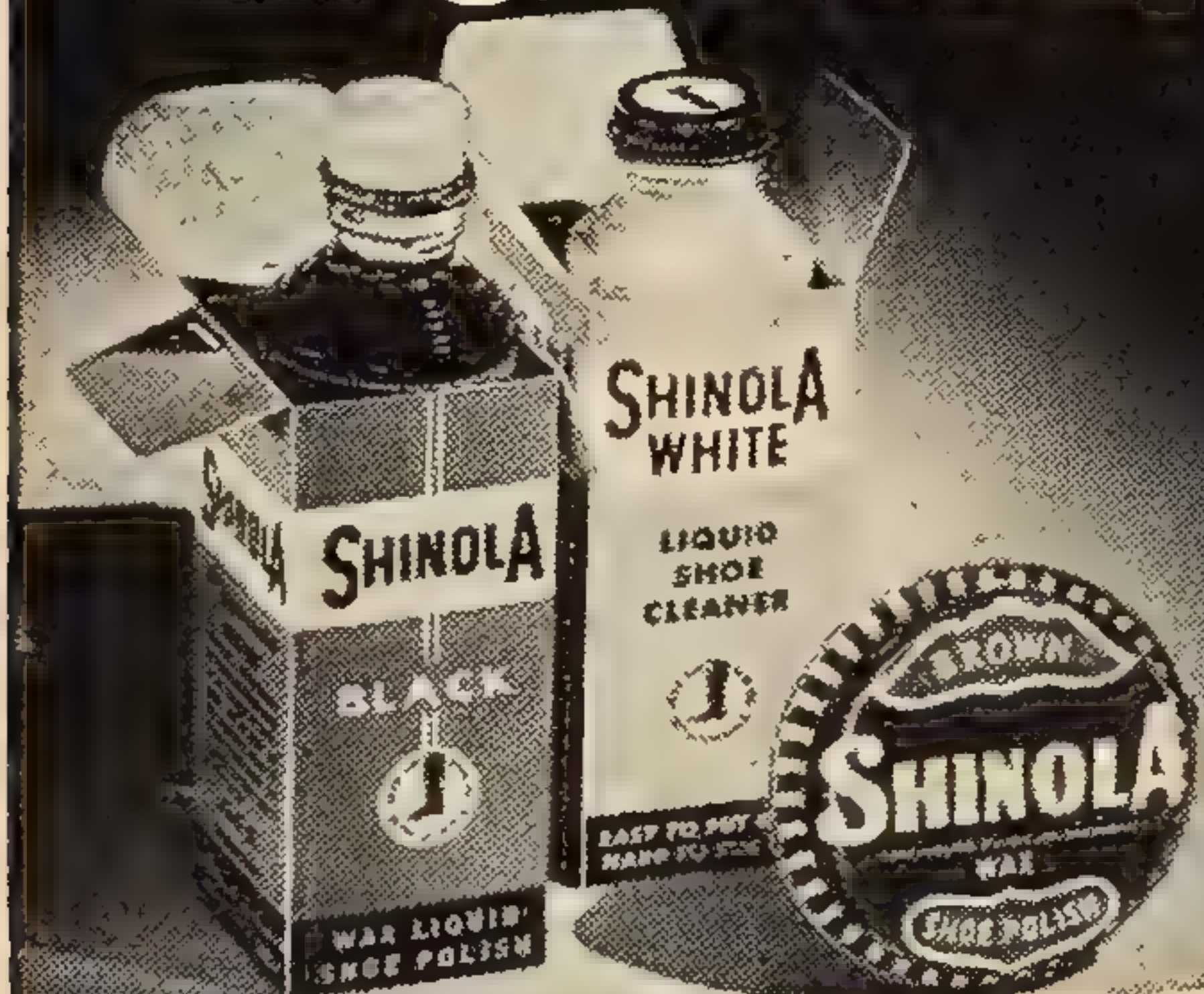
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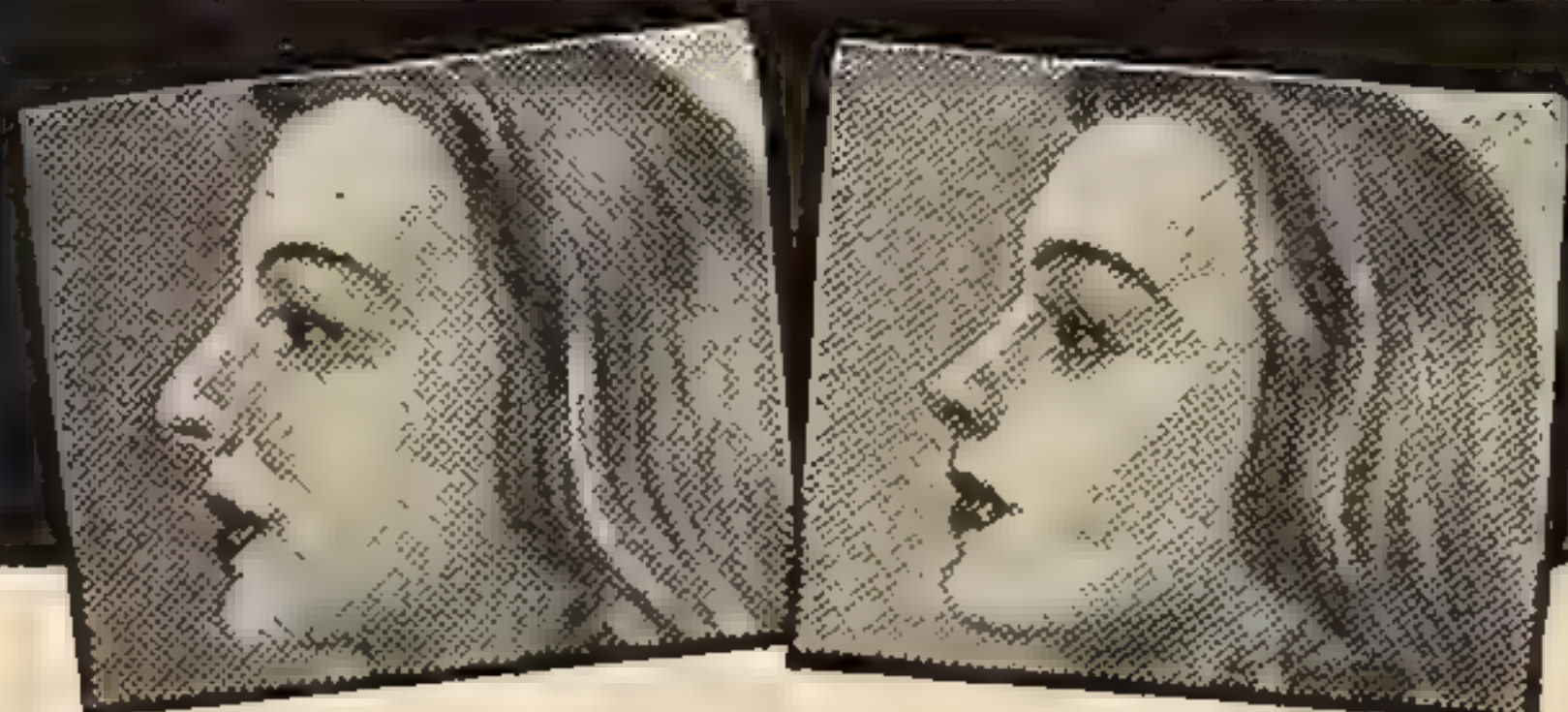
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PARIS ALBUM

(Continued from page 46)

thinking of how it would be in Paris.

In London, there was work to be done, and I like to work, but I am human. In London, there was an epic called *First Gentleman*, and for this epic, I must get myself dressed in a fancy uniform and a sword, and I must smile and show my teeth, and act out the part of a gentleman named Leopold, who became the first King of Belgium.

I did all this. It was good to be working, as a matter of fact. The city was so disciplined, and grey, and worn; it was not a city where a man could eat too much or rest too long without a great feeling of guilt.

I worked, and missed my wife, and hoped she would be able to get over soon, and I was busy and lonely by turns.

Then there came a break in my shooting schedule, and I was given a few days off. I went to Paris.

Paris is as different from London as the day is from the night. The people are free, and happy about it. You see this in the books, in the clothes, in the talk.

As for me, I have so many friends in Paris, and so many relatives, and I am even in love with the way the sun shines there in the early morning, and the way the fat busses waddle down the streets, and the look of the oldest, shabbiest buildings. The more obvious things—women selling violets on the sidewalks, outdoor cafés, bookstalls by the river—these are clichés by now, but all still there, and all still marvelous.

Paris is more exciting today than ever before. There's a flow of vitality, of ideas. One person says something to another, the other picks it up—and whole new worlds are born for the space of an hour or so. Sometimes for longer. There was the night I was having dinner with my old friend, Marcel Herrand. We had talked until we were tired, but we were stimulated beyond our fatigue by our own talk. "I wrote a play," I told him. "In Hollywood. The hero isn't a hero—he's a liar, a phony war-hero, sex-crazy—"

"I'd like to read it," Marcel said, and I said all right, still talking. "I was trying to make it representative of post-war confusions you see on the faces of ex-soldiers—"

He smiled. "Such a large order." But I

left the play with him when I returned to London to continue work in *First Gentleman*, and one day he phoned me in London.

"Jean," he said, "if you will do the lead, I will produce your play."

I was delighted and excited, because for ten years, I had not been on the French stage.

By the time my wife, Maria, came to London, in October, I was worn out with rushing across the Channel every weekend to rehearse my play, then rushing back to London to make the movie. I was glad when *First Gentleman* was through, and Maria and I could go to Paris and settle down more or less.

The night my play, *The Emperor of China*, opened, I was frightened.

"But darling," said my wife, "you're such a wonderful actor—"

"But darling," I said, "suppose I'm such a terrible writer that nobody notices what a wonderful actor I am—"

The critics were kind. They liked the play, and the audience seemed pleased too, and that was even more important, as Maria pointed out.

After the performance, we went to Maxim's for a party, and being emotionally drained, I remember very little, only that there was champagne and music and a girl singer in a white dress, and I had almost never been so tired or felt so fine.

Two weeks later, Maria had to go back to Hollywood, and after that, my life was routine. The play, some radio work, and a few interviews. A quiet dinner every night in a small restaurant in Montmartre with my brother Francois, or my friend Claud Dauphin—

On Mondays when *Emperor of China* was closed, I went to other plays. People want comedy now, and two Molière revivals were among the leading successes of the season.

There is not much more to tell. I came home a couple of months after Maria, and she and I are planning on Paris very soon again, maybe in July. We are going to do a Jean Cocteau movie together there, a version of Jean's play *Orpheus* and we hope to take our baby girl over with us this time.

She is not too young to be enchanted. I shall never be too old.

ACCENT ON OXFORDS

(Continued from page 48)

Hazel could say nothing for staring at her charge. "Who's been doing your hair?" she choked.

"Why," said Dorothy proudly, "I have. I cut it myself with a razor blade."

A few days later, one of Twentieth Century-Fox's press gentlemen was intercepted in his office with a wild look in his eye. "Hey," somebody said mildly, "ain't you happy?"

"Sure, I'm happy!" he exploded. "I'm charmed, I'm enchanted, I'm damned near infatuated. I am sincerely convinced that my present client, a Miss Dorothy McGuire, of whom you have doubtless heard, is the greatest young actress in America, but I don't see how I can get a line in print. I can't get her to wear a sweater. She would willingly perish before being seen in a bathing suit, she hates parties, nightclubs and gossip. And she leads

such a plain life that she can't even remember what she did yesterday. I believe she paints as a hobby. You don't know any editor who would want to replate page one with that kind of hot intelligence, do you, son?"

A lot of wear and tear could have been saved those first days if Dorothy had come right out and said she was the kind of girl who didn't fit into anybody's pattern. She made her own pattern and waited quietly till people discovered it was a pretty good one. She became a star on Broadway by the simple expedient of turning up for an interview with Rose Franken, the author of a play called *Claudia*, wearing not minks and sable but the inevitable McGuire skirt, shirt and polo coat. "There is Claudia!" exclaimed the worn-out Miss Franken. And Dorothy was on her way.

Two years she'd played on Broadway and then she signed a piece of paper which said she'd go to Hollywood as soon as the play closed, and she spent a lot of time telling herself she wasn't going to let them make her over into a doll-face. She became a problem at once. She sent a sketch of a snake-tight long dress back to her producer, Mr. William Perlberg, with a notation that not only Claudia but Dorothy McGuire would never be seen in such a frock. The makeup people were strictly informed they could put away their eyebrow tweezers, and that Miss McG. had no intention of putting on a mask of paint for the cameras.

The interesting thing is that everybody agreed with her. Everybody respected her integrity, and when they saw her work, they knew this was no cutie fetched from before a soda fountain, given a fast three-week coaching and tossed to the wolves, but a real actress.

The frightened young lady did her daily stint before the cameras and went home to an apple and a good book. She had a few friends in Hollywood. When she was thirteen and they were both amateurs in Omaha, Nebraska, she'd played with Henry Fonda in Sir James Barrie's *A Kiss for Cinderella*. Her first California friends tended to come from the small circle called "the Leland Hayward set." There were the Haywards themselves, Margaret Sullavan, the then Mrs. H., Jimmy Stewart, then a GI on his way up to getting chickens on his shoulders, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cotten, the then-as-yet-unmarried Buzz Meredith, the Fondas. Down the street lived Ingrid Bergman, whom Dorothy didn't know too well, but whose attitude about being herself Dorothy admired.

You can't say the girl was lonely. She always was the kind who was glad for a free evening when she could read. One evening her phone rang. It was a chap named Swope who'd come backstage in New York when she was doing the play. There were two of them, brothers, she remembered after she'd asked him to drop around. One was named Rod, and the other was John, and she wasn't sure which one this was.

When he did drop around, she played it safe all evening by referring to him as Mister Swope.

"Say," he finally said, vaguely irritated, "aren't you ever going to call me John?" He proposed to her a short time later and they've been married five years.

Claudia was out; the picture was a hit. Nobody had plucked off McGuire's eyebrows, and she hadn't had to pose for bathing suit art. She wasn't so scared any more about working in a new medium, and had even come to believe that

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Like a good wartime wife, Dorothy lived down in Phoenix (where John had set up a training project for air cadets) when she wasn't making pictures, but she found time to make *The Enchanted Cottage*, another *Claudia* picture, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, and *Till the End of Time*. By this time John had joined the Navy, and Dorothy moved back to the old apartment. She was sure of herself now. She liked Hollywood and didn't care who knew it.

"You've changed, Dorothy," a friend commented.

"Of course I have," Dorothy said firmly. "Only fools don't change."

When they gave John a ruptured duck and told him he could take off his uniform, the Swopes decided on a long vacation. They went back east, and found an old barn up on the Hudson River. They decided they'd remodel the place, and just stay put for a while, and they spent a year turning that barn into a place to live. Until Dorothy came out to make *Gentleman's Agreement*. A New York friend ran into her in Beverly Hills just before she started the picture.

"Where've you been, Dorothy?" he asked.

"Back east," she said, excited the way she always gets when she talks about the house. "John and I have got this place in Scarborough—"

"Of course," the friend interrupted dryly.

"What do you mean, 'of course'?"

"Oh, I mean that now you're a big star, you've got houses and all that kind of thing."

"But it isn't like that. It's just a barn."

Dorothy has pictures to prove it, too. They've taken this vast, Victorian barn that used to belong to a now-abandoned mansion, and they've turned it into a kind of residence that, like Dorothy herself, defies all the rules and looks good. The kitchen is now in what was once the carriage stalls, and a tool shed is a pantry, and you have to go outside to go upstairs, but people who come calling can't stop admiring the place. That is, if they can find it. A few months ago, Jennifer Jones came calling and sped right past the place up to the uninhabited mansion at the top of the hill. The Swopes hopped in their car and went up the hill after her. They found Jennifer walking through the ghostly, cobwebby halls of the old house, terrified.

"I knew," said Jennifer, "you both like things very unique, so I thought you'd decided to live in a haunted house."

When Dorothy came back to make *Gentleman's Agreement*, John got himself a job as technical advisor on *Mr. Blanding Builds His Dream House*. After all, he was a real easterner who knew how a Connecticut house should look.

Dorothy and John talked so much about their barn-house that people were always trying to get them to buy or build another house out here. But Dorothy wouldn't. "I can only stretch my loyalty so far. I'm a one-house woman."

The closest they came to it was when they met a young architect at a party, and he turned out to have the same ideas as they about California houses. The three of them had a wonderful time planning a big but modest open-style place centered around a patio. They even looked at some lots in the \$2,500 sector near the Douglas plant, which ought to give someone an idea of what they think about a "good address" and all that sort of thing. The whole venture, as planned, would come to about \$8,000, including the lot. It fell through, but if Dorothy and John ever build, this is just about where they've set their sights.

Meanwhile they've still got the apart-

ment the studio took for Dorothy when she first came out here. Her real home is back east, though something happened last summer that may ultimately involve keeping her away from the barn more than she likes to think now.

It started with Gregory Peck. He and Mel Ferrer and Joe Cotten and some others had put their heads together and they came to her and said in effect, "What about doing some summer theater?"

She said sure, so they all went to visit David O. Selznick, and presented him with the priceless opportunity to drop a wad backing a summer theater down at La Jolla, California.

It fell to Dorothy to do three plays from Noel Coward's "Tonight at Eight-Thirty," and all the things the cynics said would happen did happen. There wasn't adequate rehearsal time, and a couple of times the audiences laughed in the wrong places.

"But it was fun," Dorothy says. "Standing up there and not quite being good enough in one place or another. It was like a game, just as if we told the audience, give us another try and we'll be all right again."

In any case, they all had so much fun that Dorothy has promised to be part of the company again next summer, and Greg Peck and Laraine Day took *Angel Street* on the road for a few weeks this winter so they could pay back Selznick.

Dorothy likes her barn and she likes pictures and she likes the stage and she likes living in California and she wants them all. Sure, she admits, it'll take some doing, but so does everything in life that's worth while. "You know what Walt Whitman says," she quotes. "What, do I contradict myself? Very well, then, I contradict myself."

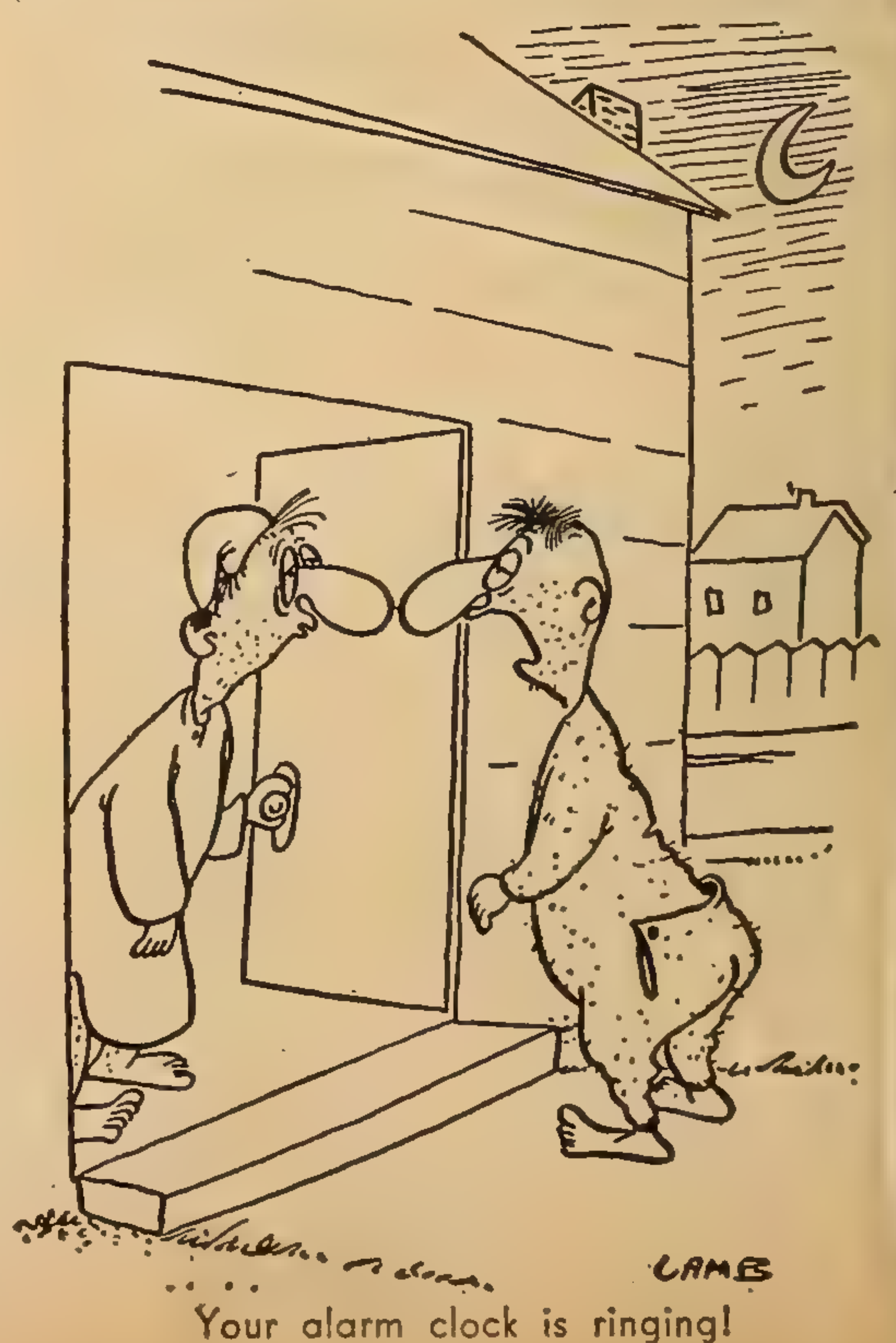
It's as easy as that when you know you belong. And Dorothy feels she belongs now. The other day a lady stopped her in the market where she shops, and this lady declared that she was crazy about the McGuire hairdo and wanted to know where she could get one just like it.

"I do it myself," Dorothy said brightly. "Hack it off with a razor blade."

"Thank you," the lady said. "That's just the way I'll do it from now on."

Dorothy figures maybe she isn't the only one who's changed. Maybe people have changed too.

MODERN SCREEN



JOHNNY ON THE SPOT

(Continued from page 43)

felt should be seen by the public.

It was by a young Dutch writer, Van Hartog. It was about a Netherlands ship captain who has a boatload of Jewish refugees. He's promised to deliver them to a place where they will not be persecuted.

You've never seen as exciting a performance as the one John gives as Captain Kuiper. Eventually the play moved from the Experimental Theater's downtown house up to Broadway and more success.

I had seen John's terrific performance in *Skipper Next To God*, so maybe it's no wonder I was a little dazed during my interview with him.

I asked a lot of questions, and some of them got answered, and some of them got side-tracked, and here are the things I learned during the interview. Remember that none of them are phony, or for publicity purposes, or anything but the real John Garfield.

There was a time at Madison Square Garden. Joe Louis and a comparative unknown named Jersey Joe Walcott were slugging away up there under the bright yellow lights, and getting nowhere fast. The champion didn't look like a champion and the challenger was challenging.

he could show 'em how . . .

A voice said disgustedly, "Lord, I saw a better fight than this in a movie last night. *Body and Soul* was the name of it, and that guy Garfield could take over either of these two in one round."

From the row in front of him, a dark-haired man turned around.

"Thanks, pal," said John Garfield, "but I'd hate to try it."

John has no illusions about his ability to step in the ring and do a quick one-two on any professional fighter. He started studying boxing three months before *Body And Soul* started, and kept right on all the while they were shooting it. They didn't do the fight scenes till the end, in case John should get hurt.

It was just as well, because he was on the receiving end of a couple of very tough punches—but he handed out some of the same.

There's been considerable comment on the convincing reality of the fight scenes in *Body And Soul*. The reason is simple. The cameraman decided not to use the ordinary large camera mounted outside the ring. Instead he used a tiny hand camera and got right in the middle of things.

"He was worse off than I was," John told me, grinning. "Either of us might have landed a wild punch on him."

"How did you happen to make that picture?" I asked him. "I know you formed your own company to do it so you must have been really interested."

"I was," he said. "I've always wanted to make a picture about a fellow like that. The hero didn't necessarily have to be a prize-fighter, but he had to be a guy who had got too far too fast. He gets caught in success too early and doesn't know how to handle it."

"How about all the talk that boxing circles didn't like it because it made the fight game look crooked?"

John laughed. "The wildest rumor that went around was the one about that La Motta fight that was supposed to be fixed, just about the time the picture opened. They claimed we arranged it for publicity."

John, fortunately, always laughs at rumors. They never bother him. "You can always use the newspaper to wrap a

herring in," he says, philosophically.

You see, John has his mind on things that seem much more important to him than gossip. His interests are wide and varied. That is, perhaps, one reason why he didn't want to go to Hollywood at first. People tend to get one-track-minded out there. Robbe, his wife, didn't want him to go, either.

"You belong to the theater," she told him, and meant it very deeply.

Fortunately Robbe has a sense of humor. She claims now that what won her over was the time a big executive took them out to dinner and talked to her.

"Mrs. Garfield, don't you want a sable coat, a beautiful house in Beverly Hills and a swimming pool?"

"Who wouldn't?" said Robbe simply.

"So," she now tells you wickedly, "we went to Hollywood. But did I ever get the swimming pool, the beautiful house, the sable coat? I did not. I've been robbed!"

It's true enough that they have never owned a house in Hollywood. That's partly due to John's liking to move every six months or so.

"Dates back to when I was a kid. My old man used to get thrown out at least once every six months for not being able to pay the rent."

Then there was the war, of course, with John overseas on camp shows, and later in the army. But some day soon the Garfields are going to build a house in the San Fernando Valley which their children will always think of as home. The children being David, who is almost four, and little Julie who is two.

Since most of John's old friends call him Julie, his daughter is known as Julie-poolie. She's intensely feminine, and worships her brother David to the extent of occasionally being a nuisance. David is the rugged type. A while ago he discovered that it was fun to hit people. The first few times they let him get away with it. The next time he got a thumping whack in return and decided it wasn't so much fun.

When John came to New York last fall for his return to the stage, he brought Robbe and the children with him. The kids really got a kick out of New York. They loved the big stores, and when the stores palled, they went to Central Park and rode on the ponies.

disc-happy . . .

The children both love music, although David is chiefly fascinated by watching the records turn over on radio phonographs.

"What kind of music do you like, John?" I asked him during the interview.

He laughed. "Any kind. All kinds. I love opera; I also think Nellie Lutcher is one of the great discoveries of all time."

"How about jive? Fifty-second Street sort of thing?"

"I love that, too. You know a picture I want to make? A real jazz epic, maybe starring Lena Horne. There hasn't been a good history of jazz."

John has a strong sense of fair play, which is exemplified by his treatment of his fans.

"What do you do when a whole mob wants your autograph at once?" I asked.

"There are only two things I can do and be fair. If I have time I give it to all of them. If I don't have time, I tell them where I'll be later. We make a date to meet there and I do the job then." It would no more occur to him to break a "date" like that with the kids than to break one with his wife.

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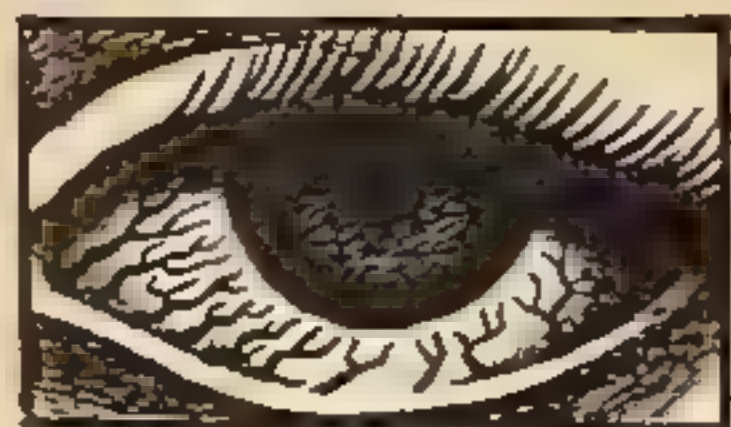
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He and Robbe have one of the happiest marriages in Hollywood. They were born just twenty blocks apart on the lower East Side, and later both of their families moved to the Bronx where John and Robbe eventually met. They married young, and have never regretted it.

Occasionally John and Robbe quarrel. He broods about it for a while and then comes around with that disarming smile.

"Could be you were right."

"Could be you were," Robbe admits. And that's that.

Robbe, who combines a serious turn of mind with a triple-edged sense of humor, frequently tells him he ought to make only really worthwhile pictures. Big and intense.

"Listen, people want frothy stuff now and then," John argues. "Wouldn't you get tired of a solid diet of roast beef and want an ice cream soda once in a while?"

Robbe, with a gleam in her eye, pursues the argument, but she has frequently been known to say she really thinks he's right.

restless rembrandt . . .

John has two hobbies—painting and fishing. He paints anything that he's interested in, a half-eaten orange Julie has left on her plate, or a view of a storm at sea. Usually he paints when it's raining, or when he can't sleep at night.

"I don't care whether it's any good or not," he says. "Just so I like doing it." He keeps right at it, the way he keeps at everything. Take tennis playing. If he plays with someone who beats him, he keeps practicing until he's able to win.

He'll fight anytime when it's necessary and when it will do some good. Otherwise nothing will get him into a fight. One day he was about to enter a New York subway station. A heavy-set man with the battered face of a professional fighter came up to him. The heavy-set man was drunk.

"Look here," he said accusingly, "you was the character did all the hot fighting in that *Body and Soul*, wasn't you?"

John admitted that much, cautiously.

"So you think you can fight!" the pug roared. "Put up your mitts. Whatsa matter? You scared?"

"Frankly," John said, "yes," and hopped a nearby cab. Quite possibly he could have beaten the guy to a pulp, but why bother?

It's just as well that his physical condition is so good when he has to make personal appearances. While on tour, he does radio shows, makes speeches for various causes he's championing, and generally knocks himself out. When he went to Boston it was for the Community Chest. The Chicago trip was for the Purple Heart Fund.

"I like those disc jockey programs," he says, grinning. "You can ad lib all over the place!"

Of course when he appears on a regular program as the star of a play, it's a different matter. He claims playing with professional radio actors scares him to death.

"You should have seen me just before the Studio One program began, with me doing the literary agent in *Let Me Do The Talking*. I chain-smoked, my hand shook so I could hardly hold the script, and I told myself I'd give up radio forever."

When John goes around the country, he always makes a point of talking to the exhibitors in the various cities.

"They're the boys who know what the people want," he says. "Their answer is simple. Good pictures. And it doesn't matter whether they're light or serious."

I agreed on that. Certainly *Gentleman's Agreement* and *Body and Soul* are examples, although John didn't name them. I brought up *Gentleman's Agreement* myself.

"How did you happen to take such a

sweet and hot

by leonard feather

****Highly Recommended**

***Recommended**

No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

THE BIG CITY—Ok! Baby Dok!l: *Page Cavanaugh Trio (Victor); Pied Pipers (Capitol); Xavier Cugat (Columbia); Connie Haines (Signature).

CASBAH—What's Good About Goodbye: *Margaret Whiting (Capitol); Dinah Shore (Columbia). Hooray for Love: *Dinah Shore (Columbia); *Johnny Mercer-Pied Pipers (Capitol). See also last month's listings.

DAISY KENYON—You Can't Run Away From Love: Bob Eberly-Russ Morgan (Decca).

DREAM GIRL—title song: *Les Brown (Columbia); *George Paxton (MGM); Carmen Cavallaro (Decca); Freddy Stewart (Capitol); Tex Beneke (Victor).

Most of the sound track of this song wound up on the cutting room floor. It's a good song, but the picture is about a dreamy girl and the song is typical girl-of-my-dreams stuff; doesn't seem to fit. I think you'll like George Paxton's "new-sound" band with the oboes, flutes, English and French horns and stuff.

IF YOU KNEW SUSIE—title song: Eddie Cantor (Columbia); Frankie Masters (MGM).

This was a hit when Cantor sang it in *Kid Boots* around 1925; that's when he made the above record. Song came back in *Ziegfeld Follies* pic and *Anchors Away*; now here's its fourth lease on life in the new Cantor flicker.

NIGHT SONG—Who Killed 'Er: Hoagy Carmichael (Decca).

SIGN OF THE RAM—I'll Never Say I Love You: *Clark Dennis (Capitol); Horace Heidt (Columbia); Art Kassel (Mercury); Kate Smith (MGM); Monica Lewis (Decca).

TO THE VICTOR—You're Too Dangerous Cherie: *Buddy Clark (Columbia); Hal Derwin (Capitol); Freddy Martin (Victor).

YOUR RED WAGON—**Count Basie (Victor); Jackie Paris Trio (MGM); Andrews Sisters (Decca); Starlighters (Capitol).

comparatively minor role, John?"

"I don't think the size of the role is particularly important. I knew Darryl Zanuck and Moss Hart were going to make a fine picture; they happened to want me for the part and I was proud to do it."

"Some people wonder whether a propaganda picture like that does any good," I mentioned. "I've heard them say that it just causes more trouble."

John snorted. "I suppose if they were sick they wouldn't go to a doctor. They'd just keep very quiet about it on the theory that it would then go away. It's the same idea. I don't believe in straight propaganda pictures because people won't go to see them. But if you can combine entertainment with something worth saying, I'm all for it."

So there you have John Garfield, or as much as I know about him. I hope it makes you think he's terrific, the way I do.

P.S. Oh yes, one more thing—what he eats for breakfast. Melon and coffee. That's all.

A MOTHER'S DAYS

(Continued from page 36)

snap them. I was not to know what was going on even though I had to dress half of them (pretending to be curious about why they insisted on their "Sunday best" even if it wasn't Sunday); had to listen to their excited chatter (which on the part of the younger ones was a complete giveaway of their plan); and then orders to each other on how to pose, completely exposing their secret.

But, even if the surprise element was missing, it was, and is, just about the nicest present a mother ever got. All of them (except Bob who was yet to be born) are in the picture; Larry, Ted, Everett, Catherine, Mary Rose and Bing—just about Bing, I might add, because somehow he had gotten his newly-starched shirt ruffled, and, sort of conscious of it, had withdrawn to one side of the group so that he just about shows in one corner of the picture. But what there is of this four-year-old Bing in the snapshot is all smiles.

I think that it was right after this picture was taken that Bing started out for a playmate's house but never quite got there. He climbed the back fence of the playmate's garden and decided to rest there, promptly falling asleep where we found him hours later. He had gotten up too early for the picture.

We had quite a bit of music in our home. Both of my daughters played the piano, my husband the guitar, and all of us sang, including this boy Bing, always singing around the house. It was always pleasant to listen to him until, one day, nature caught up with him and he hit his first (and I think last) sour note. We had a little discussion with him and suggested that he stop singing for a while until his voice made up its mind on how it was going to change, just how low in pitch it was going to drop. It was quite all right with him. It meant he was not to sing in church choir any more. But he was busy with many other things; baseball, swimming, work after school and his general home chores. And when it was time to sing again, he just did naturally.

You will notice that I didn't say he was busy with school—because that never seemed to keep him busy. His work there came very easily. And this is the reason that one of Bing's first attempts to entertain was with the wrong people at the wrong time . . . his classmates during school hours. Having mastered a lesson

in a brief portion of the allotted time he would spend the rest of the period amusing the other pupils with whispered remarks and impromptu pantomime. I learned about this via a note from his teacher which he brought home and gravely laid in my hand. It stated that if he did not mend his ways he would have to be dealt with by the principal.

"Do you know what is in this note?" I asked. "Yes, Mom," he replied. "Then it's up to you, isn't it?" I told him.

There were no further notes for weeks and I was very pleased and let him know it. But he was honest and confessed that he hadn't stopped and had been caught again.

"You mean you had to go to the principal?" I asked. He nodded. "What did he do?" I wanted to know.

"He dealt with me," replied Bing. "And . . .?" I asked.

"That's all," said Bing. "I think I get the idea now."

a son's promise . . .

From Larry to Bob, all my children keep in close touch with us, and in the case of Bing and Bob, whose activities are covered so much in newspapers and by radio news broadcasters, it has been quite a consolation, because the reports are not always dependable, particularly those of the "gossip" columnists. When he first started in show business Bing gave me a promise that you can call a good "Mother's Day" present. He said:

"Mom, pay no attention to what you read about me in the papers. I'll keep you informed of anything important. If it says I'm going to marry Little Orphan Annie, broke my leg, flew around the world or joined the Updike Whittling and Tobacco Chewin' Club—it ain't so if I haven't written you about it."

And it's never been so. Bing is prompt, methodical, sticks to his plans and sticks to his word. If he goes on a vacation today and tells me he will be back on the twenty-third of June, for instance, I can depend on it. The papers may report that he has changed his plans, that he is flying to New York, that he is staying longer, but on the twenty-third of June, Bing is back. Neither of us even mention the things that have been said in the paper. He didn't write about them. They never happen.

Any mother will agree that this sort of dependability is a fine, year-round gift from her children. Dependability was a necessity in our house with seven youngsters around and a happy life only possible if everyone followed an established pattern of family routine. The older children had to help with the younger ones and they had to try and not be an expense on the family purse. When their clothes and their parties became an item, they had to seek methods of earning their way a little to help out. And they did. When it comes to Bing he had a quick, early understanding of this without a word said to him.

I used to smile at the popular impression that he is lazy, careless of his obligations, too indifferent to work hard. Why he wasn't even twelve when I happened to overhear a friend of his suggest that Bing ask me for money to go to a show. Bing demurred. He said he would make some money on an after-school job the next day.

"What's the difference?" asked the other boy.

"Oh," said Bing, "I like a jingle in my pocket that's my very own."

"Lazy? When he decided to sing with an orchestra that some of the local boys



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CAT-TEX

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were forming it was necessary that he learn to play an instrument. Since the drummer was usually the singer he chose drums too. How many times have I seen him wrestling with his big drum and his hundred and one traps on the way to a dance, and coming home all loaded down with them and so sleepy that he weaved back and forth.

When Bob got older and talked about learning an instrument, Bing once told him: "Not drums, Bob. Take piano. It's there when you get there."

Drums is not the only music Bing studied. He was never a half-way fellow. When he started to sing it was the most natural thing in the world to seek proper training. The world likes to insist that he doesn't know one note from another. People come up to him today and tell him that. The only thing left for him is to argue differently and he doesn't argue. But, if I have to say it in a small voice so as not to disappoint anyone, Bing took voice as a youngster from a teacher who is now in Hollywood and highly regarded in the musical world.

"You see, Mom," explains Bing, "when they talk about voice training they mean study in Italy, Paris and under the famous vocal coaches of the operatic and concert worlds."

"But how could you?" I demand. "You had to earn your pay all the time."

"And probably a very good thing," he replies. "How would I look singing opera opposite some of our heftier sopranos?"

Bing's way of taking things easy accounts for much of the wrong conceptions about him, I know. That, and the fact that he never was a debater. The usual pictures show him in lounging poses. Perhaps somebody ought to take a movie of Bing walking from his office to the studio to offset these. It is about four miles and he walks it often, seeming to be taking his time, but covering it generally in about an hour.

I am sure every mother of a large family will agree that the only children who get particular notice are those who sit around and get under one's feet. I never tripped over Bing as a child or found him in my way when he got older. He was up and doing all the time, with not a lazy bone in his body. That is a permanent Mother's

Day present that any mother of a lot of youngsters will understand.

Another boon to such a mother is the child who isn't always requiring help or service. My children were brought up to "do for themselves," and from the oldest to the youngest, they still do. Anyone who works with Bing, for instance, knows that he rarely sends or asks for things. He just quietly goes and gets it for himself.

Perhaps this is why I have never received a typewritten letter from Bing—one that would lead to suppose that his secretary or someone else wrote it. His letters are in longhand, written by himself, and full of the witty and interesting things he always has to say about his work or play.

But there is one popular notion about Bing which I will not destroy; his dislike of being dressed up. That he was born with and retains today. I have one "Mother's Day" memory of this habit I will never forget... It was so characteristic of so many other occurrences like that in Bing's life.

He was about three and a half years old when Mary Rose was born, and after that I was quite ill for a time. Bing was wandering about the house with no one paying much attention to him. A friend who was nursing me finally decided to dress him up nicely and send him to my sister whose home was only a few blocks away.

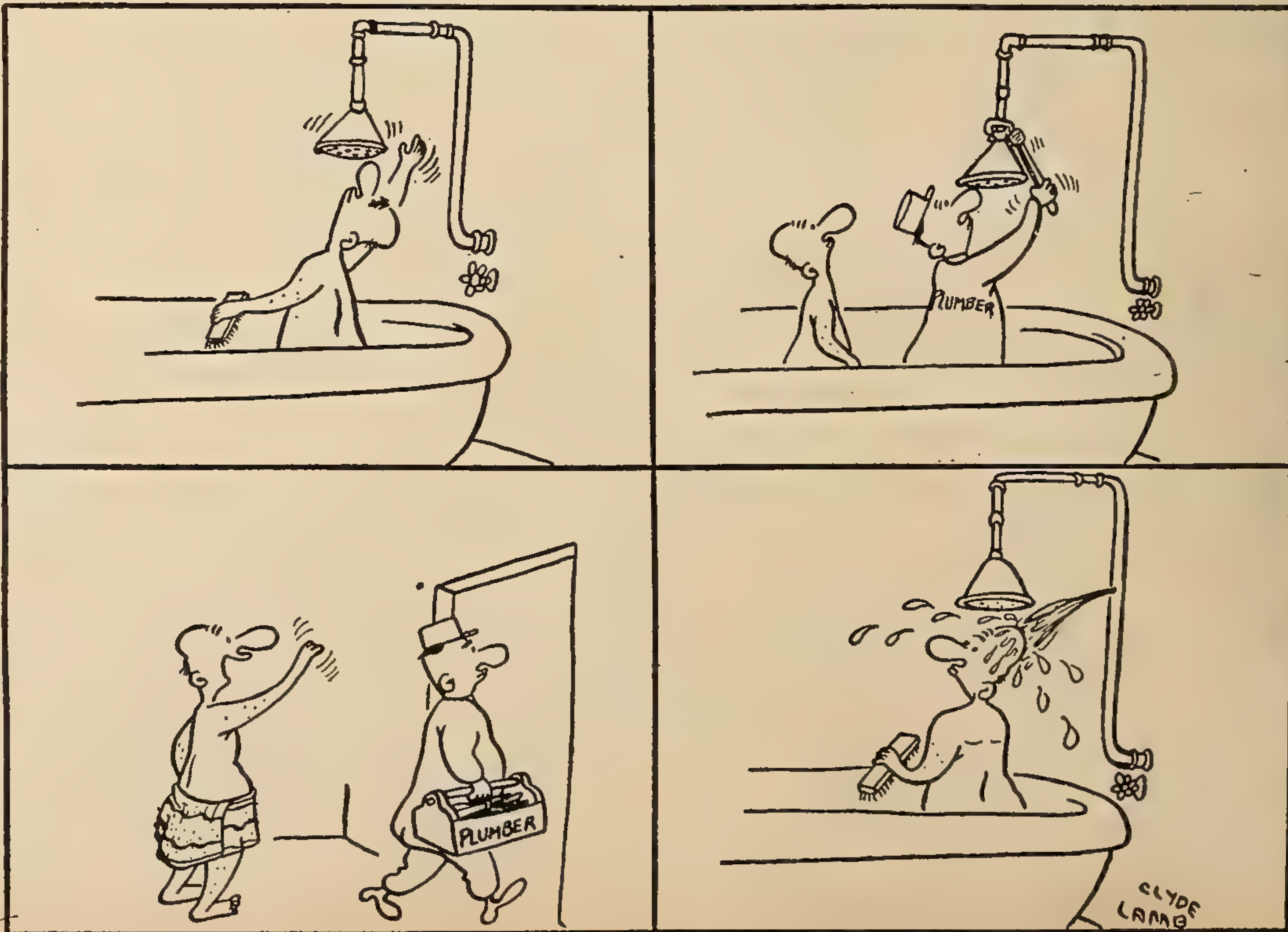
When he was all shined and spruced up she started him off and phoned my sister that he was coming. Bing walked to his aunt's home faithfully—but in the gutter all the way, and managing to tumble about in the dirt as well.

My sister had no idea of what he had done and was surprised that we would let a child out in the street in such a filthy condition. She bathed him, put him in bed for a nap, and had his clothes cleaned and dried by the time he was ready to go home. Bing walked all the way home—once again in the gutter and once again a sight when he toddled into the house.

Now we were surprised at my sister. How could she let him get that way? Not till we all got together and questioned Bing in the bargain did we get to the truth.

He just never liked starch and fuss and frills. He still doesn't.

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I'M JUNE'S GUARDIAN ANGEL

(Continued from page 59)

with periods of hitting every shindig in town, and fortunately the identical mood seems to hit them at the identical time.

Here's a week from June's date pad.

Sunday: Golf with the Sidney Lanfields and the Ben Hogans. Home in the evening.

Monday: Fitting for slacks. Lunch at the studio with Chuck Walters, director of *Good News*. Home in the evening.

Tuesday: Tests all day for *Three Musketeers*. Evening preview of *The Bride Goes Wild* in Huntington Park.

Wednesday: Dentist. Lunch with Joan Crawford. Dinner at home with the Robert Montgomerys and the Tony Owens.

Thursday: Discussion with Jane Loring about *Three Musketeers*. Don Loper fashion show. Home in the evening.

Friday: Visit Benny Thau at the hospital. Visit Richard on the set of *Pitfall*. Home in the evening.

Saturday: Start *Three Musketeers*, work all day. Attend Joan Crawford's party for Noel Coward.

A happy medium sort of week.

June likes sports, and she's a maniac about football. I went to a game with her last fall, and she jumped up and down so much she fell and tore her stockings and made her knees bleed.

"You must have had a grand time," Richard said drily, after she'd come home all bruised and battered.

She looked at him, so bland and innocent. "They put me in the game in the last quarter. Too bad you missed it."

That's my boss. When she's fond of you, she'll make you a grilled ham and cheese sandwich and you have to act like she's handing you war bonds; those sandwiches are a specialty.

And if she's feeling particularly domestic, she'll get out those pesky curtains.

Oh, those curtains. The Powells have fifteen kitchen windows—count 'em, fifteen—and Mrs. Powell has to decide to make the curtains herself. She could live in the curtains if she wanted to, I had to get so much material. It's heavy white pique, and supposedly all fifteen curtains will be trimmed with very wide red rickrack, if we find the right rickrack.

As it is, she's still on the pique kick. She sits there stabbing herself with the needle, the picture of incompetence, and Richard says, "My little woman," and I say, "My little boss," and June acts injured.

"You wait," she says. "You just wait."

So we're waiting. And it couldn't be for a nicer kid.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My buddy and I were walking down State Street in Chicago when we passed a theater. I stopped to ask a man near the ticket booth for the time. He told me, and as I was about to move on he said,

"What's the hurry? Why not go inside and watch a ham act?" We didn't go in, however. The next day, I picked up a daily paper and learned that the man was Jerry Colonna—and the ham he meant was himself.

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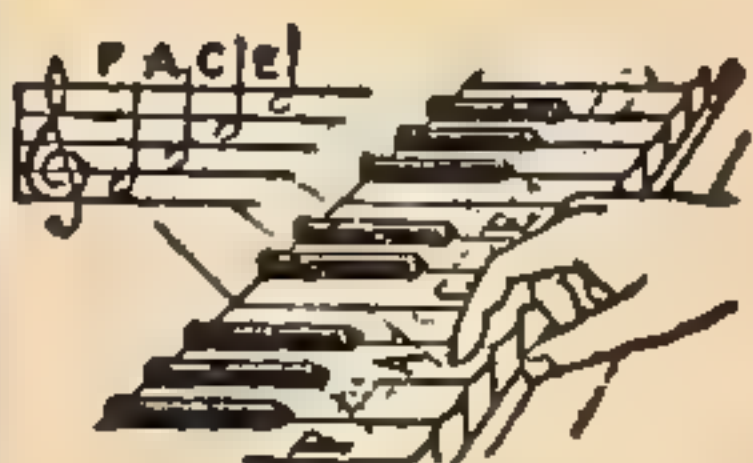
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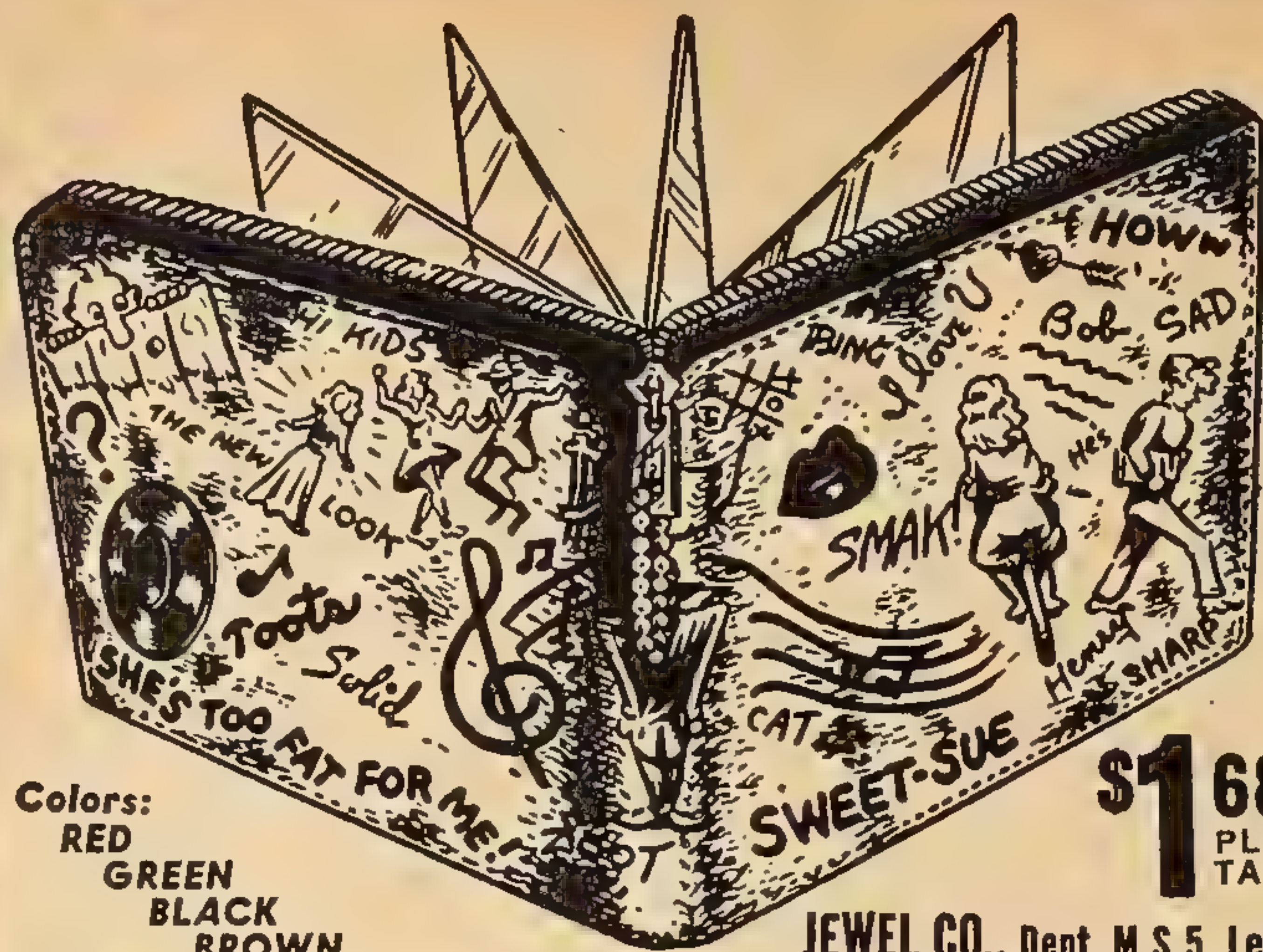
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PETER

(Continued from page 29)

teaching him Scripture, but once he was old enough to read, I got him a Bible of his own.

"Do you see this fat book?" I said. "This is a guide book."

He wanted to know what kind of guide book.

"It is a guide book for your life to come, and everything in that life that you want to know. The language is old, and different from ours, but—"

"I don't understand," Peter said.

"Well," I said, "you know I only give you meat once a week—"

"Is that in the guide book?"

I turned up Genesis for him, and showed him the portion about eating the "fruits of the earth." "Whenever you are miserable, Peter, look in this book, put the words into your own language. If you're ever perplexed, apply the rules you find here—"

Peter has profited from that early teaching. He puts himself automatically in everyone else's place; he is kind, he is dependable.

Of course, I was lucky; I had only the one child to train, and plenty of time. If a woman had ten children, she couldn't do it.

And speaking of the Bible, and faith, reminds me of a strange instance, long ago. For four years, as a tiny child, Peter suffered from hay fever to the point where he cried every time he saw flowers.

hay fever blues . . .

I was at a party one evening, and I met a friend who said, "You seem to be worried."

"Worried?" I said. "I'm frantic. I have the sweetest little boy you've ever seen, but he sits at home and cries, and won't go out of the house." And then I told the girl the reason why.

She suggested Christian Science, and I thought, why not? We had tried all the medicines, and all the doctors.

Nothing did any good, so I sent him to a Christian Science practitioner. One afternoon several weeks later he came into the house with an enormous bunch of pinks.

He'd been out with the nurse, and I was furious. "What a fool that woman is!" I thought. "The child will be hysterical tonight."

Peter noticed my distress, and smiled at me. "It's all right, Mother," he said. "We've trodden on the devil. He doesn't dare come in these pinks."

It was completely beyond my understanding.

We put the flowers in a vase—it was the first time we'd had flowers in the house for years—and when Sir Sidney came home, he turned on me reproachfully. "Do you call that being considerate?" he asked me. He could scarcely believe my news. But Peter has never had hay fever since that time.

Peter is, I believe, instinctively good. In later years, I have "loosed him and let him go," as the Bible says, and without any fear of his turning on me. I never worry about his choice of companions. He knows, and marvelously well, how to deal with people.

One foggy evening, some weeks ago, Peter was startled as he drove up to the house to find two damp and shivering figures huddled on the doorstep. Closer inspection proved them to be teen-agers who had been waiting for hours to catch a glimpse of him. After bringing the youngsters into the house, Peter left the lecturing to me while he telephoned their parents, who, at that point, were frantic.

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He then bundled them into his car and drove them home—but not before each of them drank a cup of steaming chocolate.

Peter is a completely normal person. He likes to dance, he likes nice clothes, he likes to look at flowers in the garden, though he knows very little about them. Like any man, he can't find anything unless it's dangling from the end of his nose. And these days, his nose is always buried in that leather-covered book. That script of *Julia Misbehaves*. It seems to take the Dickens of a lot of study.

Peter's neatness is an obsession; if one coat is out of order in his closet, he notices, and since our French maid panders to him, he is spoiled.

He never walks (in America, I'm certain the next generation is going to be born without legs) but he does work out in a gymnasium, when he gets an hour off.

And while he may have excellent taste in decorating modern interiors, I rue the day I listened to him concerning my old treasures.

Most of our things were in England, of course, and it seemed logical to Peter that we should sell them there, rather than bring the lot over here. I let 14 Persian carpets go for \$400, and then I felt terrible.

There were a few articles I could not bear to part from, so we did have some boxes sent. In the shipment were two tall-legged tables, Ming period, from the Empress of China's summer palace, and there was also a Ming vase.

When they came, Peter sniffed haughtily. "Send them to auction, or junk them."

I was considering these courses of action, when the appraiser for the insurance company showed up. "The tables are worth \$3000 minimum, the pair," he said. "The vase, \$3500."

My son simply said, "Hmm. I didn't know we had all that junk."

Among the boxes, Peter found a picture of me when I was seventeen, and needless to say, he didn't recognize me.

"You know," he said, "that's a very good-looking girl."

I was never pretty; I don't kid myself, but I did enjoy that comment.

The painting from England that thrilled me, though, was one of my husband, done many years ago. "That's my idea of a good-looking man," I remember telling Peter. Peter's sweet, but he'll never look like that.

When Peter entertains, it's on a modest scale. Occasionally, he has a cocktail party; most of his parties are held, though, when I am out, or in bed.

He and a few of his friends will come back after the movies, or the fights, and there'll be beer and cokes in the icebox, and cake and cookies. The doors can be shut off between the two ends of the house, and Sir Sidney and I never hear the noise

at all. Our only stipulation is that the young people must clean up, and they're good about that. When I get up in the morning, to make breakfast, there's not a crumb out of place.

Peter gave a little farewell party after *Good News*, for some of his friends in the cast, last year. I shall never forget it.

It seems he invited a couple and they arrived with their baby. (My husband and I knew nothing of this, we having retired early.)

At twelve o'clock I heard screams, and I shook Sir Sidney.

"What do you hear?"

"Terrible shrieks from Peter's room," he said.

I rushed to Peter's room, and found an infant. I got Peter on the phone extension. "Come and remove this child," I said.

He came running. "Poor little thing," he said, picking the baby up in his arms. "So frightened."

"Poor little thing!" I said. "Where did it come from?"

The next morning, Peter was terribly apologetic. "I'm sorry you were disturbed, but if your friends bring their baby, what do you do with it?"

He loves children; they fascinate him. When he was a little boy in Honolulu, he once stole a baby!

It was twelve years ago (we'd been there for a year, in a hotel cottage, and Peter had lived mostly in the water).

Honolulu in the early morning is Paradise. It's beautiful. You're afraid to stay over a year, because the Island gets you.

Anyhow, this particular morning, I'd been dreaming about Peter as a tiny boy. I opened my eyes, and on the bottom of the bed there was a little two-year-old baby.

I touched Sir Sidney in the next bed. "Look, look!"

He sat bolt upright. "Good heavens," he said. "Where did you get it?"

"I didn't get it!" I told him sharply. "Somebody put it there during the night."

We heard a great shouting outside, and then some Hawaiians, and a woman's voice speaking English. She sounded alarmed.

I went out in my night-dress with the baby. "Does this by any chance belong to you?"

The woman—she lived in the next cottage—almost fainted with relief. I found out later that the Hawaiian nurse had left the child in the play-pen in the early morning, and Peter had thought he would like it. When he decided to go for a swim, he'd left it on my bed.

I scolded him about it, but he looked at me innocently. "I didn't steal it, Mother. I borrowed it," he said.

That was—that is—my son, Peter. There's no one else quite like him.

CLOSE-UP—BY NORBERT LUSK

(Continued from page 41)

Charleston, and the Black Bottom. My disapproval of her persisted. From time to time I heard that she cried because of my harsh judgments. She was known for her easy tears, and I didn't care if I caused her to weep some more.

Seven years later, I met Joan Crawford again. Then she was truly famous, darling of the fans, box-office plus. Newspapers reported a near-riot on her arrival at Grand Central Station. I was invited to a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer party for her, and I went. From a distance I saw her, a gaunt, white-faced celebrity bearing no resemblance to the shallow, plumpish girl of other years.

I went over to her, we sat for a moment, and talked of pictures other than her own. Then she was called away. That brief encounter was a milestone for me. I knew that even if I never saw Joan Crawford again I had come face to face with one of my ideals. The understanding and compassion in her eyes, the simplicity of her gestures—they belonged to a star who was first of all a woman, and a woman with a troubled soul and a mothering heart.

I felt she must not go back to Hollywood without hearing what I had to say, so I wrote to her. "Too long have I been a blind black sheep," I said. "Now I want to be a white sheep and follow you with eyes

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wide open." Immediately came a reply, and presently we were together for a long talk.

Being alone with Joan Crawford wasn't difficult. She held no grudge, though she herself admitted she was every inch the turbulent, dramatic actress given to tears upon reading adverse reviews and sarcastic comment. Moreover she remembered every item of disparagement or praise, with quotes. That day Joan and I parted as friends between whom there was an understanding that went beyond words. Soon came the first of hundreds of letters and none more revealing than this:

"Dear Norbert Lusk: Since I can't have you knighted, I've seen to it that you shall have saint in front of your name when you go to Heaven.

What I am about to say comes from my heart. I want you to believe that.

I wanted us to be friends, you and me. For a long time I've wanted that. Because as I told you, you have no enemies, so whatever stood in the way of our understanding each other was on my side.

Please believe me when I say I wanted your friendship for its own sake, and not for what you could do for me in your magazine. I wanted terribly for you to know that, and now we shall never mention it again.

My heart is so full of gratitude and warmth! I've tried to write and thank you dozens of times, and I couldn't. I can only say that your opinion means so much to me, that with your friendship and letters I want to work harder than I've ever worked. I want you to be so very proud of
Joan

a friend, indeed . . .

Thirteen years have passed since that letter, and I have come to know Joan Crawford very well indeed. She has seen to it that ours is an absorbing friendship, and not a casual one. It would be impossible for her to be casual in any relationship, any expression of herself whatsoever.

Perhaps it is with her children that the full force of her character is most evident.

One Christmas Eve I said to Christina, who was 8 then, that I'd heard she'd learned to play the piano since I'd last seen her, and would she please play for me? She got a fit of shyness, and said she had forgotten. I refused to believe that and told her so. She grew more shy and self-conscious and said, "I can't!" Joan, knitting as usual, took in every word until, annoyed but controlled, she said very sweetly: "Don't say you *can't*. Don't say you can't do *anything*. Try!"

Christina was obdurate. Joan's temper was rising, and I was interested in seeing how she would handle the situation. "Let's go to the piano and try," she said. The child slowly followed. "But, mother, I tell you I've forgotten," she whimpered. "You haven't forgotten this," insisted Joan, striking a note, "nor this," sounding another. "Remember?" By now Christina had her hands on the keyboard and slowly, tentatively played "Silent Night."

After dinner Christopher wanted to put out candles as he had seen grown-ups do, snuffing them with his palm. With boyish bravado, he said he was sure he could. Christina said she was afraid, though. Joan showed them both how easily it could be done if you acted quickly. The boy grinned delightedly as he made jabs at the candle, but the girl still said she was afraid, and drew her hands back, tears in her eyes.

Again Joan took charge. "Be afraid of *nothing*, Christina." The scene at the piano was repeated, with the same patience, fixity of purpose. And with the same triumphant ending for all three.

These significant little episodes took place at the secluded house at Mt. Kisco,

37 miles from New York, that Joan had rented for the children for her six weeks' stay in the city. She maintains a spacious apartment overlooking the East River the year round for her occasional visits, but she'd decided the children should have a place of their own where they could be out of doors in the snow she had promised them without interference of interviewers and photographers.

Joan is a maniac housekeeper, a perfectionist. Even the fringe on rugs seemingly is combed every day. I have seen her vexed to tears over a trifle. As, for example, kidney beans.

She had invited me and a couple of others to what she said would be a light supper so we could catch an early show at Radio City Music Hall. Beans heated, seasoned and mixed with chopped green pepper would be the hot dish, with salad and dessert, to follow. But horrors! The beans were served as a salad mixed with

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other vegetables. "But this isn't what I asked for," said our hostess to the temporary butler. "I wanted them *hot*, a very simple thing for any cook to do, isn't it?" She was so annoyed that tears came.

That night, Dick Leibert, organist of the Music Hall, who'd been told she was coming, played a favorite air of hers as a welcome. She was as pleased as she had been vexed before, and the picture, *Our Town*, caused her to weep copiously as she sobbed that it was the most beautiful picture she had ever seen. Fans were waiting for her as we came out, they followed her to Fifth Avenue. "Hey, Joan," yelled a passing taxi driver, "don't you ever take a cab?"

"Sure I do," she yelled back, "But there isn't one big enough for us all."

Joan's organized energy is astounding. At Christmas time, she wraps presents elaborately, professionally, till the room in which she is working looks like the interior of a shop. A present from Joan Crawford is something to see regardless of what is inside. "But it wouldn't be Christmas if I didn't do it all myself," she explains.

"Angel Queen, where does it all come from—this inexhaustible furious energy? From God?" I ask.

"Yes," she answers very low.

Getting back to Joan's housekeeping, which I really believe is an obsession, she does not always think in terms of canned beans. When all is running smoothly, as in Hollywood, she sees to it that meals are perfect. Her lovely dining room is walled with hand-painted flower panels under glass, her hot plates are really hot, and cold ones icy. The table gleams with silver, mostly of Swedish design, and candles are everywhere. She likes place cards and individual hand-written menus on little

silver stands. If she offers roast lamb, it is accompanied by three sauceboats containing gravy, currant jelly and mint. On salad, you have your choice of mayonnaise, French, Russian or roquefort cheese dressing. Her favorite cake, angel food, is decorated with spirals of whipped cream, each rosette covered with a fresh violet.

As might be expected of so vital and outgoing an actress, her emotions are easily roused, her feeling for the dramatic uncurbed. Take the incident of the black cocker spaniel named Inky.

Joan had heard that a cherished dog of mine had died. She telephoned and asked me to dinner. I went to her house, someone ushered me into a small reception room and closed the door. The only other occupant of the room was a little black cocker spaniel with a huge pink bow. I thought him a dog of Joan's that I'd not met, till I saw an envelope attached to his ribbon addressed to me.

Then Angel Queen appeared in the doorway glittering but tender. "Are you friends yet?" she asked. "It will be hard for you at first but oh! so much better in the end. Because, you see, you and Inky were meant to be together. I knew that as soon as I saw him. And," she added gayly, "I've washed him myself with Mary Chess's bath oil. White lilac. He didn't smell very nice when I got him."

"This is all so dramatic," I said. "They can take everything away from me and I'll still be dramatic," she said with truth.

As might be expected, Joan places a high sentimental value on anything done for her. Give her but one white camellia and like as not tears will come "because it is so beautiful" and she will later press it between the leaves of a book for a keepsake.

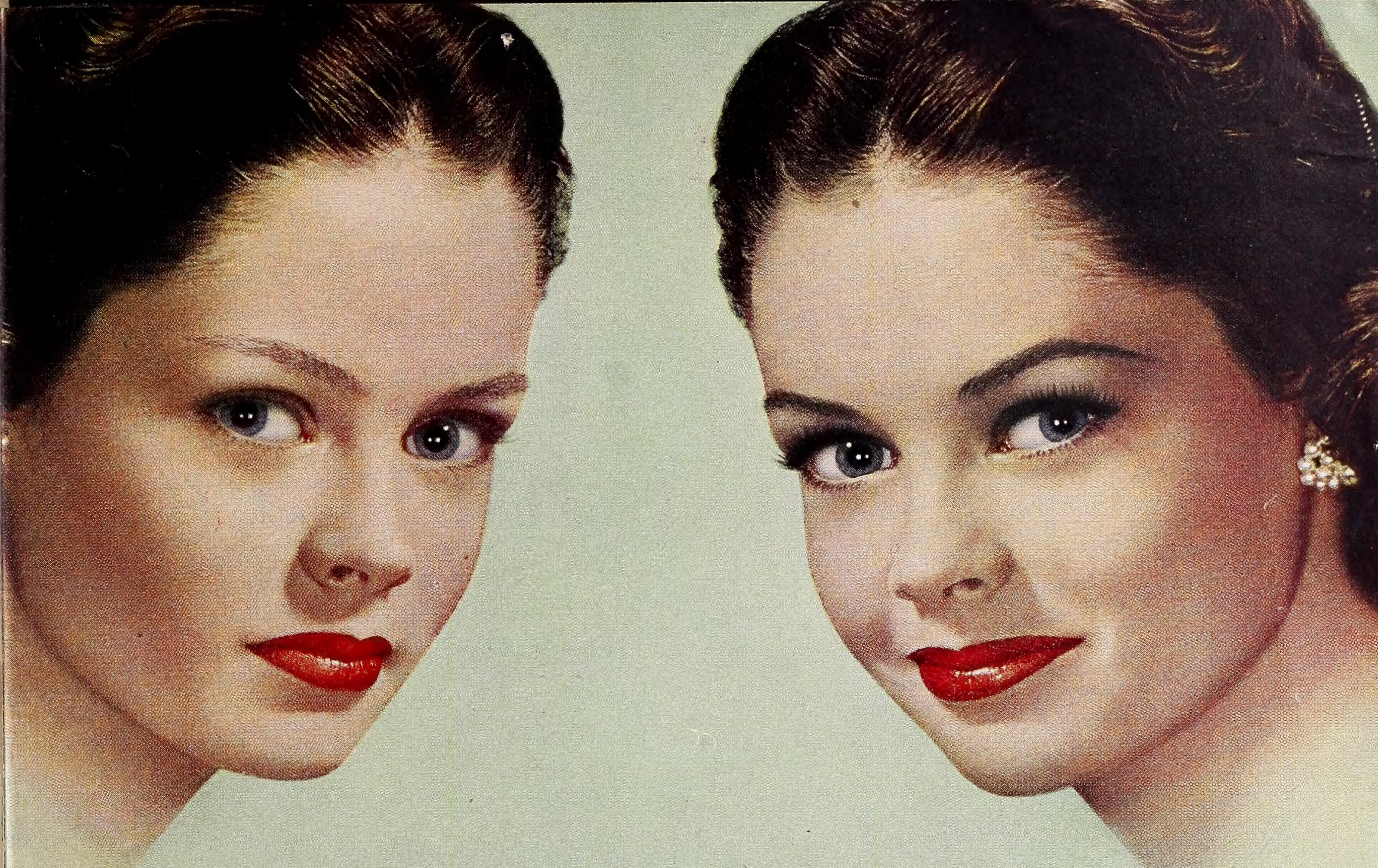
charmed circle . . .

While she makes a cult of friendship, she holds her friends too. In 1931, she and Helen Hayes became acquainted while the latter was making *The Sin of Madelon Claudet* at Joan's studio. And also with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne when they were filming *The Guardsman* the same year. Today one notices a pair of baby skis addressed by Miss Hayes to Christopher under the Yuletide tree. Before the evening is over, the Lunts are likely to long-distance affectionate greetings from wherever they happen to be. It is true that no one would willingly let these famous, charming people slip outside one's circle, but what about persons of whom you have never heard before you meet them at Joan's? You learn they date from her distant past, come from all social levels.

As I see her, she is an actress born, not made. And she passionately loves being an actress. "I'm never completely functioning until the lights are on, the cameras turning and I'm acting," she says. She never spoke a truer word.

Recently a friend who has known her since her first day with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in 1926 described an evening with her: "Joan looks wonderful, she now has four adopted children, we saw two movies in her own theater, the phone rang a lot, scripts arrived, dinner was superb, we toured the house which has grown as Joan has grown, and is very beautiful. She's still the glamour queen, colorful, tender-hearted, fiery, happy, sad, the one and only Crawford. The last of the stars with the sweep and magnificence that many used to have.

To me (rather than the glamor queen described—though I like that side of her too) she shines as a friend, consistent, unfaltering. She is compensation for all that I have missed in other stars, consolation for what I have missed in myself. Soberly I call her Angel Queen, because she has been that to me for thirteen years.



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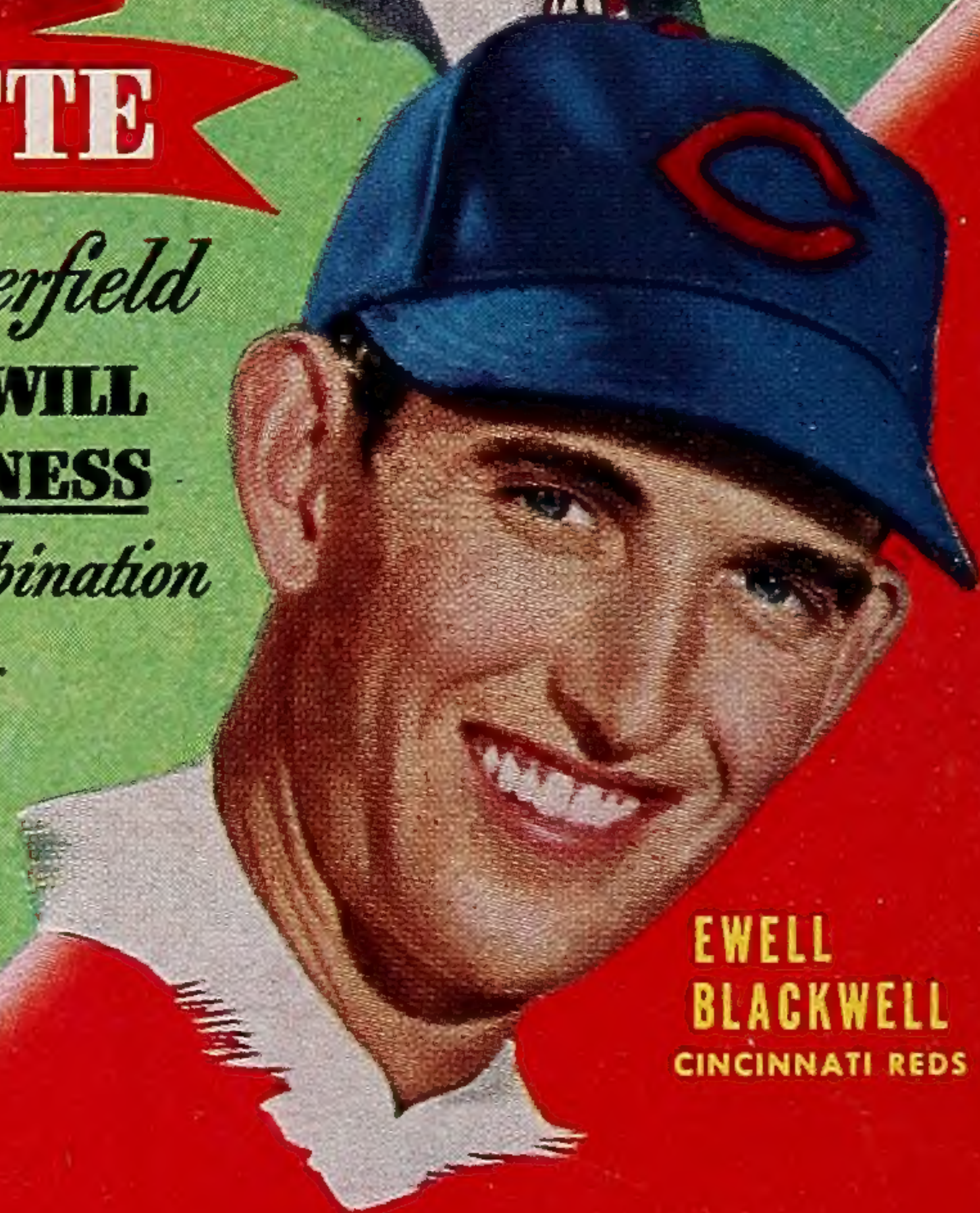
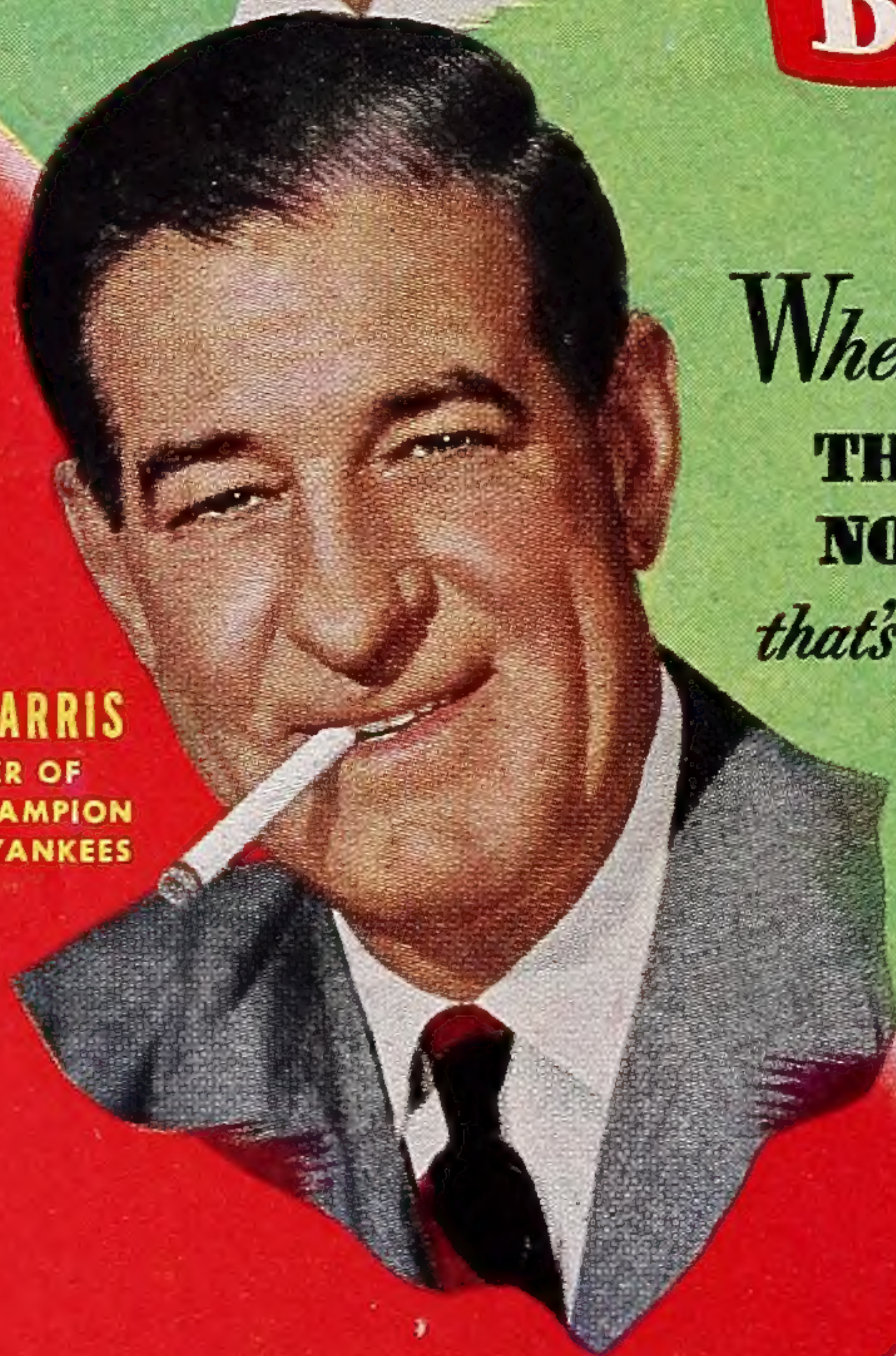


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